WEEK ENDING JAN. 22, 1927

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everyb*

"No,
I can never be
Mrs. Hammerschlosser!

Leslie Thrasher

*In this Issue*

**A SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY** *The* **ADVENTURE** *of the* **VEILED LODGER**

*By* SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

# A new name for your list of "Good Things to eat"

A Cheese Product that's *more than cheese* — that melts in your mouth, that has a rare, piquant flavor which will make you say "here is something finer"—that's Pabst-ett.

This remarkable dairy product is made by a new formula which retains the nutritive value of whole milk — milk sugar, proteins and body-building mineral elements — formerly lost in cheese-making. It is so easily digestible that everyone — even children — may eat it to their heart's content.

Pabst-ett is sold by leading dealers everywhere in convenient, family-size, air-tight packages and foil-wrapped, individual portions.

***Try it now—the new and finer food that's more than cheese.***

PABST CORPORATION [*Cheese Division*] MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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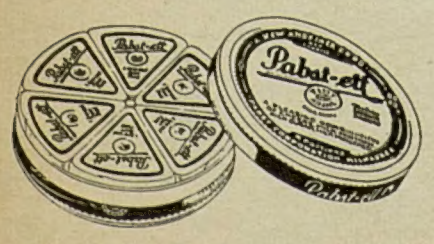


The new individual portion container

More than Cheese **Pabst-ett**

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***Pabst-ett Not Successfully Imitated***

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*Broadcasting calls for intense concentration and I find I am more comfortable and "at home" when enjoying a cigarette. I am fully convinced that there is nothing injurious to the voice in doing this—otherwise I wouldn't do it—and the height of smoking enjoyment I find in Lucky Strikes.*

J. Andrew White

# "This Is WJZ"—A Voice Millions Hear

## *Clear, resonant, appealing, J. Andrew White's voice is constantly safeguarded*

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**Smoke Lucky Strikes. They give added pleasure —you'll like them.**

# "It's toasted"

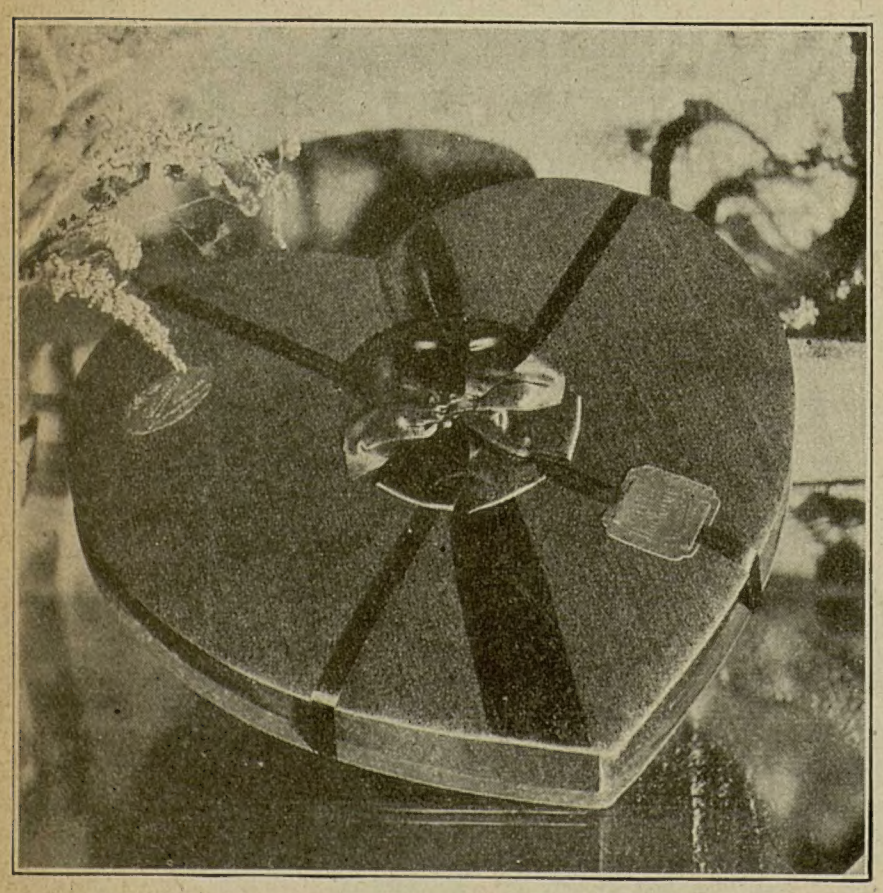
*Your Throat Protection*

# THE "RIGHT THING" IN CHOCOLATES FOR VALENTINE'S

*As typified in the smartest gathering places of smartest America*

*The St. Valentine's Ball at Lake Placid is noted for its smartness, and for the exclusiveness of those who are included. This famed resort is the winter rendezvous of the Haute Monde of America.*

YET — *Obtainable, in an instant, at a neighbourhood store no more than a few squares away from wherever you are at the moment!*



IN some matters of social custom, there may be an option; but in chocolates it is Johnston's . . . at Palm Beach, at Del Monte, along the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, in the fashionable Park and Lexington districts of New York, on Nob Hill in San Francisco and Peachtree Street in Atlanta — wherever graceful social amenities are observed.

The Valentine Heart Package, illustrated, is one of the most popular of all assortments offered under this famous name. Many kinds of chocolates are contained, assuring variety . . . and the certainty of pleasing *her.*

Obtainable at authorized Johnston Candy Departments in the better class stores throughout America, and thus available at a moment's notice.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

*You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood*

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

JAN. 22, 1927

# Liberty

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## IS PLEASURE A SIN?—*An Editorial*

We Americans have a peculiar complex inherited from our Puritan forebears: We stubbornly refuse to admit that we ever do anything for the sake of pleasure. We persist in regarding pleasure as a by-product, and feel that doing anything pleasurable for its own sake is akin to sin. The surest way for an American small boy to insure a whipping is to tell his father: "Aw, I did it for fun."

This writer confesses that he suffers from this complex, and traces it back to his childhood training. This education—that received from his parents, uncles, aunts, grandparents, teachers (week-day and Sunday-school), the minister, and the doctor—was based on the theory that such and such a thing was "good for" him or "bad for" him. Whether a thing was agreeable or disagreeable to him was never considered as a factor, one way or the other.

The ancestors of most of us, when they arrived on these shores, were down in the world, homesick, lonely, and broke. They resented the fact that the aristocracy and the nobility in the old country did things for pleasure. In their eyes, anything the aristocracy did was wrong. Therefore, pleasure for its own sake was wicked.

Their training, social and religious, was based on the theory of the flagellant. They would scourge the body and mortify the flesh in this world, take no pleasure here below (they didn't have much chance to get any), and receive their reward in heaven, where they would enjoy all the pleasure they denied themselves here, with compound interest.

Thus we have inherited an embarrassment of guilt whenever we admit that we do anything because we enjoy it. We even say we dance for exercise and go to the Follies because of its or their æsthetic appeal. We assure ourselves (and others) that we read for cultural purposes or intellectual or spiritual sustenance; and just look at the list of best sellers! We tell each other we attend ball games, not for fun, but to get the benefit of being outdoors. We apologize for playing golf, and say we do it for health or business reasons. When we go to a circus, we take a small boy along and blame it on him.

Recently this writer said that, in his opinion, drink never did anyone any good, omitting entirely consideration of the fact that the first cocktail (and sometimes the second) has given men and women a lot of pleasure. If pleasure is any good, then sometimes a cocktail does good. The French say they drink wine because they enjoy drinking wine; the Germans make no pretense of drinking beer for its food values; yet the average American can give a dozen "reasons" for taking a drink and never include pleasure, which is his real reason.

This same writer recently admitted that, being masculine, he thinks women should not smoke. He neglected entirely the element of pleasure and took no cognizance of the fact that perhaps one reason for a woman's smoking is that she enjoys it—the same as a man does.

We do not advocate drinking or smoking or gaming for pleasure; but if an individual balances accounts and concludes that the pleasure overbalances the pains and ills, why not admit it instead of manufacturing excuses?

A frank admission that we do things for the fun of doing them, and the omission of hypocritical excuses inherited from ancestors who were down in the world, might help us to correct some of the evils that oppress us.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

### *A Smashing Story by Captain Springs*

NO ONE has written truer, franker, more blazingly honest stories of war than CAPTAIN ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, one of the aces of War Birds. Now he comes forward with another great tale: a chronicle of an airman struggling to defeat the Hun in spite of the heartbreaking handicap of planes not fit to fly. He calls this narrative of vicissitudes ILIAD 1918. It's a slice right out of a flyer's life.

ROSITA FORBES gives us an uncensored view into the wilds of post-war society in THE FUTILITY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE. She shows how wealth, snobbery, and dissipation, shaken together, make the dizziest and most dangerous of modern "high-life" cocktails.

EDWIN BALMER writes THE ROUND BULLET—as fascinating a murder story as ever made a mystery fan lose all sense of time. It's a tale of how love ransomed a woman's reputation and sealed the secret of a mysterious crime.

Have Harvard men failed to come right out into the open and state their real grievances against Princeton? WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD, a former Harvard varsity player, thinks so, and tells us why in DIRTY FOOTBALL. Don't miss this startling article.

LIN BONNER throws new light on the vexed booze question in TO LIVE LONG, BE—NOT DRY—NOT WET—JUST DAMP.

January 22, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 38

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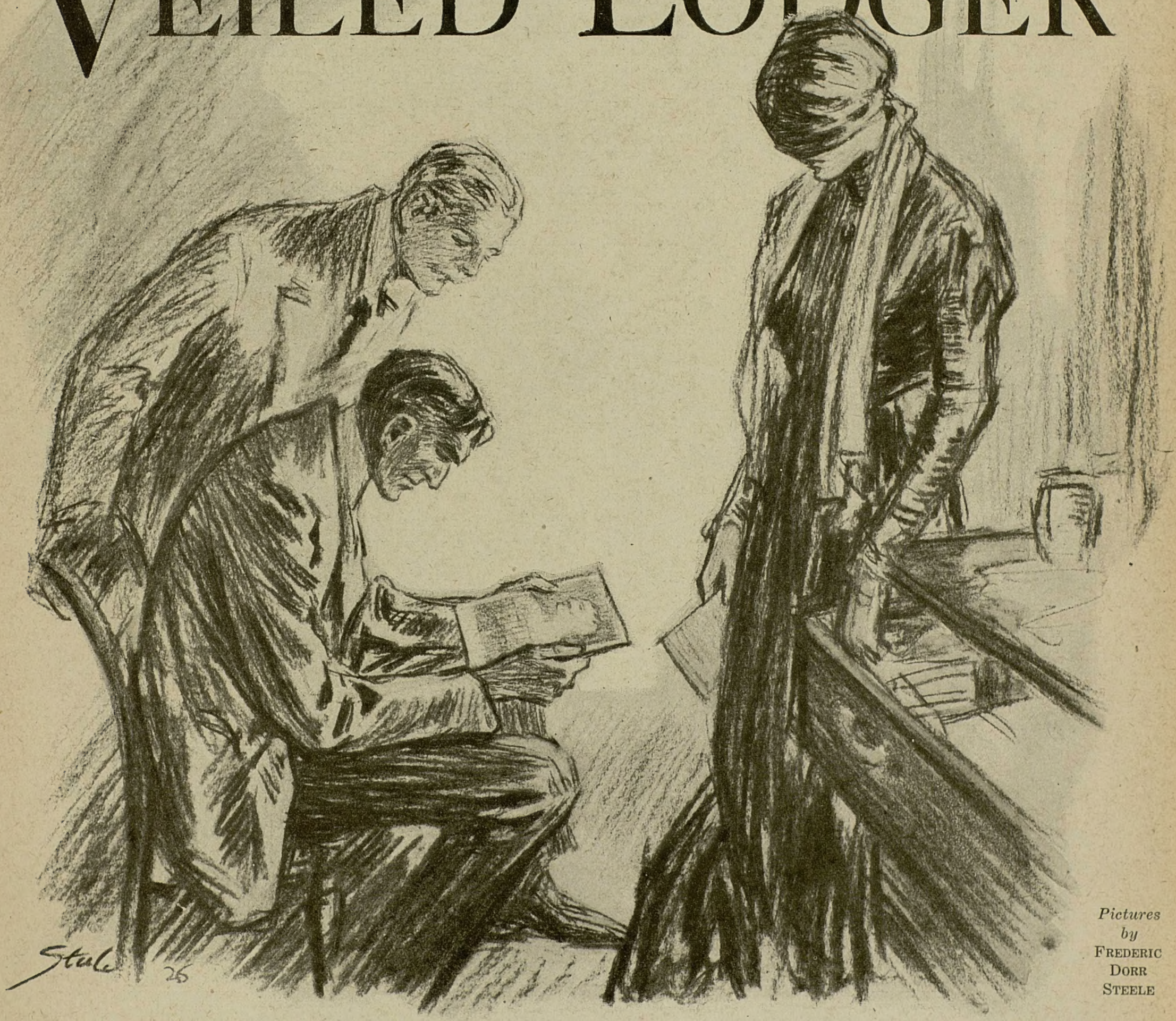
A SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

# The ADVENTURE of the VEILED LODGER




*Pictures by* FREDERIC DORR STEELE

*" That is Leonardo," she said.*

## *The Story of a Murder Which the Celebrated Detective Preferred to Leave Alone*

## *By* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

WHEN one considers that Mr. Sherlock Holmes was in active practice for twenty-three years, and that during seventeen of these I was allowed to co-operate with him and to keep notes of his doings, it will be clear that I have a mass of material at my command. The problem has always been not to find, but to choose. There are the long row of yearbooks and the dispatch cases filled with documents, a perfect quarry for the student not only of crime, but of the social and official scandals of the late Victorian era. Concerning these latter, I may say that the discretion and high sense of professional honor that have always distinguished my friend are still at work in the choice of these memoirs and no confidence will be abused.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ADVENTURE OF THE VEILED LODGER]
Continued from Page Seven

I deprecate, however, in the strongest way the attempts that have been made lately to get at and to destroy these papers. The source of these outrages is known, and if they are repeated I have Mr. Holmes' authority for saying that the whole story concerning the politician, the lighthouse, and the trained cormorant will be given to the public. There is at least one reader who will understand.

The most terrible human tragedies were involved in many of these cases, and it is one of these that I now desire to record. In telling it I have made a slight change of name and place, but otherwise the facts are as stated.

One forenoon—it was early in 1896—I received a hurried note from Holmes, asking for my attendance. When I arrived I found him seated in a smoke-laden atmosphere, with an elderly, motherly woman of the buxom landlady type in a chair in front of him.

"This is Mrs. Marrilow of South Brixton," said my friend, with a wave of the hand. "Mrs. Marrilow does not object to tobacco, Watson, if you wish to indulge your filthy habits. Mrs. Marrilow has an interesting story to tell which may well lead to further developments in which your presence may be useful."

"Anything I can do——"

"You will understand, Mrs. Marrilow, that if I come to Mrs. Ronder I should prefer to have a witness. You will make her understand that before we arrive."

"Lord bless you, Mr. Holmes," said our visitor, "she is that anxious to see you that you might bring the whole parish at your heels."

"Then we shall come early in the afternoon. Let us see that we have our facts correct before we start. If we go over them it will help Dr. Watson to understand the situation. You say that Mrs. Ronder has been your lodger for seven years and that you have only once seen her face."

"And I wish to God I had not," said Mrs. Marrilow.

"It was, I understand, terribly mutilated."

"WELL, Mr. Holmes, you would hardly say it was a face at all. Our milkman got a glimpse of her once, peeping out of the upper window, and he dropped his tin and the milk all over the front garden. I saw her—I happened on her unawares—she covered up quick, and then she said, 'Now, Mrs. Marrilow, you know at last why it is I never raise my veil.'"

"Do you know anything about her history?"

"Nothing at all."

"Did she give references when she came?"

"No, sir; but she gave hard cash and plenty of it. A quarter's rent right down on the table in advance and no arguing about terms. In these times a poor woman like me can't afford to turn down a chance like that."

"Did she give any reason for choosing your house?"

"Mine stands well back from the road and is more private than most. Then again I only take the one and I have no family of my own. It's privacy she is after and she is ready to pay for it."

"Well, it is a very remarkable story—most remarkable—and I don't wonder that you want it examined."

"I don't, Mr. Holmes. I am quite satisfied as long as I get my rent. You could not have a quieter lodger, nor one who gives less trouble."

"Then what has brought matters to a head?"

"Her health, Mr. Holmes. She seems to be wasting away. And there's something terrible on her mind. 'Murder!' she cries. 'Murder!' And once I heard her, 'You cruel beast! You monster!' she cried. It was in the night and it sent the shivers through me. So I went to her in the morning. 'Mrs. Ronder,' I says, 'if you have anything that is troubling your soul there's the clergy,' I says, 'and there's the police. Between them you should get some help.' 'For Heaven's sake, not the police!' says she. 'And the clergy can't change what is past. And yet,' she says, 'it would ease my mind if someone knew the truth before I died.'

"'Well,' says I, 'if you won't have the regulars, there is this detective man what we read about'—beggin' your pardon, Mr. Holmes. And she, she fair jumped at it. 'That's the man!' says she. 'I wonder I never thought of it before. Bring him here, Mrs. Marrilow, and if he won't come, tell him I am the wife of Ronder's Wild Beast Show. Say that, and give him the name Abbas Parva.' Here it is as she wrote it—Abbas Parva. 'That will bring him if he's the man I think he is.'"

"And it will, too," remarked Holmes. "Very good, Mrs. Marrilow. I should like to chat with Dr. Watson till lunchtime. About three o'clock you may expect to see us at your house in Brixton."

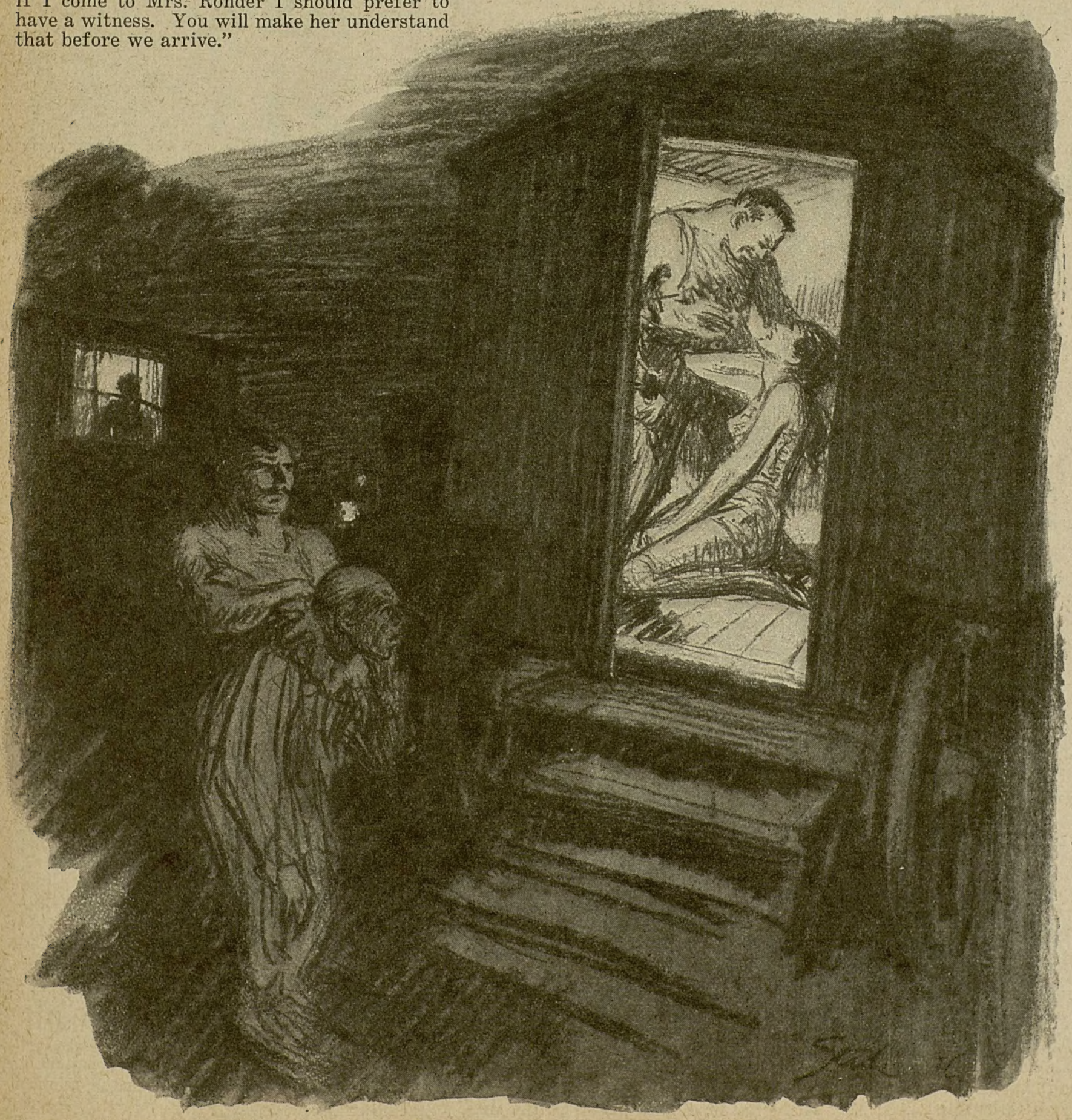
OUR visitor had no sooner waddled out of the room—no other verb can describe Mrs. Marrilow's method of progression—than Sherlock Holmes threw himself with fierce energy upon the pile of commonplace books in the corner. For a few minutes there was a constant swish of the leaves, and then with a grunt of satisfaction he came upon what he sought.

"The case worried me at the time, Watson. Here are my marginal notes to prove it. I confess I could make nothing of it. And yet I was convinced that the coroner was wrong. Have you no recollection of the Abbas Parva tragedy?"

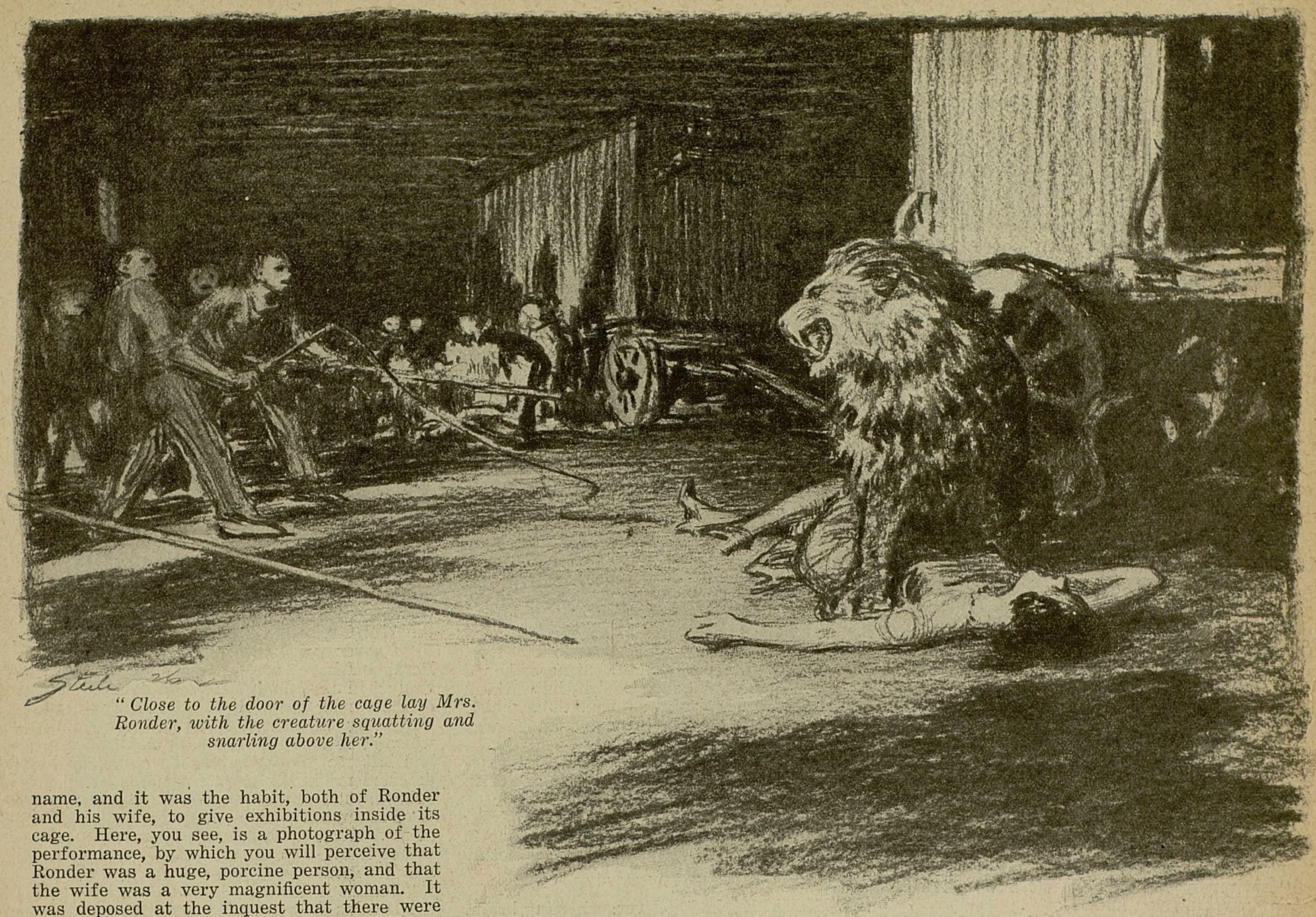
"None, Holmes."

"And yet you were with me then. But certainly my own impression was very superficial, for there was nothing to go by, and none of the parties had engaged my services. Ronder was the rival of Wombwell, and of Sanger, one of the greatest showmen of his day. There is evidence, however, that he took to drink, and that both he and his show were on the down grade at the time of the great tragedy. The caravan had halted for the night at Abbas Parva, which is a small village in Berkshire, when this horror occurred.

"They had among their exhibits a very fine North African lion. Sahara King was its



*"One night my cries brought Leonardo to the door of our van."*



*"Close to the door of the cage lay Mrs. Ronder, with the creature squatting and snarling above her."*

name, and it was the habit, both of Ronder and his wife, to give exhibitions inside its cage. Here, you see, is a photograph of the performance, by which you will perceive that Ronder was a huge, porcine person, and that the wife was a very magnificent woman. It was deposed at the inquest that there were some signs the lion was dangerous, but, as usual, familiarity begat contempt, and no notice was taken of the fact.

"It was usual for either Ronder or his wife to feed the lion at night. Sometimes one went, sometimes both. But they never allowed anyone else to do it, for they believed that as long as they were the food carriers, he would regard them as benefactors, and would never molest them. On this particular night, seven years ago, they both went, and a very terrible happening followed, the details of which have never been made clear.

"IT seems that the whole camp was roused near midnight by the roars of the animal and the screams of the woman. Grooms and employees rushed from their tents, carrying lanterns, and by their light an awful sight was revealed. Ronder lay with the back of his head crushed in, and deep claw marks across his scalp, some ten yards from the cage, which was open. Close to the door of the cage lay Mrs. Ronder, upon her back, with the creature squatting and snarling above her. It had torn her face in such a fashion that it was not thought she could live.

"Several of the circus men, headed by Leonardo, the strong man, and Griggs, the clown, drove the creature off with poles, upon which it sprang back into the cage, and was at once locked in.

"How it had got loose was a mystery. It was conjectured that the pair intended to enter the cage, but that when the door was loosed the creature bounded out upon them. There was no other point of interest in the evidence, save that the woman, in a delirium of agony, kept screaming, 'Coward! Coward!' It was six months before she was fit to give evidence, but the inquest was duly held, with the obvious verdict of death from misadventure."

"What alternative could be conceived?" said I.

"You may well say so. And yet there were one or two points that worried young Edmunds of the Berkshire Constabulary. A smart lad that! He was sent later to Allahabad. That was how I came into the matter, for he dropped in and smoked a pipe or two over it."

"But what worried him?"

"Well, it was so deucedly difficult to reconstruct the affair. Look at it from the lion's point of view. He is liberated. What does he do? He takes half a dozen bounds forward, which brings him to Ronder. Ronder turns to fly—the claw marks were on the back of his head—but the lion strikes him down. Then, instead of bounding on and escaping, he returns to the woman, who is close to the cage, and he knocks her over and chews her face up. Then, again, those cries of hers would seem to imply that her husband had in some way failed her. What could the poor devil have done to help her? You see the difficulty?"

"Quite."

"And then there is another thing—it comes back to me now as I think it over: There was some evidence that, just at the time the lion roared and the woman screamed, a man began shouting in terror."

"This man Ronder, no doubt."

"Well, if his skull was smashed in, you would hardly expect to hear from him again. There were at least two witnesses who spoke of the cries of a man mingling with those of a woman."

"I should think the whole camp was crying out by then. As to the other points, I think I could suggest a solution."

"I should be glad to consider it."

"The two were together, ten yards from the cage, when the lion got loose. The man turned and was struck down. The woman conceived the idea of getting into the cage and shutting the door. It was her only refuge. She made for it and, just as she reached it, the beast bounded after her and knocked her over. She was angry with her husband for having encouraged the beast's rage by turning. If they had faced it, they might have cowed it. Hence her cries of 'Coward!'"

"Brilliant, Watson! Only one flaw in your diamond."

"What is the flaw, Holmes?"

"If they were both ten paces from the cage, how came the beast to get loose?"

"Is it possible that they had some enemy who loosed it?"

"And why should it attack them savagely when it was in the habit of playing with them and doing tricks with them inside the cage?"

"Possibly the same enemy had done something to enrage it."

HOLMES was thoughtful and in silence for some moments.

"Well, Watson, there is this to be said for your theory: Ronder was a man of many enemies. Edmunds told me that in his cups he was horrible. A huge bully of a man, he cursed and slashed at everyone who came in his way. I expect those cries about a monster, of which our visitor has spoken, were nocturnal reminiscences of the dear departed. However, our speculations are futile until we have all the facts. There is a cold partridge on the sideboard, Watson, and a bottle of Montrachet. Let us renew our energies before we make a fresh call upon them."

When our hansom deposited us at the house of Mrs. Marrilow, we found that plump lady

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ADVENTURE OF THE VEILED LODGER]
Continued from Page Nine

blocking up the open door of her humble but retired abode. It was very clear that her chief preoccupation was lest she should lose a valuable lodger, and she implored us, before showing us up, to say and do nothing that could lead to so undesirable an end. Then, having reassured her, we followed her up the straight, badly carpeted staircase, and were shown into the room of the mysterious lodger.

It was a close, musty, ill-ventilated place, as might be expected, since its inmate seldom left it. From keeping beasts in a cage, the woman seemed, by some retribution of fate, to have become herself a beast in a cage. She sat now in a broken armchair in the shadowy corner of the room. Long years of inaction had coarsened the lines of her figure, but at some period it must have been beautiful, and was still full and voluptuous. A thick dark veil covered her face, but it was cut off close at her upper lip, and disclosed a perfectly shaped mouth and a delicately rounded chin. Her voice, too, was well modulated and pleasing.

"MY name is not unfamiliar to you, Mr. Holmes," said she. "I thought it would bring you."

"That is so, madam, though I do not know how you were aware that I was interested in your case."

"I learned it when I had recovered my health, and was examined by Mr. Edmunds, the county detective. I fear I lied to him. Perhaps it would have been wiser had I told the truth."

"It is usually wiser to tell the truth. But why did you lie to him?"

"Because the fate of someone else depended upon it. I know that he was a very worthless being, and yet I would not have his destruction upon my conscience. We had been so close—so close!"

"But has this impediment been removed?"

"Yes, sir. The person that I allude to is dead."

"Then why should you not now tell the police anything you know?"

"Because I could not stand the scandal and publicity that would come from a police examination. I have not long to live, but I wish to die undisturbed. And yet I wanted to find one man of judgment to whom I could tell my terrible story, so that when I am gone all might be understood."

"You compliment me, madam. At the same time I do not promise you that when you have spoken I may not myself think it my duty to refer the case to the police."

"I think not, Mr. Holmes. I know your character and methods too well, for I have followed your work for some years: reading is the only pleasure fate has left me. But, in any case, I will take my chance of the use you may make of my tragedy. It will ease my mind to tell it."

"My friend and I would be glad to hear it."

The woman rose and took from a drawer the photograph of a man. He was clearly a professional acrobat, a man of magnificent physique, taken with his huge arms folded across his swollen chest and a smile breaking from under his heavy mustache—the self-satisfied smile of the man of many conquests.

"That is Leonardo," she said.

"Leonardo, the strong man, who gave evidence?"

"The same. And this—this is my husband."

It was a dreadful face—a human pig, or rather a human wild boar, for it was formidable in its bestiality. One could imagine that vile mouth champing and foaming in its rage, and one could conceive those small, vicious eyes darting pure malignancy as they looked forth upon the world. Ruffian, bully, beast—it was all written on that heavy-jowled face.

"Those two pictures will help you, gentlemen, to understand the story. I was a poor circus girl, brought up on the sawdust, and doing springs through the hoop before I was ten. When I became a woman this man loved me, if such lust as his may be called love, and in an evil moment I became his wife. From that day I was in hell, and he the devil who tormented me. There was no one in the show who did not know of his treatment. He deserted me for others. He tied me down and lashed me with his riding whip when I complained.

"They all pitied me, and they all loathed him; but they feared him, one and all. For he was terrible at all times, and murderous when he was drunk. Again and again he was had for assault and for cruelty to the beasts, but he had plenty of money, and the fines were nothing to him. All the best men left us, and the show began to go downhill. It was only Leonardo and I who kept it up—with little Jimmy Griggs, the clown.

"Then Leonardo came more and more into my life. You see what he was like. I know now the poor spirit that was hidden in that splendid body, but compared with my husband he seemed like the angel Gabriel. He pitied me and helped me, till at last our intimacy turned to love—deep, deep, passionate love, such love as I had dreamed of, but never hoped to feel. My husband suspected it, but I think that he was a coward as well as a bully, and that Leonardo was the one man he was afraid of.

"He took revenge in his own way by torturing me more than ever. One night my cries brought Leonardo and Jimmy to the door of our van. We were near tragedy that night, and soon my lover and I understood that it could not be avoided. My husband was not fit to live. We planned that he should die.

"LEONARDO had a clever, scheming brain. It was he who planned it. I do not say that I blame him, for I was ready to go with him every inch of the way. But I should never have had the wit to think of such a plan. We made a club—Leonardo made it—and in the leaden head he fastened five long steel nails, the points outward, with just such a spread as the lion's paw. This was to give my husband his death blow, and yet to leave the evidence that the lion we would loose had done the deed.

"It was a pitch-dark night when my husband and I went down, as was our custom, to feed the beast. We carried with us the raw meat in a zinc pail. Leonardo was waiting at the corner of the big van, which we should have to pass before we reached the cage. He was too slow, and we walked past him before he could strike. He followed us on tiptoe and I heard the crash as the club smashed my husband's skull. My heart leaped with joy at the sound. I sprang forward and undid the catch that held the door of the great lion's cage.

"And then the terrible thing happened. You may have heard how quick these creatures are to scent human blood, and how it excites them. As I slipped the bars, it bounded out and was on me in an instant.

"Leonardo could have rushed forward and struck the beast with his club. But the man lost his nerve. I heard him shout in his terror, and then I saw him turn and fly. At the same instant the teeth of the lion met in my face, Its hot, filthy breath had already poisoned me, and I was hardly conscious of pain.

"I tried to push the great steaming blood-stained jaws away from me, and I screamed for help. I was conscious that the camp was stirring, and then dimly I remember a group of men—Leonardo, Griggs, and others—dragging me from under the creature's paws. That was my last memory, Mr. Holmes, for many a weary month.

"When I came to see myself in the mirror, I cursed that lion; oh, how I cursed him! Not because he had torn away my beauty, but because he had not torn away my life. I had but one desire, Mr. Holmes, and I had enough money to gratify it. It was to cover myself so that my poor face should be seen by none, and to dwell where none whom I had ever known should find me. That was all that was left to me to do—and that is what I have done. A poor wounded beast that has crawled into its hole to die—that is the end of Eugenia Ronder."

WE sat in silence for some time after the unhappy woman had told her story. Then Holmes stretched out his long arm and patted her hand with a sympathy I had seldom known him to exhibit.

"Poor girl!" he said. "Poor girl! The ways of Fate are indeed hard to understand. If there is not some compensation hereafter, then the world is a cruel jest. But what of this man Leonardo?"

"I never saw him or heard from him again. Perhaps I have been wrong to feel so bitterly against him. He might as soon have loved one of the freaks we carried round the country as the thing which the lion had left. But a woman's love is not so easily set aside. He had left me under the beast's claws, he had deserted me in my need, and yet I could not bring myself to give him to the gallows.

"For myself I cared nothing what became of me. What could be more dreadful than my actual life? But I stood between Leonardo and his fate."

"And he is dead?"

"He was drowned last month when bathing near Margate. I saw his death in the paper."

"And what did he do with the five-clawed club?"

"I cannot tell, Mr. Holmes. There was a chalk pit by the camp, with a deep green pool at the base of it. Perhaps in the depths of that pool——"

"Well, well, it is of little consequence now. The case is closed."

"Yes," said the woman, "the case is closed."

We had risen to go, but there was something in the woman's voice that arrested Holmes' attention. He turned swiftly upon her.

"Your life is not your own," he said. "Keep your hands off it."

"What use is it to anyone?"

"How can you tell? The example of patient suffering is in itself the most precious of all lessons to an impatient world."

The woman's answer was a terrible one. She raised her veil and stepped forward into the light.

"I wonder if you would bear it," she said.

No words can describe the framework of a face when the face itself is gone. Two living and beautiful brown eyes looking sadly out from that grisly ruin did but make the view more awful. Holmes held up his hand in a gesture of pity and protest, and together we left the room.

Two days later when I called upon my friend, he pointed with some pride to a small blue bottle upon his mantelpiece. I picked it up. There was a red poison label. A pleasant almondy odor rose when I opened it.

"Prussic acid?" said I.

"Exactly. It came by post. 'I send you my temptation. I will follow your advice.' That was the message. I think, Watson, we can guess the name of the brave woman who sent it."

THE END

# Portrait of a Lady With Red Hair

## *The Record of a Flaming Life Written in Fire*

An Autobiography by

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Nothing was farther from Caroline Dudley's thoughts than a stage career during her girlhood in Chicago society. Her romance with Leslie Carter began at a Wisconsin summer resort. They were married, and he took her to his Chicago home. There a series of domestic disagreements with his unmarried sister and aunt culminated in a divorce. The story of her trip abroad, the taking of her child by her husband during her absence, and her decision to go on the stage follows.]

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

*Mrs. Carter's heavy braids were the envy of women before the introduction of the boyish bob.*

### PART TWO

SUSAN, my mother's maid, was one of the most devoted creatures I have ever known. She was with my mother before I was born. She was with me when my son came. And she now formed part of my household. One saw God through Susan's eyes, if one could not through one's own.

She was the first to notice blood specks on my handkerchiefs, and, after I was seized with a hemorrhage, went to my mother and Leslie with the news. My father had died of phthisis, and this was feared for me. It was at once decided that I should go abroad for absolute rest and consult a famous specialist who lived in Kreuznach, Prussia, not far from Bingen. My mother was to go on living in my home and take care of my baby, with Susan's help.

Tyranny, hostile criticism, the whole bigoted, rigid schooling I had been through, had caused an overwrought nervous condition; but amid the medievalism of the Rhine and its poetic beauty, the threatened lung trouble was soon dissipated and in the spring I went to France, virtually well.

In Paris was a group of old friends: Nellie Medill, Willard Case of Auburn, the Sanford

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR]
Continued from Page Eleven

Pomeroys of New York, and dear Mrs. Ralph Hickox. I never knew, when I walked through those lovely golden days in Paris, that entangled in them, woven through them, should be in after months a burden of human misery almost too hard to be endured.

Words cannot be used like surgeons' scalpels to open wounds long since healed. Had I known that every attitude, every vagrant fragmentary impulse, barely carried out to make a whole gesture, should be used against me, I should not have spent my liberty with so free a hand.

One evening I had the bad taste to forget an important dinner given at the Hotel Meurice and the good taste to remain at Monsieur Gerome's studio in the Rue Impasse du Main. I had been taken there by a young artist named Rook, to see the master's just completed statue of Ancient Carthage—a beautiful golden symbol typified in a seated nude woman wearing exquisite small jewels and gazing arrogantly and disdainfully before her. Never before or since have I seen so interpretive a thing.

There, too, I met Jean Cassin, the French painter, and the famous Julian, who probably gave more artists to the world than any other man of his time.

ONE figure only can I clearly recall: it is that of the Duchess d'Uzes, a great French lady who ruled in two worlds. Hers was the stillest face I have ever seen. At the present time we are used to these deadly white enameled masks, but hers was superb because it never through any emotion lost control over itself.

I was glad I spoke French so well, because I never forgot what she said that day apropos of a woman of the half-world whose beauty was threatening to upset all France through her influence on a great French general and political leader.

"Ah, madame, the women of the great world and the women of the half-world—they all smile in the same way—*n'est-ce pas?*"

The lines about *Judy O'Grady* and the *Colonel's lady* being sisters under the skin were not then written.

I returned to my hotel late. I wish that night might be reserved for me as a monument of beauty and innocent abstracted gayety. But it was not to be. Every step of the way from Kreuznach to this incident was exhumed, explored, and condemned. A woman of today's social code can have the legitimacy of her child challenged, after *writing* damning letters with regard to it, and can emerge from such an experience ostensibly with garments as white as an archangel's robe. A woman of that day would have been pilloried and made a pariah for a thousandth fraction of such an action.

It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, a pitiful and a monstrous thing that so much havoc could be made of so much careless love of life. A revolutionary reaction and a process of change has taken place since those times in our *lex femina.*

It was during this trip abroad that I visited my father's relatives in England, and through them met General Kitchener.

If I had the gift and wished to shape a face to my heart's wish, I would have created one exactly like Kitchener's. I shall tell of him in the proper chronological place in the year when we grasped again our faint friendship.

One afternoon at Rumpelmeyer's I met Adele Grant, who had not then become the Countess of Essex.

I felt no personal concern in the thing she began telling me—it was about a woman; but, as she went on, I began to know that woman was myself, and then slowly I also began to doubt my own color—whether I was white or whether I was black; black because of the implication of the amazing chain of events that made everything I did as dark as basalt.

I returned to my hotel and stood gazing out on the Tuileries Gardens; but my eyes were blinded to their beauties, for I had turned them inward.

My youth, outside of the convent days, had been passed among so many masks—so many falsenesses. The society into which I had been born was always trying to hide something. If it was poverty, they hid it; if extravagant emotions, they hid them; if it was hate, they hid it; if love, they hid it. We all were like a lot of trapped creatures who, if turned loose, would not know where to run.

Women's lovely mouths tried to part company from the secret citadels of their eyes, wherein lay all sorts of daring invitations, by uttering valueless platitudes they did not mean. Men acted one way because of old interpretations on nature and human life and conventionalized portraits on certain actions, and in the same hour they were pilloried for arranging normally their own impulses and experiences. They came to grief because they had no mastery of fact.

Photo from Ella Barnett

*Adele Grant of New York, who became Countess of Essex.*

Underwood & Underwood photo

*The Duchess D'Uzes, who "ruled in two worlds."*

Reality, to me, meant many beautiful things. It meant that somewhere in the universe there was more than a barren formula for men and women. Reality meant that I was living in a veracious world where men and women *could* have a companionship without the wearying demands and conflicts of sex. Reality meant a denial to shove out of sight the things that made me the identity I was—some part of my soul that refused to be fretted and irked by a jaundiced way of looking at life.

What was it all about—the how and why of which?

FROM the Tuileries Gardens below came the voices of placid *bonnes,* the far-flung cries of children beside the western pond. Beyond was the top of the Arc de Triomphe and the Carrousel, standing like an emblem of light, half in the extremely strong sunshine, half in the extremely strong shadows. Someone touched me gently on the shoulder. It was Mrs. Ralph Hickox.

"Kate Medill has sailed for America, Caroline."

"What has Kate Medill's sailing for America got to do with me, Annie?"

Something on her voice lay heavy and troubled:

"She"—a pause—"she doesn't approve of the things you have been doing. I think there is trouble in store for you."

"What sort of trouble? For the first time in my life I am free from the Carters and the Medills and the rest of Chicago's apron strings, and you want to wrap them around my waist again!"

"Ah, darling, you are demanding of life only that it should make you feel, and they are demanding of you only that you spare their little sensibilities. You are so terribly fearless and so terribly incautious."

Do you know what Hannah More says? "If I wished to punish my enemy, I would make him hate someone." I hated Kate Medill then; I hate her now. I have often hoped the feeling would leave me—it never has.

I went to Mrs. Hickox, where she was seated, and got on my knees beside her. I never guessed then how many times in life I should have to kneel.

"The world we live in is a sick world and the people in it think only sick things. All but you, Annie."

She had the clearest, cleanest eyes, had Annie Hickox (born Annie Steger), with that lambent, cooling look that flooded you with some softness which you only felt but couldn't dissect. She raised my chin with her hand.

"Poor darling! You're so terribly different!"

"I'm glad I have the courage to be different. When the type is varied by some odd pattern and will not fit into the mold, they all assume it will never fit in any mold and they let it run over into the mud."

We stayed like that for some time, with her hand tightly clasped in mine. Then she spoke of Leslie, and something within me felt blanched and drawn.

"Caroline, you are taking a last match and putting it to an already blazing conflagration. You must go home."

THEN she spoke of my baby. My baby! I went.

When I made this impulsive move there came to me an old verse which expressed all my pent-up feelings:

I made the cross myself whose weight
  Was later laid on me—
This thought is torture as I climb
  Up Life's steep Calvary.
To think mine own hands drove the nails.
  I sang a merry song
And chose the hardest wood I could
  To make it safe and strong.
If I had known, if I had guessed
  *That* cross was made for me,
I would have built a lighter one
  To bear up Calvary.

I returned home on the North German Lloyd steamship Werra, docking at Hoboken. Had I arrived twenty-four hours earlier the entire current of my life would have swung in another stream—not so vivid perhaps, or so splendid, but less stormy.

And now comes to my remembrance an incident of that cold, icy morning. In the many events that happened to me, it will always stand out as the one isolated and disinterestedly fine action I know.

Joseph Pacificas Ord was my husband's best friend, and, because he was mine also, he traveled 1,000 miles to meet me when the ship docked, to tell me that Leslie and his family were going to try to take my boy from me.

Leaving behind in Pacificas Ord's care hand luggage and baggage that had to pass through the customs and so meant loss of time, I drove all the way from Hoboken to Jersey City.

Without so much as a fresh handkerchief, I caught the Pennsylvania's Chicago Limited just as it was steaming out of the station.

Stunned, in a sort of dull torture, I remember nothing of the trip save this: all those hours through the day, all those hours through the night, I sat unmoving in my seat—with my hands tightly clasped. No food passed my mouth, because I could not eat.

I wanted to pray, but I couldn't. A verse from Isaiah arose to my mind: "We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble in noonday as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men."

The anguish of that time was my instructor in many emotions. I began to sicken as I

neared my destination, with an inner sense of something hard to define. Not terror, but a sort of dumb, inexplicable knowledge that a shutter had gone down that could never again be raised.

With a mad heart I drove to my home—and there, just as I mounted the stairs, two men were bringing down my dining-room table.

I have tried hard to stamp out, to obliterate the events of that morning; but there are some things the human mind refuses to be taught. One is the relinquishment of moments of extreme misery.

I walked up the denuded steps to my own rooms, and met Hunter, our colored coachman.

"My baby and my mother?"

"I don't know where your mother is, but they've taken your baby to the Carter home," he told me.

I ran all the way there with a sort of blind swiftness. I have no recollection of seeing any faces or of hearing anything. It was as if I were in some remote white polar region where no sounds are heard.

I was distraught, disheveled, and wild when Norah, the Carter maid, let me in. I like to think of what she told me years after: "And in all the pressure and sorrow of that moment ye didn't forget to greet me and ask me how I was."

She shook her head at me and put a finger to her lips. Then from the lower back parlor came Leslie's sister.

"My baby! I've come for my baby!"

"You can't have him," she replied.

I laughed. I wonder why?

I REMEMBER walking quite calmly up the stairs and then stumbling over a little toy train of cars just before I came into the room where I knew they held him.

"Mammy!" he cried gleefully.

And I never heard him say "Mammy" again until he came to me years after.

They sent for Leslie, and he said many things to me. Perhaps they were true—perhaps not.

After what seemed years, they sent for my mother. She took me to Doctor King's sanitarium at Lake Geneva (Illinois). There, like some hidden, bruised creature, for one year and six months I lay. For three months I hardly slept, and for nine only under powerful opiates. I lived and moved, but had no being.

Nellie Steger was just leaving for England, where she was to marry Sir Arthur Butler, who has since inherited the duchy of Ormond. She came immediately to my mother and to me—and to her action you will find the answer of all that is fine and noble in some women.

Mrs. Arthur Caton, Flora Payne, who became Mrs. William C. Whitney, my mother's old friend—how quickly they both stampeded all conventions to rush to us! There were others who never asked whether the balance were on your side of the ledger—they just came.

Susan used to say you could measure your love for people by thinking whom you would really like to meet in heaven. Dear Josephine Cass-Canfield, if I were sure of such a place, I should hope to meet you there!

They might have thought with Anatole France: "They did not judge lightly those who were so wretched. They regarded as holy anyone so miserable; for misery is suffering, and suffering purifies like fire."

I have heard it said of all of us that we are living in exile, with no continuing place. We are looking either forward or backward to some other country.

We lived in exile, my mother, our devoted Susan, and I. And a forlorn, weary, crumpled-up young creature came forth timidly from its sanctuary where it had been binding up its wounds, to fight for its young.

When I left the courts of Illinois, I was denuded of everything in life except one thing: a thing you could not stamp out, you could not crush, you could not annihilate with anything formed on God's green earth—a thing abiding and eternal—my mother's love. Her heart was like the heart in Jean Richepin's La Glu.

Richepin has taken an old French legend and translated it into a bit of living, immortal verse. The grandeur and simplicity of it in French refuses to lend its impressive beauty to the cold coinage of English words, but I have so amalgamated these last lines with the pattern of my mother that she has made them all her own, and so I give them:

On the top of a hill lived a woman whose soul was the red of the garments she wore, and whose life was the same. At her feet knelt the boy that loved her—the poor boy that loved her—his eyes like those of the hunter in a dark glade.

"Thou shalt have what thou pleadest for when thou bringest to me the heart of thy mother for my dogs."

Feverishly he cut away the heart from out of his mother, and swiftly he ran up the long steep hill. And as he ran he stumbled, and as he stumbled he fell. And as he fell, the heart he was holding rolled to the ground. As it was rolling he heard it say faintly—tenderly:

"Hast thou hurt thyself—my child?"

I cried every day for eighteen months, and then one day I forgot to cry. It was spring, and I was sitting in the garden of the little cottage we had taken in the suburbs, when they brought me a letter from Marie Nevins, who had married James G. Blaine, Junior. She was then in New York, studying for the stage, and intended making her professional debut under the management of Daniel Frohman.

It was filled with a note of panic: "I am chained to this bed of suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, and it does not look as if I will be able to fulfill my contract. What a dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by C. H. Taffs

*I took the pencil from Mr. Belasco and added in the corner of his note to me: "I promise to see her on my return to New York."*

P. & A. photo

*Joseph P. Ord, who helped Mrs. Carter in her troubles.*

Photo from Ella Barnett

*Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., who gave the writer the idea of a stage career.*



P. & A. photo

*Nathaniel R. Fairbanks, backer of Mrs. Carter's first efforts.*

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR]
Continued from Page Thirteen

appointment for Mr. Frohman—and for David Belasco, who has been coaching me!"

I sat there a long time. Like small, intrepid soldiers, the black events marched past me. The freshness, the unsoiled goodness of the early morning air, took possession of me.

A puppy from a neighboring house came quite close beside me; and because he was that sort of dog, he gently licked my face. And because I was that sort of woman, I took him in my arms and held him tight and looked into those tender, beseeching, blinking puppy eyes. And how or why or when, but somewhere in their depths was a happy escape and all my unhappiness fled.

Walking into the house where my mother was, I handed her Marie Blaine's letter and I said: "I'm going to find David Belasco. And when I do, I'm going to ask him to teach me to act."

"Act!" exclaimed my dear mother, amazed. "Why, you've never even thought of it!"

"I'm thinking of it now," I said gravely.

"It will be a long siege. It will take money, and you have none."

I went to that face—dearest in all the world—and kissed it; and I said:

"LISTEN! Somewhere there is someone who loved Orson Dudley well enough to befriend his daughter in her time of need."

And there was.

Living in Chicago was a friend of my father's, Nathaniel Fairbanks, a power in the financial world, a man of decision, and extremely conservative. One would go a long way to find one more reserved, less impulsive, or fundamentally commonplace. He was not the sort to let a brilliant personality or a vivid temperament cloud his judgment, but he was famous for one great attitude in life—his loyalty to his friends.

I told Mr. Fairbanks exactly what I wanted to do.

He was absolutely fearless, with a certain Western ruggedness of character; and if, when asked to finance a young woman of colossal audacity on a career of which she knew absolutely nothing, refusal had ever entered his mind, I am positive he never entertained such a thought when approached by Orson Dudley's daughter. Certainly I never had need to ask anyone else.

All my mother's available securities had been realized on. She had paid to Mr. Wirt Dexter, my attorney, one fee alone of $69,000 for his services in my battle to recover my baby. This and other claims had, for the present, virtually denuded her of her income, and the stage offered me the only solution of repaying her quickly for all she had done for me. This, and this alone, was the impulsion I had.

I was not interested in the theater. I had never known or even met anyone connected with it. Unlike the British, the American home was not open to the stage. Only my stupendous ignorance in regard to the things of the theater caused me to choose so hazardous a career.

I was young and had a great deal of courage. I told Mr. Fairbanks I wanted to go to New York to find Mr. David Belasco; when I found him, I wanted him to coach me for the stage and write a play for me; and in a few months I would become a successful actress!

I remember Mr. Fairbanks looking at me out of sane blue eyes and saying, "You remind me of a child who wants to wear her summer clothes and her winter frocks at the same time"—which was his way of saying I wanted everything at once. It now seems almost inconceivable that youth could be so arrogant, that intelligence could be so limited as to suppose that without striving and endurance there would be tithes in the storehouse.

Mr. Fairbanks went to New York, arranged a meeting at the Brunswick Hotel with E. D. Gillmore, who was the owner and manager of the old Academy of Music, and through Mr. Gillmore's efforts an appointment was made with Mr. Belasco. Susan, my mother, and I went to New York.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

*Lily Langtry, at the height of her fame in Mrs. Carter's youth.*

I do not think, if the world were searched, you could have found anyone more ardently and splendidly alive, one with fewer untrammeled fears, than I was the day I met Mr. Belasco with Mr. Fairbanks in the gloomy oak-ceiled office of Mr. Gillmore. Belasco was sitting near the window when I came in.

One has often been in a crowd and the eye has been trapped by a face with a subtle kind of distinction that made it uncommon—some indefinable air, hard to explain. Mr. Belasco's was like that. I immediately became interested in him.

Here was not one man, but a hundred men. Judea was here in the sensuous curving lips. Rome was here in the tightly curled hair of a proconsul. Greece was here in the beautifully cut, clearly silhouetted profile, with the soft ivory pallor one finds in the faces of Orientals. The Florentine of Italy, too, in the inset of the whole mouth, restrained and a little cruel. He was dramatic in himself as his plays were dramatic, surprising and vivid. He was like a coin—not the coinage for an ordinary populace, but some delicately carved medal struck off for a special occasion.

His very way of dressing—as if, in the absorption of some achievement of his own, he was completely unaware of the petty details of fashion—engrossed me. An iron resolve formed in my mind. It was this: If *this* man would not teach me, no one else should.

The room was silent.

THEY let me do the talking; and because I felt I ought to be spectacular to attract his interest, and because I became confused with my intentness of purpose that he must not refuse me, everything I said to him was the opposite of what I was feeling. I became childish and trivial and frivolous. But in one thing I was absolutely sincere—my ignorance of the theater and everything connected with it.

When I had finished speaking, Mr. Belasco quietly asked:

"You have a play in mind you would like me to write?"

"Nothing in particular; only"—here I boasted—— "I am a superb horsewoman and I should like to make my entrance on horseback, jumping a high fence."

Mr. Gillmore stirred uneasily. Mr. Belasco's face gave no sign of what he thought.

"Yes?" he questioned. "And when do you wish this play completed?"

I turned to him with an air of splendid concern and said quite honestly:

"In a week's time, I think."

He smiled the smile he always smiled when he didn't want to smile.

"So long a time?" he replied. And after a little talking I understood it was agreed.

Agreed to do what? I don't know. I left Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Gillmore, and Mr. Belasco behind, and walked all the way up Fifth Avenue to my home, my feet spurning the pavement which I'm sure I never touched.

The spokes were all in the wheel by now, and I waited for it to turn. It was understood by Mr. Fairbanks, that day, that he was to meet all obligations in regard to monetary affairs, such as financing the play, the payment of Mr. Belasco's tuition, my own and my mother's expenses during this period.

It was arranged that all the money was to be handled by Mr. Gillmore. There was no secret understanding between Mr. Fairbanks and me; the very proof of its being a business arrangement was the fact that the money was adjusted in precisely this way.

The world knew nothing of my father's friendship with Mr. Fairbanks, and I am very glad to explain at last what has always been a reproach to Mr. Belasco and me—the *cause célèbre* known as the Fairbanks Case, of which I shall speak later.

Mr. Belasco's interest in me was very faint. My lack of understanding concerning everything in regard to the stage, in which his very life was bound up, aroused his contempt. He needed money badly at the time, which was his only reason for agreeing to "fit Mrs. Carter for a theatrical career." The so-called smart world was a legendary place to him where only drones lived, and I appeared a woman on parade—a careless, brilliant, exotic manikin, who was invading his hungry, threadbare, workaday kingdom.

IT is impossible to know all his thoughts in regard to me at this time. I only know I waited to hear from him. Impatiently I waited one, two, three weeks. I was living then in the Madison Apartments, at Twenty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, opposite Madison Square. It was not the barren close, flanked by gigantic buildings, that it is now, but a tranquil, lovely square that borrowed its atmosphere from the brownstone houses of the Burdens, Frank Work, and the Maturins, and had as its neighbors Delmonico's, the austere Albemarle Hotel, and the chic Hoffman House.

Evenings I used to stand at my window. They say there is a time at twilight when all men appear noble and all women beautiful. Here in this restless stream of human beings that went to and fro, to and fro, were people battling, struggling, with a fine, unconquerable courage, for some inarticulate goal. I felt that I too must fight for what I wanted. I had heard Mr. Gillmore speak to Mr. Belasco of Bronson Howard, the playwright, and felt the latter knew him.

Armed with the address, I went to Bronson Howard's home in New Rochelle. A strange woman, a little breathless and excited, to break in on his solitude—he must have thought me mad! I told him who I was and what I wanted.

"After you have had luncheon on this hot day with Mrs. Howard and me, and if you are very good," he said with mild amusement, "you shall have Mr. B.'s address."

He gave it to me with an air of great secrecy and in pantomine put a finger on his lips.

"They are incommunicado, Henry de Mille and himself. They are writing a new play."

The next day turned out to be the hottest spring day I ever experienced in New York. Taking my mother with me, I started out to find a place called Echo Lake, somewhere in New Jersey. I wore the coolest frock I had, a thin black gown of French make, and an all-black hat of Milan straw turned up at the back. I began the journey with a sort of heroic gayety. When we arrived at the burning little station and took a dilapidated old country hack, my light-heartedness began to drip away with each dreary mile, and when we arrived at the old square white country house set amid a sort of desolate isolation, it had gone entirely and in its place was only a desperate courage.

Leaving my mother in the ancient carriage,

I walked up the brick walk. As I did so I saw two figures of men through the long French windows scurry into their coats. I gave the bell a sharp ring, and before a maid would have had time to answer, it was opened by a woman with an impatient air, bristling with a defensive acridity.

"I am Mrs. Leslie Carter," I said bravely, "and I have come to see David Belasco."

"Mr. Belasco is not here," she answered sharply.

"Oh, yes, he is," I returned steadily. "I saw him through that window as I came up the walk."

She was on the verge of another reply when a man's figure appeared at her back. Mrs. de Mille, for it was she, turned to him. The words she spoke were these:

"This is Mrs. Leslie Carter, and she came to see Mr. Belasco." What she said in reality was: "This woman has come to bother him, and you are going to see she doesn't."

Mr. Henry de Mille's manner (for this was Mr. de Mille), was a little less acrid, but still very firm.

"I'm sorry you can't see Mr. Belasco," he said, "he is very much engaged."

"Will you take my name in to Mr. Belasco?"

"No, I won't," he replied grimly. "He is working and he can't be disturbed. I'll give him any message you like and tell him you have been here."

"Very well." I spoke with a grimness that matched his own. "Tell Mr. Belasco I am waiting in the railroad station at Echo Lake, and when he has finished his work, no matter how late it is, he will find me there."

With all my firm purpose, I felt my throat fill and the salt sting my eyes. I had just turned to go when a door opened and Mr. Belasco came forward to me.

"I will see Mrs. Carter, Henry," he said, and motioned me before him.

I walked into a great, square room with but little furniture. A long, cheap table, on which were scattered many sheets of paper, was in the center. I dropped into a chair near it and began to cry softly and steadily, and he took his seat in the chair opposite me.

Then to this strange man, whom I had met only once before in my life, I told everything.

I KEPT nothing back—the eager young years, the bitter, intense years, the big elemental things that touched you just to rend you, the little uneventful things, all woven into a web at once tremendous and tragic that by the old, foolish social tests always failed you. He should know it all. He should hear once and forever everything—the lies, the truth.

"O Lord, give to this man an understanding heart," I prayed, never knowing then that this was his chief portion in the dower of genius God had already given him.

Have you ever noticed hands, how they are people's head and heart, and say much more than their words say—hands that flutter constantly in insincerity; hands so still with interest that they might have been laid tightly within your own and held there? Mr. Belasco's hands were like the last, and over him was the stillness of extreme quiet.

I raised my face and thus I ended: "If being hurt by people can *make* me act, I can act."

He leaned forward and very simply took his handkerchief and wiped from my wet cheeks the black that had come off my eyes. Physically I moved to my feet; spiritually I was stiller than I had ever been in my life.

"I am just beginning to think you can," he answered, rising and looking at me with great intentness.

So we both stood for some time, while all the little make-believes of human beings stepped down and away from both of us. He promised, at the end, to see me on his return to New York; and when he held out his hand to me I did not take it, but neared the table and shook my head.

"No, Mr. Belasco; that is not enough. I understood you were going to see me shortly after our first interview. But you didn't. You see how I have had to hunt you down. You'll have to give me your promise in writing."

He smiled and, going to the table, used his pencil, and handed me a slip of paper that read:

> I, David Belasco, promise to undertake the training of Mrs. Leslie Carter and prepare her for the stage.

He handed it to me. Then again I shook my head at him. Taking the pencil from him, and kneeling on the floor beside the table, I took the small sheet of paper and added in the corner of it these words:

> I promise to see her on my return to New York.

I have that slip of paper, with its crude wording, today.

THE wheel had begun to turn for me, but oh, so slowly! Mr. Belasco wrote, with Mr. de Mille, Men and Women, The Charity Ball, and The Wife. It was one of these plays he was working on at this time, besides undertaking their stage management for Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theater. In the strenuous activity of that mimic world, I was again forgotten. Day after day I waited for some word from him, but none came.

One afternoon, dining across the square at Delmonico's, in the midst of the clatter of the dishes, the room took on a sort of breathless silence, and we turned to see the cause. It was the English beauty and actress, Mrs. Langtry. She came into the room like a Nike on the prow of a trireme, triumphant and assured.

For sheer dramatic emotion there is no more powerful instance to me than viewing a human being at the apogee of his career. The tribute of silence—it is one of the most magnificent trappings of fame.

We used to go for our meals to the Ashland House, which was directly opposite the old Lyceum Theater, and I always chose a table in the corner where I could watch the door, hoping to catch a glimpse of Mr. Belasco. Then, one day, when discouragement and disheartenment had taken me by the heels and laid me low, on coming out of the hotel I saw him standing outside the Lyceum Theater with Benjamin I. Roeder.

P. & A. photo

*The Tuileries Gardens as seen by Mrs. Carter on her first visit to Paris.*

Benjamin Roeder, only a boy then, has walked side by side for a lifetime with Belasco. He saw me and he tried to pull Mr. Belasco away, as he always did in after life, to guard his master from all importunate things.

"Mr. Belasco!" I cried.

He turned to me rather blankly.

"Your promise! Your promise!" I couldn't think of another thing to say.

He put his hand to his head and tugged at his hair, as integral a part of him as his voice.

"Tomorrow afternoon." My face must have fallen, for he added: "Without fail; you won't have to put it in writing this time."

The next day he came, with his genius, his picturesqueness, his queer orientation, his stubborn loyalty, and his gentle insistencies, and in that moment there sprang into being a curious understanding that often comes to people of strong histrionic emotions. It was the beginning of an alliance that went to make history of the American stage and that ended twenty years later, and then only through the senseless operation of circumstance.

David Belasco is a man instinctively great. I was trained in a school whose counterpart doesn't exist in any country—or did it ever exist except for me? Like *Frankenstein*, the public's idea of this instruction was brought into being from people's minds. It was a thing made *for* me, never *by* me.

I have denied the story many times, for I would never believe the public wanted some highly spiced, unnatural, acrobatic, mesmeric training by him. It was said he twisted my long braids around his wrists and, using them as ropes, dragged me about the room—as if pounding or hurting a woman's body could make her act.

The whole truth is that Mr. Belasco did with me only what a musician would do with a musical instrument: An untiring shaping of the implements at hand; first the voice—an unceasing effort to rid me of the Southern accent and a nasal twang, then to cadence it, to pitch it, to balance it.

Mr. Charles Stokes Wayne, who was editor of *Town Topics* at this time, and who lived in an apartment near me, said he was awakened mornings and continually annoyed by something that sounded like an interminable "Nellie—Nellie."

That is exactly what he did hear. There is no part written in the world, from the Greek tragedies to a Sheridan comedy, that you cannot play with the name of Nellie and the vowels *a, e, i, o, u.* Belasco began by saying to me:

"You have chosen a vocation to which you must give your body, your blood, and your bones. You must strip yourself to the foundations and become emotionally bare; then you will have to begin to build according to the best traditions. But be very careful you do not walk in a groove. A groove is a path made by the wheels of others."

We engaged a small stage in a little hall on Sixth Avenue, and there four, five, sometimes six hours at a stretch, he demanded of me one thing—which I gave with a single heart—work, work, and then more work. Every play was gone over with him—parts that allowed for expression, such as *Marco* in The Marble Heart; parts that allowed for diction, such as Shakespeare's plays; for the voice, such as *Julia* in The Hunchback; and parts of dramatic abandon, such as *Frou-Frou, Odette,* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur.*

Now, this is exactly what Mr. Belasco did for me, and why our stage life together was the success it was. I had unlimited, unending faith in him, and when he told me I was right, I knew it. There was a romantic suggestion of beauty in all "Mister Dave's" (for so I began to call him) acting.

One late afternoon he brought me over to the old Star Theater, and ran me up and down the stage—just for the feeling of it. It was the first time in my life I ever had been on a real stage—it neither awed me nor interested me. In fact, my only sensation was that it was time for me to act. How very shortly and how very differently did the stage appear to me! I never in after years entered one that it was not wrapped in "glamour, dirt, and perfume, and dusky men and gold."

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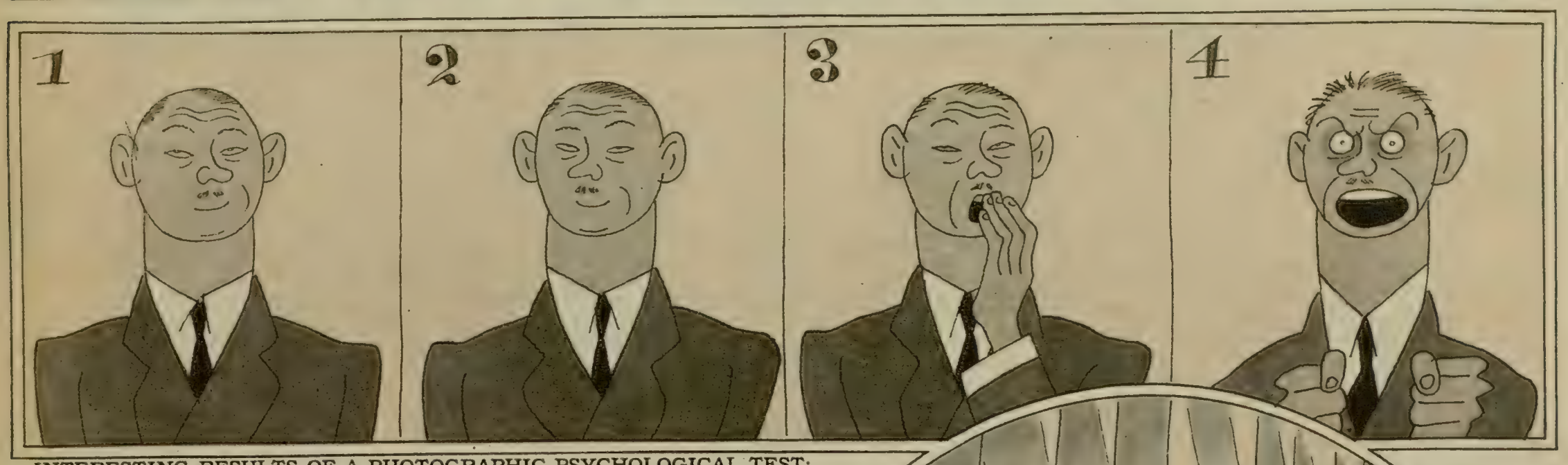
*Years of hard work and poverty lay ahead of Mrs. Carter and she tells of these struggles, shared with Belasco, in the next installment of her autobiography in next week's LIBERTY.*

GRAPHIC SECTION

# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON




INTERESTING RESULTS OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC PSYCHOLOGICAL TEST: Series of photographs, made by Dr. Wulf von Buch, as the subject was accused of (1) beating his wife; (2) committing murder; (3) committing arson, mayhem, burglary, and forgery; and (4) of lacking a sense of humor.

ONE OF THE COZY COTTAGES built in the Adirondacks by the Artists' League to supply the increasing demand among lady pianists and authors for comfortable retreats in which to enjoy a little timely amnesia.

LETTER OF THE LAW OBSERVED BY KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF THE RIGHT: Our President, Mr. Clarence Alcibiades Rouche, attends opening of system of pipe lines laid down along State borders throwing spray of carbolic solution to purify air and prevent disgusting prize-fight descriptions over radio.

CROSS SECTION OF NIGHT-CLUB EXIT, showing progressive smoke-filled chambers, with less and less smoke in each, designed to lessen shock of pure air when habitues are turned out at 3 A. M. in compliance with Mayor Walker's new ruling for New York night life.

CHARMING LITTLE CEREMONY attending the initiation of new members into Bolshevik organizations. The initiate first waves a red flag and shouts. "All men are free and equal!" then kneels and kisses the portrait of Karl Marx.

# Don't Tell My Husband

*Pictures by*
WALLACE MORGAN

*I HEAR some very real confidences which are preceded by, interpolated with, or followed by this significant statement: "Don't tell my husband!"*

## *Why the Happiness of Married Life Often Depends on Some Other Woman*

An Article by
THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

EVERY now and then I am let into one of those seemingly erudite conversations where Deep Thinkers who know everything and don't mind admitting it gather. Sooner or later, after the Deep Thinkers have finished discussing, a bit heavily, their golf and their bootleggers and the latest scandals, they get down to real substantial talking. And one of the things they usually say, sometime in the evening, is this:

"Isn't it *wonderful*, these days, how the sexes understand each other? What splendid confidence is growing up between men and women!"

They go on to point out, these modern philosophers, how, since woman has taken her place along with man in politics and business and the professions and modern thought, the old barriers have been done away with and *frankness* is abroad in the land. How truthful men and women are with each other these days! How revealing! How deliciously unfettered!

At times I might even be inclined to take all of this conversation seriously; to agree with the Thinkers, and even to say to them some of the things I usually think when I'm alone, or, at most, reserve for feminine confidences. I might, you understand.

But, just in time to keep me from making a perfect fool of myself, there come to me the memories of other conversations—not conversations that have occurred in dear, dead years when women were Little Ladies, but things that were said to me, say, week before last—the confidences that took place when a group of women were alone and not likely to be disturbed by male eavesdroppers.

IN these entirely feminine groups I have listened in vain for some corroboration of this supposed understanding of the sexes. I have listened, and, I'm sorry to report, without results, for any clew that proves correct the modern Thinker's theory—any clew that will show me that women really believe that men are frank with them in return, or that they think that either sex has any real desire for frankness.

Instead of songs of praise concerning the new trust that exists between the sexes, I hear some very real confidences which are preceded by, interpolated with, or followed by this significant statement: "*Don't* tell my husband!"

In the majority of cases, it is true, homes would not be wrecked were the revelations thus prefaced, larded, or concluded really carried to the man who wasn't to find out. They might cause a few hours of bitterness and of explanation. Frequently they quite likely could cause family quarrels. In a few isolated cases they really could mean a serious domestic climax, though most women are too wise to make disclosures of such a significant nature, even to women who they believe are their friends. But the fact remains—women are *not* frank with men. And I don't believe they ever will be.

It isn't that we, as a sex, want to surround ourselves with mystery. It isn't even that the "war of the sexes" is necessarily important to us. It is simply that the feminine

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ DON'T TELL MY HUSBAND
Continued from Page Seventeen ]

mind has so many curious curves and quirks that it would be impossible, even if we actually desired it, for a woman to become articulate and understandable to the average male. So why try?

I have found—and other women tell me they have had the same experience—that when I tried hardest to make myself understood by some seemingly intelligent person, I've been put down as "an odd one," and that when I've pretended a nonexistent simplicity I've been received with favor and treated—well, if not as an equal, at least as a favored and cherished inferior by the always superior male.

Perhaps, basically, men are as un-understandable as women. Perhaps they too long ago gave up trying to make themselves understood by the opposite sex. But I cannot believe that this is so—for it is the men who say that the sexes have reached a better understanding; who feel that the frankness they like to believe in has been achieved.

Perhaps it's just as well. A lot of men I know would be made awfully unhappy if their women were actually frank with them, or if they were told by others, under the veil of kindness, of frankness, or any other disguise, what was really going on behind their backs; if they learned some of the conversations that contained "Don't tell my husband!"

There are Carl and Dora, for example. I've known them for years, and in a way intimately—far more intimately than Carl knows or ever will know, I hope. For Carl disapproves of me. He thinks I'm too outspoken, too frank. Carl, you see, doesn't care for the women who are "outspoken." He thinks I know, and say, things that "nice women" don't know—or at least shouldn't know—and never talk about. Maybe. Anyhow, he believes that his Dora is a dear little stay-at-home who has been kept away from the cruel and ugly world.

Oh, in a way, Dora is a stay-at-home—at least, she is home by the time he gets there.

Carl's business takes him out of town a good deal, and Carl's unimaginative brain has it that Dora does just the things while he is away that she seems to be doing while he is there. The pitiful part of it is not that Dora wanders—and how that girl can wander!—but that every woman in Dora's set (and her set is not a small one) knows about Dora's sentimental journeys and laughs about them and Carl's stupidity.

DORA had one particularly unpleasant affair of the heart in which she pursued, and for a brief space of time captured, a young man, only to have him get away again. Every one of Dora's feminine acquaintances had to listen to the details. They learned how madly she was in love with the young man, how, for a time at least, he reciprocated her affections, and how he finally "gave her up."—Dora wouldn't admit that she'd been turned down rather coldly. And each detail was mixed up with the slogan, "Don't tell my husband."

Of course no one told Dora's husband. "A woman can't keep a secret" is a cliche as prevalent as the idea of frankness between the sexes. Women do not, as a rule, tell things.

*BUT Kate does play cards for money—and for rather large stakes, at that, if I'm to believe the rumors.*

I can imagine a dozen rather exciting things that would happen just to people I know, if they did, at that.

Dora's husband has a lot to say about how splendid his wife is—how he'd never put up with the things other men put up with. He even hints that he is a bit superior to a lot of other men because his wife clings so closely to him and to the home.

Then there is Kate. Kate doesn't wander with other men. It's money that Kate is uneasy about. Her Ralph is one of these close, decent, honest men, who brags that he doesn't owe a cent—and who won't lend a cent, either. And he's glad the Little Woman is that way, too. As for playing cards for money—he'd as soon shrivel up as think of such a thing.

But Kate does play cards for money—and for rather large stakes, at that, if I'm to believe the rumors. I don't play cards myself, so I wouldn't actually know, though I hear enough about it.

When Kate wins, everything is all right. She pays her debts, buys little things for the house, and persuades Ralph what a good manager she is. When she loses—and this isn't infrequent—she borrows money from other women and tries to save out of her household fund without making the fact apparent by the meals she serves. And this is one of the things that the other women are cautioned against "telling my husband."

Not that all of the women I know have major vices. Only a very few have done the unprincipled things I've chronicled as being done by Dora and Kate. But nearly all of them, some time or other, have done, or at least said, something that had to be accompanied by a plea that their husbands be not told.

Often the event is most trivial. It may be eating an expensive luncheon, if the husband involved doesn't believe that the wife ought to eat expensive luncheons in town when there is always enough in the house—left-overs and things like that—for her. Which may be true enough, but the luncheon is eaten—and the husband isn't told.

It may be, and often is, a chance remark: "Of course I believe in divorce. If a couple can't get along together, the sooner they find it out the better—and get a divorce—and remarry if they think they've got a better

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

This is the soup so many people select as their luncheon or supper!

# SOUP

## *and the movie you want to see*

"Rudolph Valentino is dying."

When that news was flashed across the country from a New York hospital, it struck deep into the lives of millions of people. The handsome, dashing Italian immigrant boy, who came to America unknown, lived to see himself enthroned in the hearts of the multitude. And when he died, another great figure of the theater who likewise had fought his way from poverty to leadership as one of the greatest of American producers, explained the astonishing popularity of Valentino in these few unforgettable words: "He brought Romance into people's lives." Imagination received its chance to glow in the hearts of the women who work in their homes, in the offices, on the farm, in the great cities and the tiny hamlets. The yearning that is in every one of us for a richer, freer, more colorful and adventurous life was released.

MILLIONS of people do not pay their homage to mere figures in pasteboard. The emotions must have their food, as vital and necessary as the body's nourishment. The movie you want to see, the music you want to hear, the book you want to read, all have something real and important to give you. You should have the time—*and take it*—to enjoy them. Take advantage of everything that reduces *unnecessary* work. You will be better for it. Your home will be better for it.

WE TAKE it for granted that as an intelligent housewife you realize the value of soup as a part of the regular family diet. In fact no household is really getting the most benefit from soup unless it is served every day, for one of the chief advantages of this hot, liquid food is its stimulating effect upon the appetite. But what we wish especially to suggest to you is that you relieve yourself of all the bother of making your soup at home. Purchase it instead at the store, in that convenient, condensed form which is so popular.

And remember this: If you buy your soups instead of making them, you will not find yourself tempted to leave soup out of the meal. You know your family should have it, both for their health and their enjoyment. Serve the famous Campbell's Soups you can get at every food store, and you will find that you never have any reason for omitting soup—it's so easily, quickly prepared. 12 cents a can.

I lead the band with feelings grand,
With vigor, vim and flourish.
We swing in step with Campbell's pep—
The soups that always nourish.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

# Through the Years—

Don't let your youth slip away—start now by preserving it in this simple way that has proved to thousands that one need never be "middle-aged"—Unless she chooses

YOUTH is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

THE art of never growing old is the art of preserving youth in *natural* ways. Which means, correct skin care every day of one's life.

That is the prescription of Youth, according to foremost skin specialists of the day . . . and the habit of the modern woman. Youth *can* be preserved. Scores of thousands of women are doing it; scores of them your own acquaintances.

The rule starts with proper cleansing of the skin and pores with bland and gentle soap—with Palmolive and its gentle olive and palm lather used in this way.

### *Do this regularly and particularly at night*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

### *Avoid this mistake*

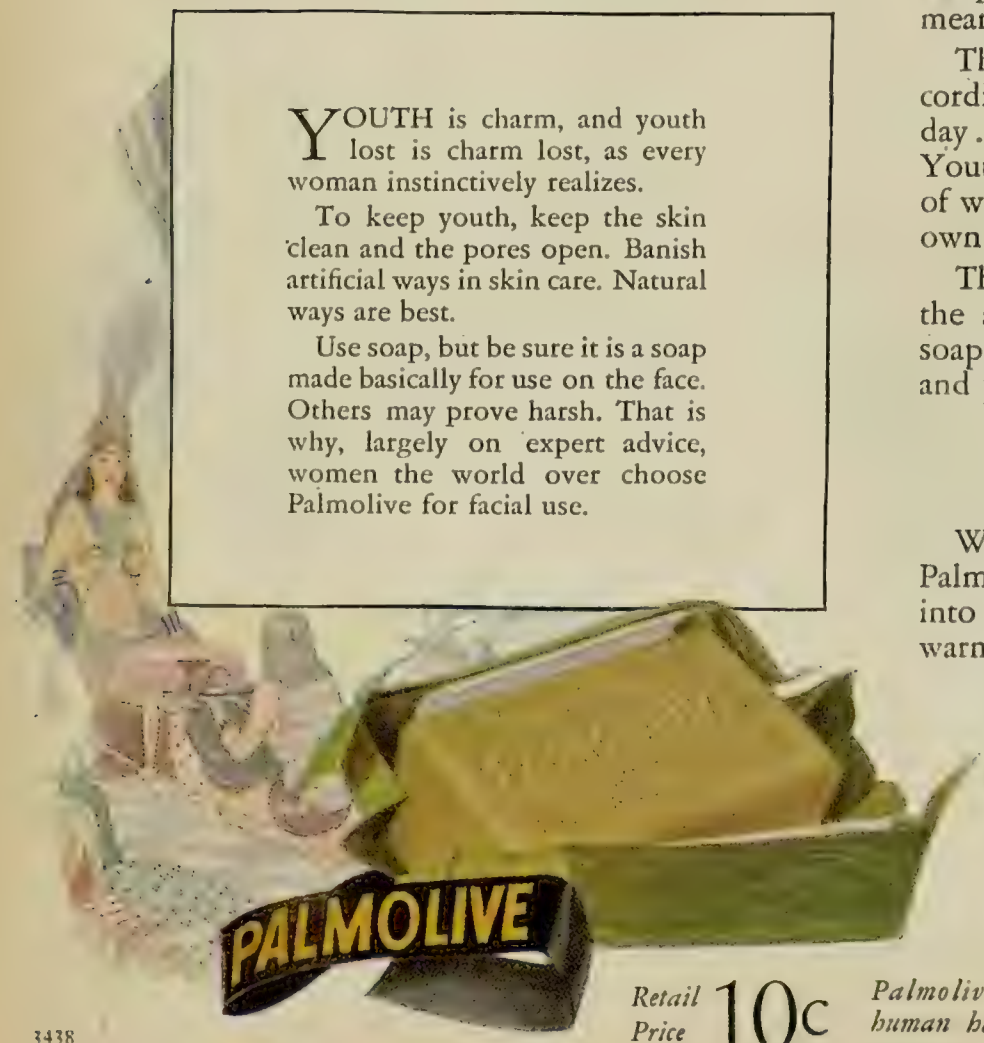
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

### *Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.




*Retail Price* 10c

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.*

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

chance of happiness. But, for heaven's sake, don't tell my husband I believe that! He'd have a fit! You know how old-fashioned he is about such things!"

I know literally dozens of instances like that. Mary is afraid to let Jack know that she gives little Mae a regular allowance every week—"You know how peculiar Jack is about money."

Alfreda wouldn't for the world let Fred know that she dyes her hair. She washes it pretty carefully, and as soon as the color starts to wear off, away she trots to the hairdresser for another application of "the same." Fred thinks it's ridiculous for a woman to bother about how old she looks. Alfreda feels that her face is young enough, but she doesn't like it topped off with gray hair. So she uses a dye—has it "touched up," that is—and just doesn't say anything to her husband about it. And she cautions her friends to use the same discretion. No harm done at all, as long as Fred doesn't find out. And Fred, poor fellow, never even discusses such a horrible thing as hair dyes with his friends, so sure is he that the subject would be a distasteful one—as indeed it would be under the circumstances. It's an even bet that Fred will never learn the truth—from his wife's feminine acquaintances, anyhow.

A lot of women have deceived their husbands about their real age. Certainly! It doesn't seem possible to the male population, but the supposedly gentler sex will know that I'm right—though that may be one of the things they are not admitting to their own particular men, for reasons of their own. In fact, the same little wife who looks up into her husband's eyes and coos, "Darling, I don't see *how* a wife can live with a man and *not* have him know her *real* age," may be rather glad that her own husband believes her to be the age she says she is and doesn't do any real investigating to find out the truth.

I'VE known many a girl to be one age one year and a good five years younger the next, when Mr. Right came along. No real intention to deceive, of course; but, after all, must you tell a man everything? Mothers and sisters and a girl friend are only too glad to enter into a conspiracy and to assist in the deception of making the girl seem younger—and happier; and who cares whether the man knows the right age of the girl he's marrying?

During courtship we expect more or less camouflage of vices, habits, and emotions. Whether all men are as guilty of these small disguises I do not know, though in some cases I know they are. They won't repeat vulgar stories, nor admit that they sometimes drink too much. I do know, however, that these disguises are prevalent among women. The plumage of the courtship in our feathered population may be used mostly in the glorification of the male, but that we humans have adapted it for the female is most apparent.

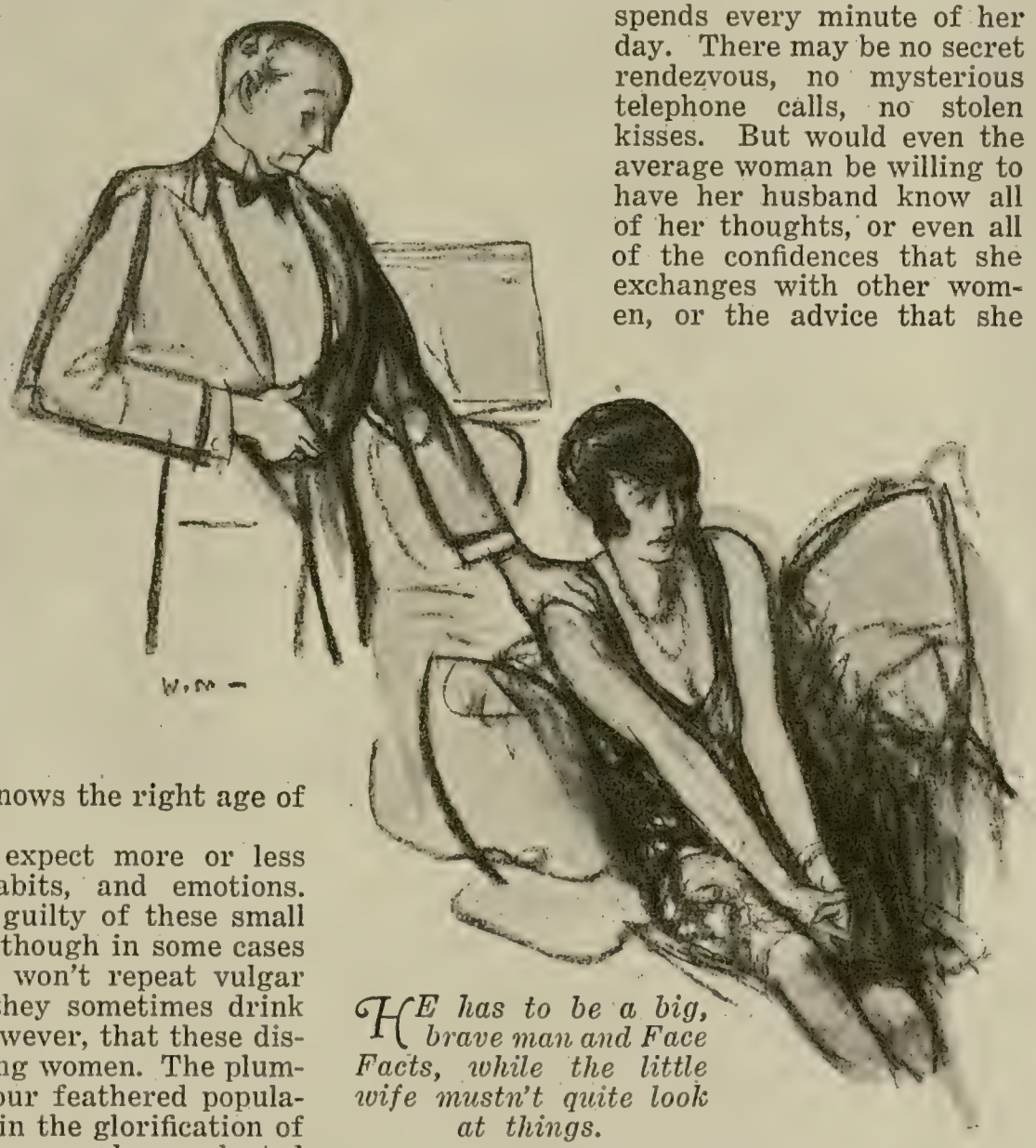
I know one case in which a most unpopular girl was fortunate enough, through a series of contingencies, to catch a rich young man who was visiting in her town. When he arrived for the wedding—a week before the actual marriage date—you would have thought that he was about to marry the town's most popular belle. Dozens of parties were given for her. Men who had never looked at her before appeared, from things that were said in front of the successful fiance, as vanquished suitors.

I am sure that, to this day, this man believes he married an exceedingly popular and sought-after girl—and holds her dearer because of this illusion. Half of the other premarital disguises are for this same purpose—and, after all, hasn't a young girl a right to take on a false glory if it is going to increase her marriage value? In my opinion, she has. The glamour of social position and of popularity is frequently invaluable.

THE man who says to himself, "I am not going to be surprised when I marry Hilda—we know each other so well before marriage," is going to be surprised not only by Hilda, but at his own stupidity. In these days of presumable equality among the sexes, it is almost certain that he has *not* seen Hilda as she really is. Even in the morning, if he appears "unexpectedly," it is quite likely that Hilda has an inkling that he might happen in and that her fresh morning dress or her little informal sports outfit is put on for him. Even her morning disposition is probably not at all the one she normally uses when she is alone with her family—or that she will use often when alone with her husband after marriage.

It is quite certain he has not seen Hilda with cold cream on her face—and why should he? It is just as certain he has not heard Hilda "calling down" her parents for the "breaks" they committed the day before. "Don't tell my fiance," in premarriage days, is quite as important as "Don't tell my husband" becomes, later on.

Don't for an instant think that I believe all women are cheats. I don't. The average woman's "Don't tell my husband" concerns ideas far more than it does facts. She may be quite willing to have her husband know where she spends every minute of her day. There may be no secret rendezvous, no mysterious telephone calls, no stolen kisses. But would even the average woman be willing to have her husband know all of her thoughts, or even all of the confidences that she exchanges with other women, or the advice that she gives women who are about to be married? I doubt it.



*HE has to be a big, brave man and Face Facts, while the little wife mustn't quite look at things.*

My own mother, one of the most conservative and estimable of women, with more than a flavor of the mid-Victorian in her make-up, has told me seriously a number of times, "Don't tell your husband so much. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." And, in following her advice in perhaps even the most commonplace of routine things, I have found that domestic harangues have been avoided. The things he didn't know not only didn't hurt him, but they didn't hurt me either.

The machinery of living, all married women find out, moves more smoothly when it is oiled with a few flatteries, a few careless smoothings over of events and lapses of frankness, than when we throw into it a monkey wrench of truth.

Don't for a minute think that I am advising disloyalty. I am not. A disloyal wife—or husband—can mean nothing but domestic unhappiness. As a matter of fact, I am not advising anything at all. I am merely stating something that most women know—even if they know it only instinctively and have not reasoned it out. You simply cannot tell men everything.

Men still like to think of women as tender flowers. A man may be married to a woman who is self-supporting, and who, besides running her household and raising a couple of children and making a success in her own profession, has a dozen minor interests on the side. Or he may be married to a woman whom he is supporting and yet who is exceedingly modern.

In either case, he likes to think that the Little Woman is being protected by him from the world, is being shielded from a number of horrid truths. Life may not be a bed of roses, but still he has to be a big, brave man and Face Facts, while the little wife mustn't quite look at things.

From this, and from the fact that women have not only looked at things as they are for many years, but have in many cases observed subtleties that the man has not taken the trouble to find out about, there has come the chasm that cannot be bridged. The sexes may live in apparent harmony—and certainly this harmony has grown with the years—but absolute frankness between men and women is, it seems to me, still almost impossible.

Certainly men are franker with us than they have ever been. They will even admit, on rare occasions, that we have brains enough to comprehend some of their hidden nature. But they cannot be entirely frank with us; and I am sure that we are, in a way, inarticulate with them, even at the times when we do not want to be.

There are still certain things that a woman is not supposed to feel, and that indeed she should not even know, according to the male. That she does know and does feel these things, that present conditions have given her an unrest, a wish to search into the unknown—and sometimes she has actually searched—must be kept for the confidences of the feminine sex.

EACH year men and women will come closer together, certainly. Some day there may be absolute frankness between them. The strides that have been made in my grandmother's generation, in my mother's generation, and in my own time lead me to be sure of this. The mid-Victorian woman has passed out. Even the careless modern woman of the last generation has gone away.

The modern girl, the one who is taking the place of the flapper of a few years ago, is frank and honest and thoughtful, and is coming as near to being articulate with men as is possible today. But even she has her reticences. I know, because she has told me about them—a dozen of her have told me. She has told me things starting with "Don't tell George I think this," or "I wouldn't have Frank know how I feel for the world"—true forerunners of "Don't tell my husband!"

In my own case, I am perfectly frank—that is, almost perfectly frank—with men. Not a week passes that someone doesn't say to me, "I don't know how you can let your husband know you know such things." Oh, yes; I am truthful—truthful enough, that is. But it seems to me that——

But I won't go on, for if I did go on I should be telling one of those confidences that might get out—the sort of thing that would have to be labeled with "Don't tell my husband!"

THE END

# HARVARD *vs.* Princeton

## *The Reasons John Harvard Is Tiger Hunting and the Tiger's Stalking John*

*The Princeton man's not-so-flattering view of a Harvard man and——*

*The view of the Princetonian through Harvard's eyes.*

An Article by
ALAN TABOR

*Picture by* GEORGE O'NEILL

ON the afternoon of Saturday, November 6, 1926, the Princeton football team played Harvard at Cambridge. As the Princeton supporters took their places in the Harvard Stadium, they were offered, at twenty-five cents apiece, copies of the *Lampoon*, the comic magazine published by Harvard undergraduates. A large number of copies were bought, since it was a special edition with the title "Princeton Game" on its cover.

The first picture that met the eyes of the Princeton readers showed two hogs with their snouts buried in muck. Beneath the picture was this legend:

"Come, brother, let us root for dear old Princeton!"

Below was a verse offering, more or less gayly, the opinion that the ideal Princeton hero was a beer-drinking, girl-chasing rounder.

The next page contained a cartoon showing William Roper (the Princeton football coach) as a little boy who has brought his pet tiger into John Harvard's kitchen. The tiger's muddy feet have left tracks on the spotless floor, and the stern figure of John Harvard is pointing toward the door, saying: "Don't bring that cat around here again, Bill!"

The remaining pages of the *Lampoon* were filled with similar jokes and sentiments—for instance:

"Are you a Princeton man?"
"No; I was kicked by a horse."

"Are you a Princeton man?"
"No; I have to wear my father's pants and they're too big for me."

"Are you a Princeton man?"
"No; I'm a hair-oil salesman."

And so on—including a reference to Old Nassau as "Old Nausea."

To make sure that these merry quips would not be accepted too lightly by the Princetonians, the *Lampoon* editors loaded the slapstick with lead in the form of an editorial, the most expressive part of which reads as follows:

> Lampy sees no reason, however, to disguise the fact that the brotherly love and friendly rivalry existing between Harvard and Princeton are purely imaginary. It takes more than the decision of an athletic committee to fix the affections of a college.
>
> This is no fitful burst of feeling; it has been growing up steadily through the years, and it culminated this summer in the proposal to drop Princeton from the Harvard schedule. That it was not carried out was due to no change of heart on the part of the Harvard undergraduates. They would still

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

*Years of service or years of grief—which will your car give?*

# *From the* day it's broken-in *to the* day it's broken-down

## *—your motor's fate is guided by a thin film of oil . . . . .*

WHAT lies between the palm-shadowed floor of the automobile salesroom and the weed-tangled yard of the junk dealer?

How many miles? How many years of service? How much grief? How many repairs?

The answers to those questions tell the whole history of a car. And the answers depend largely on the motor-oil that is used. For, good service and bad service alike can almost always be traced to the film of oil which must shield the vital motor parts from deadly heat and friction.

### *Why many oil films fail*

WHEN oil goes into action, it forms a thin film over vital motor parts. It comes between all the whirling, flying metal surfaces. As long as that film remains unbroken, the motor is protected from destructive heat and friction. But the minute the film breaks, heat attacks directly unguarded spots; and raw metal chafes against raw metal until finally friction takes its toll in a scored cylinder, a burned-out bearing, a seized piston—big repairs.

**It takes good oil *months* to break a motor in, but bad oil only *minutes* to break it down. . . . . .**

Far too often, ordinary oil does fail. The film, under the terrifically high temperatures generated in modern, high-speed motors, burns or evaporates, leaving the unguarded motor a prey to damage.

### *A heat-tested "film of protection."*

BECAUSE the whole problem of correct lubrication lies in a *film* of oil, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying not oils alone, but oil-*films*, to achieve heat-and-friction-fighting qualities. Finally they perfected Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—the film that masters deadly heat and friction.

To maintain the fighting quality of that "film of protection" every drop of Veedol is subjected to the severest tests before leaving Tide Water's refinery at Bayonne, N. J. And every drop of Veedol must show its fitness to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in any motor. It is Veedol's super-heat resistance that makes it the safest lubricant for all motors, particularly for the modern high-speed, high-torque type. It is that extra margin of safety, that added protection, that is daily winning new Veedol users.

### *Complete Veedol Lubrication.*

AND now it is possible to have that extra margin of Veedol protection at every friction-spot in your entire car.

Near you there is a dealer, an expert in car-care, who specializes in the new Complete Veedol Lubrication Service. You will know him by the orange and black Veedol sign that he displays. Have him lubricate your motor, transmission, differential and chassis, while you wait.

Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. Ford-owners, ask for Veedol Forzol.

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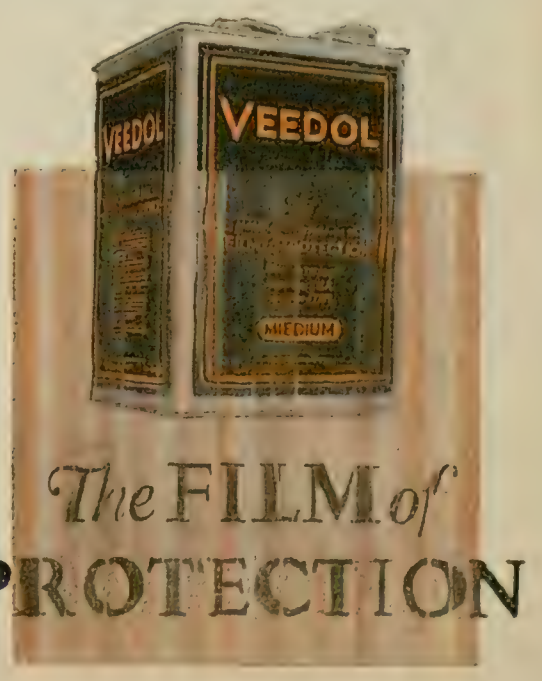

THE BOSCH IMPERIAL CRUISER
Completely armored and shielded with "Unified Control" in a beautiful full walnut cabinet, this new Bosch Imperial Cruiser completed with the Library Ambotone Reproducer is but $147.50.

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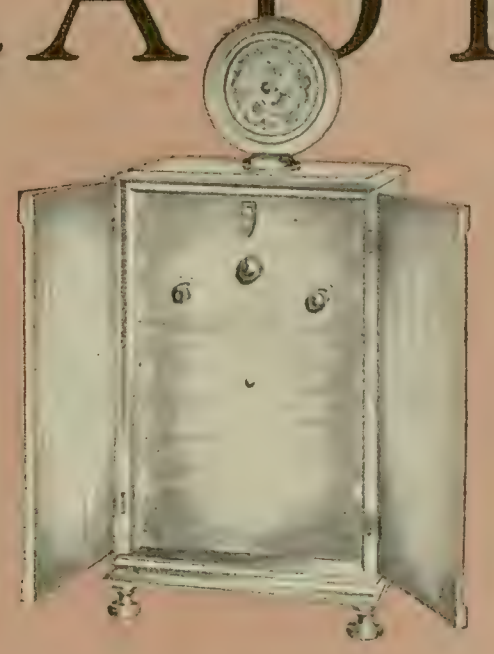

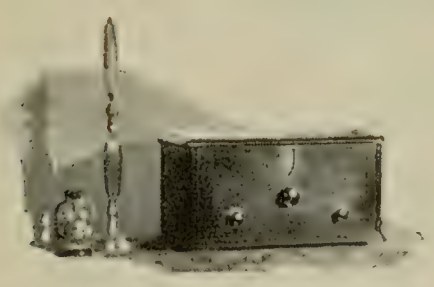

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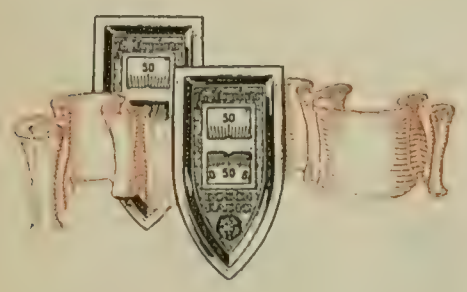
For those who prefer the table type, the Royal Cruiser with its power, selectivity, and beauty presents a new standard of value in radio at $110.



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| The Royal Cruiser—5 tubes | 110.00 |
| The Imperial Cruiser—5 tubes | 147.50 |
| Model 16—6 tubes | 150.00 |
| The Amborada—7 tubes | 310.00 |
| The NoBattry "B" Power Unit | 48.00 |
| The Concert Ambotone | 27.50 |
| The Concert Ambotone Medallion | 27.50 |
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

like to see Princeton dropped, but they would like even more to see her licked.

The last wish was, of course, not realized. Whether the boiling fury in the Princeton stands was telepathed down to the players, or whether the traditional blood lust of the Tiger at the sight of the Crimson was in itself sufficient, Princeton won, 12 to 0.

After the game, the Princeton crowd ran out on the field and, in spite of the resistance of detachments of Boston police, tore down the Harvard goal posts.

Fortunately for the sake of decorum, but unfortunately for the completeness of the record, there is no printed expression of the Princeton undergraduates' sentiments in this case. The editors of the *Tiger*, the Princeton comic, prepared a reply to the *Lampoon* containing, it was said, enough corrosive gibes to take the polish off every Harvard man within range. But it was never published.

Plenty was said by word of mouth, particularly among the Princeton alumni, and the remarks everywhere had such a similarity that it was evident they had not been made up wholly on the spur of the moment.

THREE days after the game, however, both sides caught their breath, and dignity began to be restored by formal and official action. Harvard's daily paper, the *Crimson*, printed an editorial repudiating the *Lampoon's* action as "tactless" and "in poor taste." An effort was made to minimize its importance.

Yet, in the midst of this sermon on tact, the young Harvard editors (perhaps it was an accident) allowed the following dose of poison to slip into the discussion of the relations between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton:

> Princeton for some time has felt it eminently necessary to remain a part of the Big Three. Even colleges must retain prestige. And Princeton has derived no little part of hers from the fact that she has long been included in the Big Three.

By this time the *Lampoon* affair was on the front page of the newspapers. Princeton athletic officials and alumni read those three sentences and forgot all the rest. They wired to William J. Bingham, director of athletics at Harvard, for an official apology. The latter denied responsibility for undergraduate publications and passed the message on to the university officials. The results were as follows:

President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard apologized to President John Grier Hibben of Princeton.

Dean C. N. Greenough of Harvard apologized to Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton.

The *Harvard Lampoon* apologized to the editor of the *Princetonian*.

But the apologies came too late. Another bomb had been dropped in the Princeton camp. On October 18, nearly a month before, the Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports at Harvard had framed a statement of its future plans containing the following sentence:

> Except for its final game with Yale, it is Harvard's policy, as soon as circumstances permit, to play football with other colleges only at suitable intervals.

This policy was explained on the ground that "playing football games against the same colleges every year has tended to keep the excitement of the contests at too high a pitch for too long a period and has exaggerated the part which intercollegiate rivalry should properly have in the game."

This announcement was equivalent to telling Princeton that the Big Three were going to be summarily cut down to the Big Two, and that the Tiger teams would have to take their chances with the rest of the field in getting on the Crimson schedule. The Harvard athletic committee knew this would create ill feeling, so they decided to withhold the announcement until the football season was over.

Fearing, however, that the *Lampoon* affair would cause Princeton to break off relations on its own initiative, Bingham sent the Harvard committee's statement to the Princeton Athletic Board so that it was received on the same day as the threefold apologies.

Professor C. W. Kennedy, chairman of the board, replied by telegram that afternoon, saying that the Princeton board had "voted unanimously to sever athletic relations with Harvard in all sports."

From the *Harvard Lampoon*

*John Harvard is represented as saying to William Roper, Princeton coach, "Don't bring that cat around here again, Bill!"*

> We have been forced [the message went on] to the conviction that it is impossible at present to expect from athletic competition with Harvard that spirit of cordial good will between undergraduates of two universities which should characterize athletic sports.

Princeton and Harvard had already scheduled a football game for next fall. This was canceled.

Thus the incident was officially closed. Loud protest arose, mostly from Harvard alumni. Howard Elliott, chairman of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, issued an appeal to the authorities of both universities to "come together and bury the hatchet."

"The situation," he said, "affects much more the graduates of these two historic colleges than it affects the undergraduates, the athletic teams, the *Lampoon*, or the *Crimson*."

He was right as far, at least, as the undergraduates were concerned. They shrugged their shoulders and wondered what all the howl was about.

"It makes some of the alumni sore," one of the *Crimson* editors cynically remarked, "probably because it interferes with some business deals they were about to close with Princeton graduates. But we're glad it happened."

Princeton students likewise refused to get excited over the break. They felt they had had the best of the controversy on and off the football field, and, disliking Harvard as heartily as Harvard dislikes Princeton, they were quite willing to part company.

PRINCETON and Harvard have always disliked each other. The "cordial relations" mentioned by alumni are sheer myth. The two universities began their football contests in 1877. Just before the date of the game in 1889, Harvard challenged fifteen Princeton players on the ground of professionalism. That was the year of the famous Tiger team captained by Edgar Allan Poe. The *Princetonian* replied with an editorial saying:

> If the football championship could be won by protesting, one would certainly be safe in predicting an easy victory for Harvard. She seems to depend for success more on her ability to protest than to play football.

This was a barbed thrust, for the record of games stood thus: Princeton 7, Harvard 3, and one tie. The following Saturday Poe's team defeated Harvard 41 to 15, giving Princeton the championship of the East.

Harvard's protest against the Princeton players came up for decision before the Intercollegiate League after this game, and was dismissed. Harvard immediately withdrew from the league, and the next issue of the *Lampoon* carried a cartoon showing a tiger covered with patches and bandages. It was labeled "Professionalism" and the legend beneath read: "A sore which plasters can neither cure nor cover." On the editorial page was a letter addressed "to Edgar Allan Poe, Esq., Captain of the Princeton Eleven." It contained the following paragraph:

> Before you delude yourself into believing that one victory is the same as another, fair or foul, consider how the British today hang their heads for the Hessian victories of the Revolution.

This was pretty strong language, plainer English than the offending editorial of 1926. And Princeton men came back with language equally plain. Here, for instance, is a portion of an editorial from the *Princetonian* of November 22, 1889, which might, with few changes, have served to express the feelings of Princeton graduates in the recent crisis:

> This proposition for withdrawal comes with poor grace from a defeated college; but, to the best of our knowledge and belief, Harvard has long intended to accomplish this purpose and has sought far and wide for some excuse for carrying out her design.
>
> Since they have been deprived for so long of the more graceful exit which might follow a victory on their part, they have seen fit in their desperation to resort to these unfounded charges against us and to their own hypocritical stand in regard to purity in intercollegiate contests.
>
> There seems to be an inherent distaste in Harvard University for everything Princeton.

Five days later the following statement was published from the Princeton University Football Association:

> We assert that we have evidence in our possession that a number of the Harvard Eleven were offered pecuniary inducements to enter college to play football and are at present beneficiaries of the college funds.

The break between Princeton and Harvard continued until 1895. At that time Yale and Harvard severed relations for two years and Princeton filled in the gap, winning both contests. In 1897, when the Harvard-Yale series was resumed, Princeton dropped out again.

The feeling between the two continued un-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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*The Huddle System—*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

friendly, feeding on tradition. Otherwise Eastern football rivalry would naturally have brought them together. The separation, which was really a continuation of the old break of 1889, continued for fourteen years, until 1911, when the new football policy went into effect that was to give Harvard its pre-war football supremacy in the East.

In the ensuing relations with Princeton there was an outward show of friendliness; but the undergraduates of both colleges knew that the annual game was played in an atmosphere of bitter hostility.

It was largely this feeling that led the Harvard athletic authorities last spring to propose dropping Princeton from the schedule for two years. This was suggested on the ground that Harvard wanted to play two games with the University of Michigan. But it aroused so much bad feeling in the informal discussion that the suggestion was withdrawn. Instead, the Harvard authorities went ahead to formulate the general policy of considering Yale the only fixed opponent. This policy would have paved the way for severing relations with Princeton in an outwardly diplomatic form, had it not been for the *Lampoon* explosion.

SO much for the "cordial relations" that have existed in the past. What can account for the animosity between these two institutions, Harvard the oldest and Princeton the fourth oldest university in the United States?

Harvard men say that Princeton teams play "dirty" football, cursing, gouging, and slugging. They assert they have proof of it, not only from the testimony of Harvard players, but also in the records of injuries following games with Princeton and in the slow-motion pictures.

There is a tale current in Cambridge that A. H. Miller, Harvard half back, came out of the last game with an unusually bruised and beaten face. He was inclined, so the story goes, to minimize the importance of this evidence until he attended a showing of the slow-motion films of the game. Whereupon he became furious at the sight of Princeton men deliberately and unnecessarily mauling him. This tale has not been verified, but it shows the kind of story that Harvard students have always been more than ready to believe about Princeton.

Princeton men, on the other hand, claim that Harvard athletic officials always adopt in their dealings with Princeton a high-handed, dictatorial, and arrogant tone, trying to turn every situation to their own advantage without regard to the interests of their opponents. They deny the charges of "dirty" football, saying that those who make them are quitters and squealers, seeking in this way to discount Princeton's victories. The two universities have played altogether twenty-eight games, of which Princeton has won sixteen and Harvard nine, with three ties.

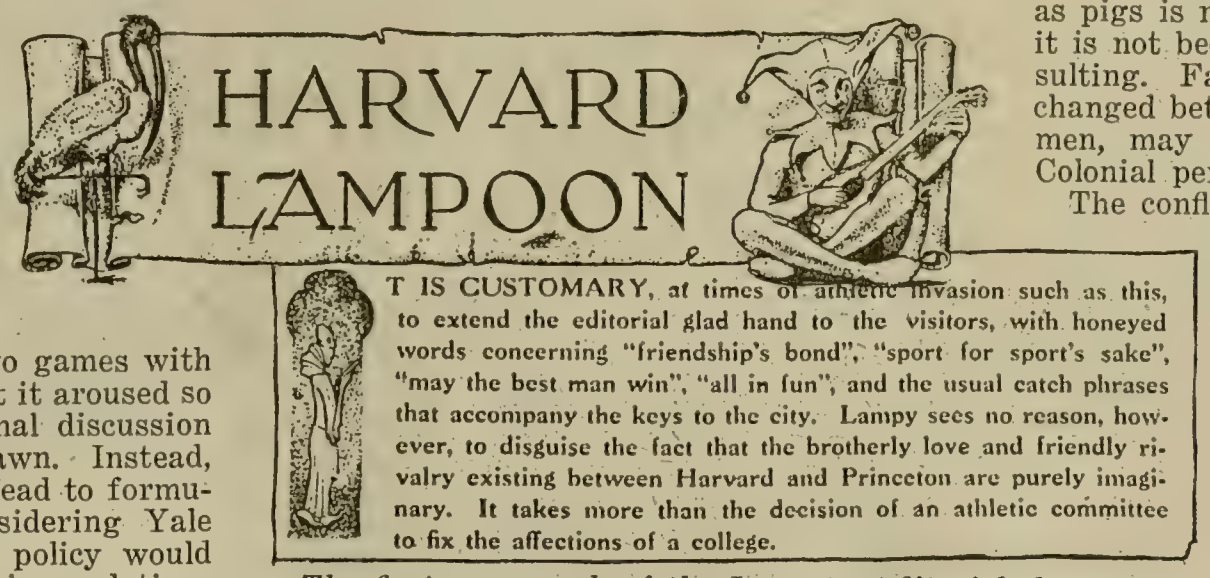
If the quarrel ended with these exchanges, it would be easy to dismiss it as a relatively unimportant athletic squabble. But the Harvard and the Princeton men have much to say about each other that has nothing to do with football.

A COMPOSITE picture of each as the other sees him may be interesting and instructive.

*Harvard's Idea of the Typical Princeton Man:* An extremely collegiate youth who has preserved too much of the prep-school tradition; wears a coonskin coat and ultra-fashionable clothes; never studies; drinks with a flourish and is inclined to become noisy in public places; New York night clubs are his natural habitat and his taste for feminine companions lacks discrimination.

*Princeton's Idea of a Typical Harvard Man:* A stiff and supercilious youth with an affected accent; a solemn slave of good form, afraid of showing enthusiasm over anything; given to wearing the high hat among other college men; drinks gloomily, is too dignified to dance well or to carry a good conversational line, and so is forced to be content with the dullest and most unattractive girls.

A close study of these two pictures reveals the caricatured outlines of two very real types of historic Americans—the New Englander and the Southerner; the Puritan and the Cavalier.




*The first paragraph of the Lampoon editorial that stung the Tiger. Above, the logotype of the magazine.*

Harvard, of course, is the sublimated spirit of New England. Despite the numbers of men it draws from other regions and races, the Boston tradition prevails and the lineal descendants of Puritanism continue to exercise an influence in its affairs far out of proportion to their numerical strength. Let a freshman come from Michigan or California and start to take an active part in affairs in and about the Harvard Yard, and he will soon learn to view with cold disapproval any newly introduced stranger who grasps his hand and says, "I am pleased to meet you!"

Princeton, despite its New Jersey site, is largely dominated by Southern traditions. Though the proportion of Southerners may be less than 20 per cent of the whole student body, their strength is far greater than this in the clubs to which virtually all undergraduate leaders belong. The soft accents of Dixie are evident wherever Princeton spokesmen are heard.

From the Harvard Lampoon

*"Come, brother, let us root for dear old Princeton!"*

*—at Princeton*

From the Harvard Lampoon

In the constant failure of these two types to understand each other probably lies the real cause of the bitterness that has always crept into the quarrels between these two venerable institutions.

If the *Lampoon's* cartoon of Princeton men as pigs is not exactly an historical document, it is not because its tone is too violent or insulting. Far stronger language than this, exchanged between dignified soldiers and statesmen, may be found in the records of the Colonial period and of the Civil War.

The conflict between New England and the South may have lost much of its significance in the general run of affairs, but colleges are preservers of tradition, and when tradition-saving goes on, the bad is often so closely wrapped up with the good, they can't be separated.

THE enmity of Princeton and Harvard has been kept alive, not only by frequent contacts in athletics, but also by constant mingling of the two types on the common meeting ground of New York City. At tea tables, dinners, and dances, the young Princeton product has been and will continue to be galled by the imperturbable air of superiority that exudes from the Harvard man; while the young Harvard product is perpetually roiled by the greater ease and popularity (particularly with dancing partners) that is the Princeton man's portion.

Each, as has been shown, gives different names than the ones set down here to the other's strong points; but, as the proverb suggests, "to understand would be to forgive."

The public at large realizes pretty well that there is more to the Harvard-Princeton quarrel than a mere temporary clash over football tactics or football schedules. At the Army-Notre Dame game in the Yankee Stadium last fall, a well bottled enthusiast brought a quick roar of laughter when he shouted to the crowd that was waiting for the cadets to march from the field: "I want to invite everybody here to be my personal guests at the next Harvard-Princeton game!"

THE END

*NEXT week LIBERTY will present a Harvard man's view of what's wrong with Princeton. The article is called Dirty Football, and it was written by Wynant Davis Hubbard, who played on the Harvard varsity teams of 1919 and 1920. In it Mr. Hubbard relates many personal experiences and recollections of clashes between John and the Tiger on the gridiron, and sheds new light on the reasons for the enmity between the two colleges. Don't miss this illuminating article.*

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# *Out Where the* Long GREEN Grows

## *Main Street's Favorite Film Stars Can Afford to Laugh at Broadway*

A Movie Review by

Frederick James Smith

*Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in The Winning of Barbara Worth.*

IN the old days of the speaking stage, there were road stars who never came to Broadway and yet who coined fortunes for themselves.

The films have created a similar type of favorite. These celluloid stars seldom grace the elaborate bills of big theaters in New York or other large cities, and yet they bring huge fortunes to their managers and to themselves.

Most of these stars play in Western melodrama. Tom Mix has been the foremost exponent of small-town star for years. Right now Fred Thomson is close behind. There are some twenty-odd stars of Western melodrama in the field, hoping for attention from the small towns. Let Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, and Gloria Swanson win the white lights; they want the favor of Main Street.

Of course there are certain big-time stars whose basic popularity lies in the small community. Colleen Moore is an example. Harold Lloyd is another. Indeed, no star, big or small, can exist without the approval of Main Street.

Mix is the seventh highest-paid player on the screen, being surpassed only by Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge. And he is surpassed by these stars only when they are working steadily. Mix receives from William Fox the largest flat salary in the business—$15,000 a week. Most of the high-power stars either own their own companies, getting their share of the profits at first hand, or they get a guarantee and a percentage of the winnings. Mix takes his straight.

Fred Thomson is said to have been receiving $7,000 a week until recently. Now he is getting considerably more. He is a Film Booking Office star. Since his contract has only three more pictures to run, virtually every company in the business is angling for him right now. Thomson, incidentally, has the added value of owning a highly popular horse, Silver King. This equine co-stars with him.

*Gary Cooper, Paramount's new Western star.*

*Colonel Tim McCoy, a Metro-Goldwyn cowboy hero.*

*Tom Mix, whose salary is $15,000 a week.*

IT is interesting to note that most of these small-town idols once rode the ranges. Mix, who is well over forty, is a Texan. He enlisted in the Spanish-American War; he was in China with the Ninth Infantry and was wounded at Tientsin in the Boxer Rebellion; and he was a Texas Ranger. He drifted into pictures, and now he's a millionaire, affecting ornate cars and all sorts of strange and bizarre clothes of doeskin and leather.

Fred Thomson is a Californian. His father was a clergyman, and Thomson, Jr., also prepared for the ministry, being graduated from Occidental College and attending Princeton Theological Seminary. Thomson was a crack athlete, at one time being all-around amateur athletic champion.

He went to France as chaplain of the 143d Field Artillery when America went into the World War. After the Armistice he quit the ministry and drifted into pictures.

Aside from being a highly paid actor himself, he is married to Frances Marion, one of the two best known women scenarists in the film world. She earns $500,000 a year. The pay checks of thi household total about $1,000,000 a year.

Some of the other Western favorites are bona-fide cowboys. Buck (Charles) Jones, who earns $4,000 a week, is a cowboy, and he served in the army in the Philippines for three

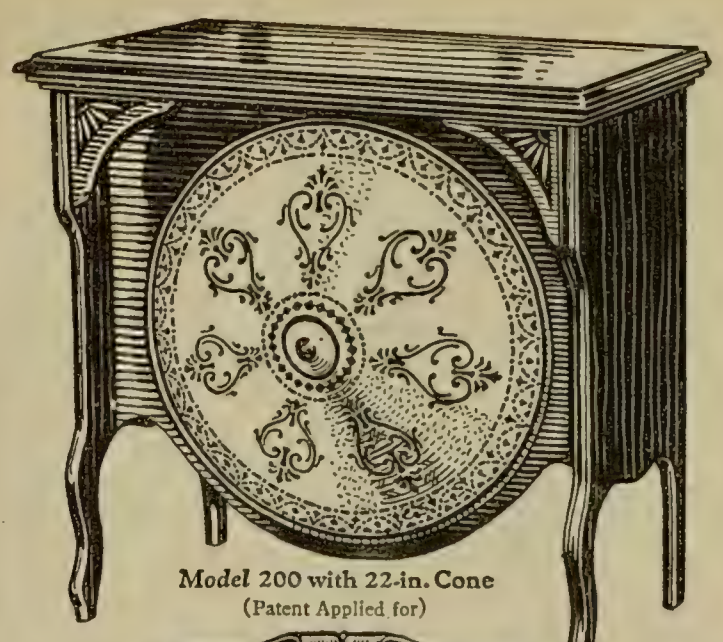
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

$29.00

*Console with 22-inch Cone Loudspeaker Ready for Your Set and Batteries*

*(West of the Rockies, $35)*

Rear view showing large compartment with ample space for batteries, battery charger, or battery eliminator, which are entirely concealed from view. Back is open for ventilation of batteries.



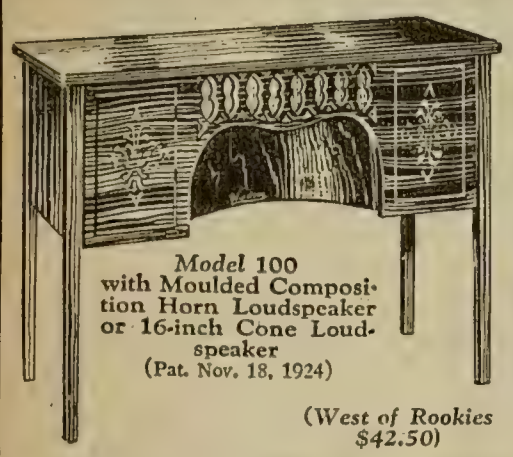
*Model 200 with 22-in. Cone*
(Patent Applied for)

**Windsor**
CONE LOUDSPEAKER CONSOLE

Model 200, shown at the left, is equipped with a 22-inch Windsor Cone Loudspeaker. Its top is 30 inches long, 17 inches wide and 29 inches high. The battery shelf provides ample space for batteries, charger, battery eliminator and other equipment. Finished in either Mahogany or Walnut color.

Above is shown the Cone Loudspeaker, with its panel, which is quickly and easily removable, allowing easy access to all batteries, battery charger, battery eliminator or other equipment and wiring.

# A Revelation in *Radio Reproduction*



*Model 100*
**with Moulded Composition Horn Loudspeaker or 16-inch Cone Loudspeaker**
(Pat. Nov. 18, 1924)

A beautiful Windsor Loudspeaker Console, finished in either Walnut or Mahogany color; which provides ample space on top for any radio set. The battery shelf beneath will accomodate all necessary equipment. Equipped with either Moulded Composition Horn or 16-in. Cone Loudspeaker. The top is 38 in. x 18 in., and 29 in. high. Price,

*(West of Rookies $42.50)*

$40.00

OF all the year, the months between January and the June vacation period bring the most satisfactory and pleasurable radio reception. But to hear your favorite artists, speakers and bands as reproduced with perfect fidelity of sound and tone by Windsor Loudspeakers is to hear a quality of radio reproduction so far surpassing any you have heard before that it will amaze you.

## *New Cone Speaker amazes Radio World!*

*Model 210*
(Patent Applied for)

The latest model Windsor Cone Loudspeaker has astonished the world of radio. In convenience, quality of reproduction, and extremely low price it far surpasses anything yet offered. The cone is 22 inches in diameter and is mounted on a panel supported by an easel.

It can be hung on the wall, as in the picture above, or stood upon any flat surface as shown in the picture below. It contains the famous Windsor loudspeaker unit noted for its extreme clarity and fidelity of reproduction.

*Model 210*
(Patent applied for)
A 22-inch Cone Loudspeaker mounted on panel with convenient easel support.

$15
*(West of Rockies, $18)*

## *Every Sound—Every Tone—Reproduced Exactly*

In this Windsor Console are combined both the Windsor Moulded Composition Horn Loudspeaker and the 18-inch Windsor Cone Loudspeaker. The top is 30 in. x 17 in. and stands 29 in. high. Ample battery and equipment space is provided by large shelf in rear. Finished in Walnut or Mahogany color.

PRICE
$48.00
*(West of Rockies, $55.00)*

*Model 302*
**with Moulded Composition Horn and Cone Loudspeaker**
(Pat. applied for)

AT last—a cone loudspeaker and a horn loudspeaker that reproduce all the tones and sounds *exactly* as they are broadcast. From the deep voiced tuba of an orchestra to the softest note of a vocal solo—*every* tone—*every* sound is reproduced in all its beauty.

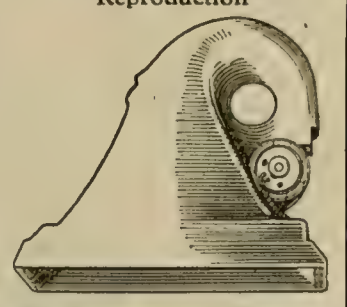
Either will reproduce the softest crooning lullaby in a dimly lighted room, or the full throated march music of a large brass band in the great expanse of an auditorium—and with absolutely perfect fidelity of sound and tone.

And now the Windsor Cone Loudspeaker or the Windsor Horn Loudspeaker, or both in combination, can be had assembled in Consoles that are masterpieces of the cabinetmaker's art.

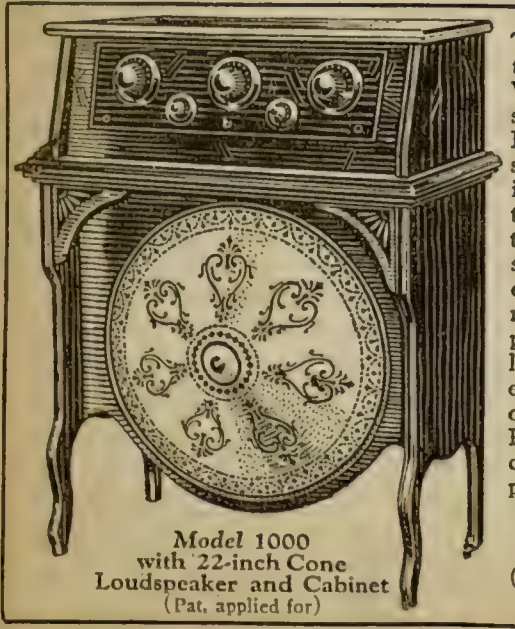
The models shown here are but a part of the extensive Windsor line. No matter what your desires or your purse, there is a Windsor model for your requirements—the 22-inch Windsor Cone Loudspeaker with its easel back or a magnificent hand carved Italian Renaissance Console cabinet for radio set, phonograph and loudspeaker.

The Windsor Cone and Horn Loudspeakers, combined with attractive pieces of furniture in many models beautifully finished in either mahogany or walnut colors, offer the most astonishing values in the radio world today. Recognized radio dealers everywhere have Windsors on display. Go to your dealer today—hear the Windsor Loudspeakers—see the magnificent Windsor Consoles. Learn for yourself what *real* radio reproduction *can* mean.

**Moulded Composition Horn Gives Perfect Radio Reproduction**



This Windsor Moulded Composition Horn Loudspeaker contained in all Windsor Horn Loudspeaker Consoles, is of moulded composition, incapable of distorting sound. Every note, every sound is reproduced exactly as broadcast. All who hear it are amazed at the quality of radio reception it provides.



*Model 1000*
**with 22-inch Cone Loudspeaker and Cabinet**
(Pat. applied for)

To the left is illustrated the latest Windsor Loudspeaker Console. It is exactly the same as Model 200, illustrated at the top, with the addition of a receiving set cabinet large enough to accommodate a 7-in. panel up to a 26-in. length. Finished in either Mahogany or Walnut color. Price, without receiving set or panel.

$44.00
*(West of Rockies, $52.00)*

*Electrical Department*

# WINDSOR FURNITURE COMPANY

*Established 1860 — Incorporated 1886*

**1440 Carroll Avenue · Chicago, Illinois**
*Los Angeles Branch:* 917 Maple Avenue

## DEALERS!

The Windsor line of Cone and Horn Loudspeakers combined in Windsor Consoles, together with the Windsor 22-inch Cone Loudspeaker at $15, has taken the radio public by storm. A letter or telegram from you will bring you full information concerning the most profitable radio line you have ever handled. Extensive national advertising brings prospects to you daily.

## *If your dealer has not received his stock of Windsors*

Should the dealers in your city not have received their stocks of Windsor Loudspeakers and Loudspeaker Consoles, send bank draft, postoffice money order or express money order for the price of the model you select. We will have it delivered to you by any dealer whose name you give us.

WINDSOR FURNITURE COMPANY, *Electrical Dept.*
1440 Carroll Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
(Los Angeles Branch: 917 Maple Ave.)

☐ Send me a complete catalog of Windsor Cone and Horn Loudspeakers and Loudspeaker Consoles and the name of your dealer nearest me.

☐ I enclose Bank Draft, P. O. or Express Money Order for Model No. .....Color..... .....to be delivered to me by the dealer whose name and address I give below:

*Dealer's Name* .....

*Address* .....

*Your Name* .....

*Address* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

years. Art Acord was a cowboy with Wild West shows. Jack Hoxie is a real Oklahoma range rider. Hoot Gibson, whose weekly pay envelope incloses $2,500, hails from Nebraska and broke bronchos with several Wild West aggregations. However, there are

*Fred Thomson, riding his co-star, Silver King.*

phony Western stars. I know of one who used to be a member of a German acrobatic act.

Would-be Western stars immediately adopt names with a real frontier flavor. Thus Raymond A. Glenn, a Kentuckian and former civil engineer, became Bob Custer. Glenn recently married Elizabeth Cudahy, the $10,000,000 heiress. Thus Bob Custer became a real movie millionaire.

BILL CODY'S real name is Paul Walters; Tom Tyler's is William Burns. Dick Talmadge, William Fairbanks, Buddy Roosevelt, and the aforementioned Cody and Custer probably invented their names from current popular screen cognomens and later border notables. Wally Wales may or may not have adopted the title of a certain young gentleman who isn't such a good rider, after all.

That the small-town idols are either range riders or crack athletes is significant of American psychology. This is a land of the great outdoors. Witness the billions paid each year to see our gridiron, baseball, and pugilistic heroes in action. Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Gene Tunney, and Tom Mix! A healthy quartet of idols of a healthy nation.

Just recently three budding Western stars have appeared on the film horizon. Colonel Tim McCoy has been launched by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. McCoy was formerly aide to General Hugh Scott among the Indians of the Western reservations. He helped Director James Cruze in making The Covered Wagon, and literally slipped into films in a prairie schooner.

All the big companies are invading the small-town field. Ken

*Hoot Gibson, Universal's Western star.*

Maynard is First National's new Western star. He rode in several Wild Wests, and for a time was the star rider with Ringling Brothers' Circus. Maynard has appeared in only two films, but his popularity seems assured.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has been looking for a Western star for a long time. Now his discovery is announced. He is Gary Cooper, who has just come into prominence in the expensive but tedious Sam Goldwyn production, The Winning of Barbara Worth.

In this Harold Bell Wright story Cooper has little to do. He is the Western cowboy who doesn't get the girl, because she loses her heart to Ronald Colman. However, he stands out of the film quite vividly. Although this is only his second screen appearance, he was immediately snapped up by Famous Players, proving how closely the movie magnates watch the films these days.

*Bob Custer, the Kentucky cowboy.*

COOPER is twenty-five years old. He was born in Montana, but spent much of his boyhood in England. At fifteen he was injured, and later adopted the cowboy life to recover his health. He became a cartoonist on a Helena, Montana, newspaper, and then went to California, hoping to land a job on a Los Angeles daily. Failing in this he became a movie extra. Now he's a star.

There isn't room here to say much about The Winning of Barbara Worth, except to express disappointment. Sam Goldwyn spent $215,000 for the film rights to the story; he had a huge company in the Black Rock Desert, in Nevada, for weeks; he shot a fortune on the production—and produced a long, clumsy photoplay with striking photography and nothing else.

The Hungarian beauty, Vilma Banky, plays the desert waif. I cannot imagine a worse instance of miscasting. Ronald Colman is lost in the role of the Eastern engineer who wins Barbara. However, Gary Cooper crawls out of the expensive wreckage to become a small-town star.

### *Do you know that—*

Ramon Novarro recently visited New York incog and gave not a single interview? . . . Jack Gilbert came to town, protested a lot about the over-publicizing of stars, and gave several dozen interviews? . . . King Vidor is to do the eternal tragedy of the white-collar man worrying about losing his job? . . . It will be called The Mob? . . . Harold Lloyd's new comedy has been given the title of The Kid Brother? . . . Lon Chaney is planning to do Frankenstein? . . . Famous Players-Lasky exercises its option on Pola Negri for another year? . . . Herbert Brenon is starting Warwick Deeping's Sorrell and Son? . . . Richard Dix is doing a rough-and-tumble fighter in Knockout Riley?

Grebe Flexible Unit Control

*The Synchrophase has*

*One Dial for Convenience*

*Three for Precision*

THE *Flexible Unit Control* makes the Synchrophase one, two or three-dial controlled at your option. One dial operates all three for convenience, but the advantage of individual dial setting is still retained for extremely accurate tuning of distant stations.

Other Grebe developments are:

*Colortone* to preserve clarity and naturalness of tone;

*Binocular Coils* for selectivity;

*S-L-F Condensers* to prevent station crowding

*Send for Booklet LY which explains fully all exclusive Grebe developments, and how they produce the reception for which Grebe sets are noted.*

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc.
109 W. 57th St., New York
Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Western Branch:
443 So. San Pedro Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

Doctor Thy

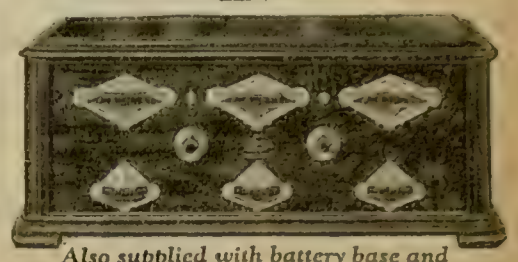
The Grebe Synchrophase

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

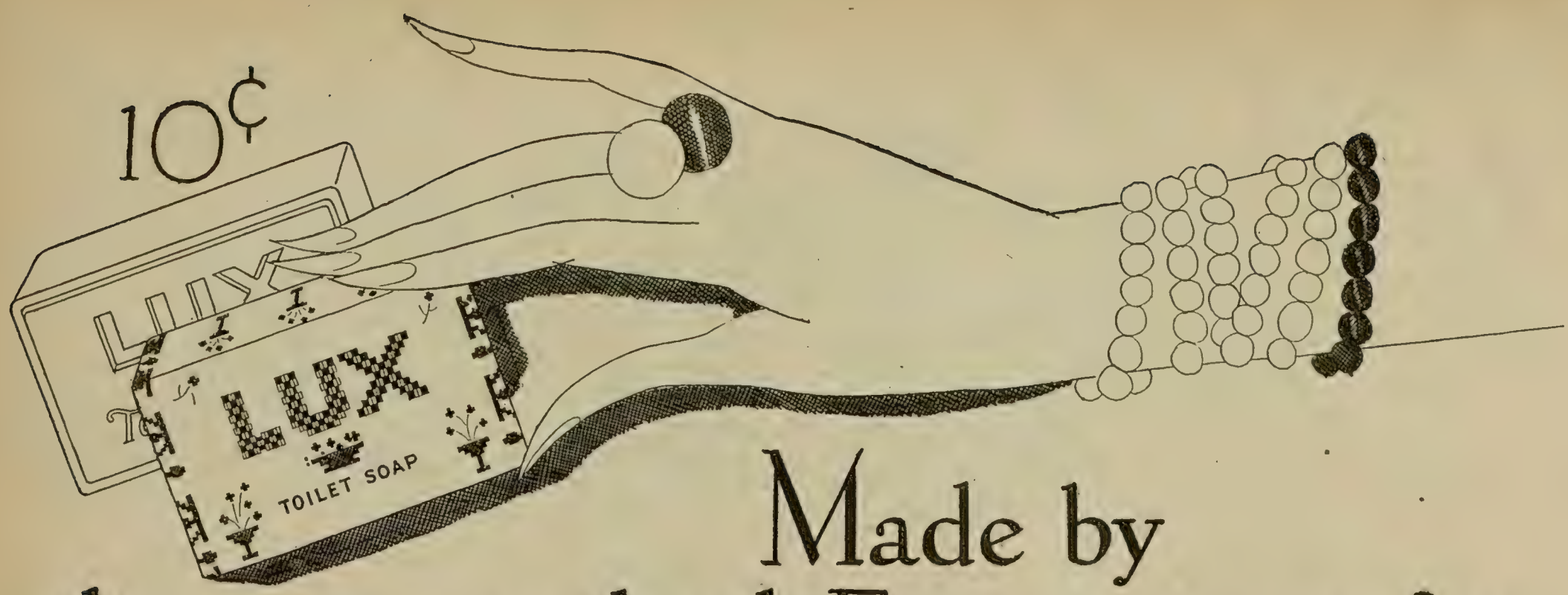
All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending.

GREBE RADIO TRADE MARK

This Company broadcasts through station WABC.



*Also supplied with battery base and in five beautiful console models*




# Made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps

*The Gift of a* Smooth Skin *comes from beauty-wise France . . .*

THE country that understands women—France! For centuries the whole world has looked to that beauty-wise land for fine toilet soaps!

Small wonder that women wrote us, "Oh please make a soap as exquisite for our skin as fine French soap but not nearly, nearly as costly."

It was because France knew that her incomparable powders, perfumes, cosmetics, lose their magic if the skin itself is not *smooth* and exquisite, that years ago she developed her famous method of making fine toilet soap. And —because the makers of Lux are the world's largest makers of soap—we *were* able to make "a soap as adorable as French soap but not so costly."

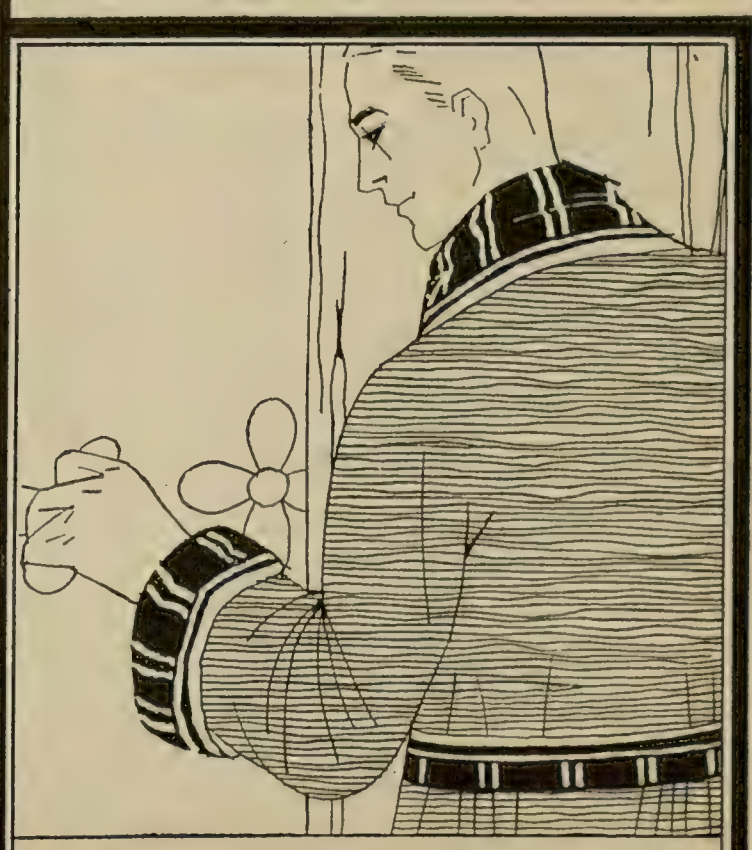
We made Lux Toilet Soap—*we made it by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps.* Quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

The famous French method makes Lux Toilet Soap the firm fine-textured cake that your fingers recognize as true *savon de toilette.* Makes the creamy, bubbling lather, that even hard water can't quell, caress your skin—giving it the same satin-smooth feeling you used to adore after costly imported soap. Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way!

France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! Ten cents for a cake of Lux Toilet Soap—generous, long lasting, delicately fragrant! Wherever toilet soap is sold you will find this *savon de toilette* for all the family. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*Yesterday 50c for a fine French soap—*
*Today the same luxury for just 10c.*

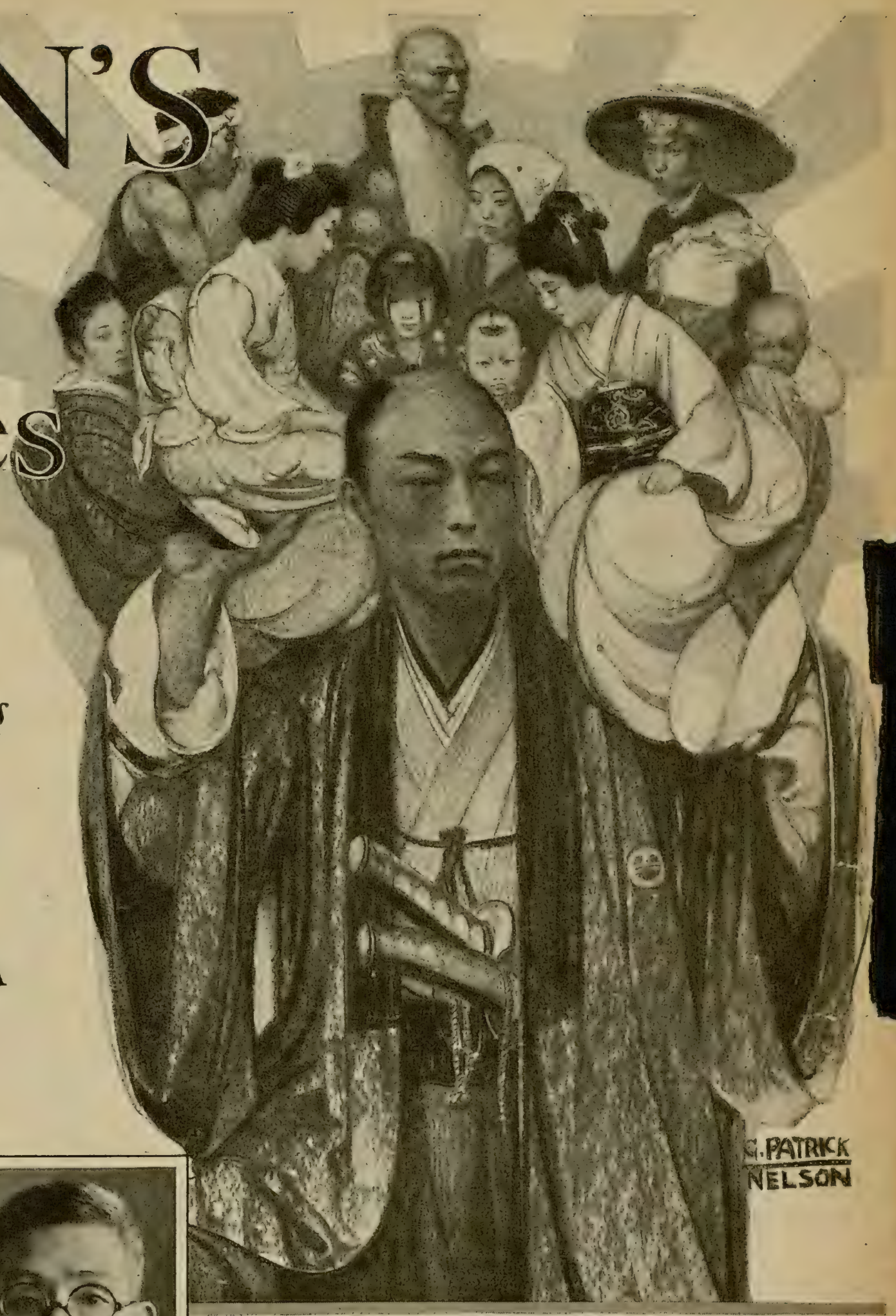
*Safe and gentle—such fragrant cleansing*



*Instant dancing lather—ample, refreshing*

LUX
TOILET SOAP

# JAPAN'S Safety Valves




## *A Far Eastern Statesman Explains Why the World Is Emerging from the Menace of Nippon's Overpopulation*

An Article by

MARQUIS KIN-ICHI KOMURA

*Picture by* G. PATRICK NELSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of the following article, Marquis Kin-ichi Komura, holds the important position of Director of the Information Bureau in the Japanese Foreign Office and is the official spokesman for the Japanese Government for the foreign press. He is the eldest son of the late Marquis Jutaro Komura, a famous Foreign Minister for Japan, who was one of the peace negotiators after the Japanese war with Russia.

This may be regarded as the official reply of Japan to arguments that the increasing population in that country is a menace to peace upon the Pacific.]

WAR is no remedy for overpopulation, nor is it a means of escape from economic difficulty. Foreign observers who see in the rapidly mounting population of Japan any looming war cloud are gravely wrong.

War, as it must be fought in these days, entails a cost in lives and treasure so huge that no nation, however rich, would turn to war as a means of attaining any constructive end. The sacrifices are too great, even were the issue beyond doubt. The present state of the nations who fought in the Great War should make anyone realize fully the disastrous result that awaits both victor and vanquished.

The people of Japan know very well how costly any war would be, and it is beyond their wildest dreams to suggest engaging in one.

Japan's population is increasing rapidly, but we are not worrying. When population reaches the saturation point it will be automatically checked in various ways. The increase of population is by no means an inexorable law, and it is increasing in Japan today only because

*Marquis Kin-ichi Komura.*

*"Japan's population is increasing rapidly, but we are not worrying."*

fundamentally it is possible for it to increase.

Japan does not look to emigration to solve her population problem, but to a further industrialization of the country; so that this increase in the number of people in Japan will become, not a reason for war, but a means whereby international trade will be increased and the hope for a continued peace strengthened.

I am induced to write this through reading, in LIBERTY for June 26, Pressure—The Story of the Soul of Japan, written by Mr. Roderick O. Matheson. I am deeply impressed by the keen attention foreigners are paying to various important problems in Japan. It is gratifying to know also that facts about our country are being gathered and published by experienced writers whose long residence in Japan has given them sufficient opportunity to make a careful study of her population problem.

Mr. Matheson's facts unquestionably are also my own facts. The difference, however, is in the interpretation each of us attaches to the same facts.

It seems to me that he takes the situation far more seriously than I do. I believe it is reasonably possible for Japan to find a way out of the seeming impasse of her mounting population and her limited area successfully, without running into any clash with the interests of her neighbors and without disturbing the peace of the world. Indeed, if Japan is favored with a sustained period of peace, and makes well concerted, conscious efforts for the thorough industrialization of the country, the day will come when she will be able to feed a population much larger than the present.

The writer in LIBERTY seemed to think that Japan started too late in the process of industrialization, and consequently is left hopelessly

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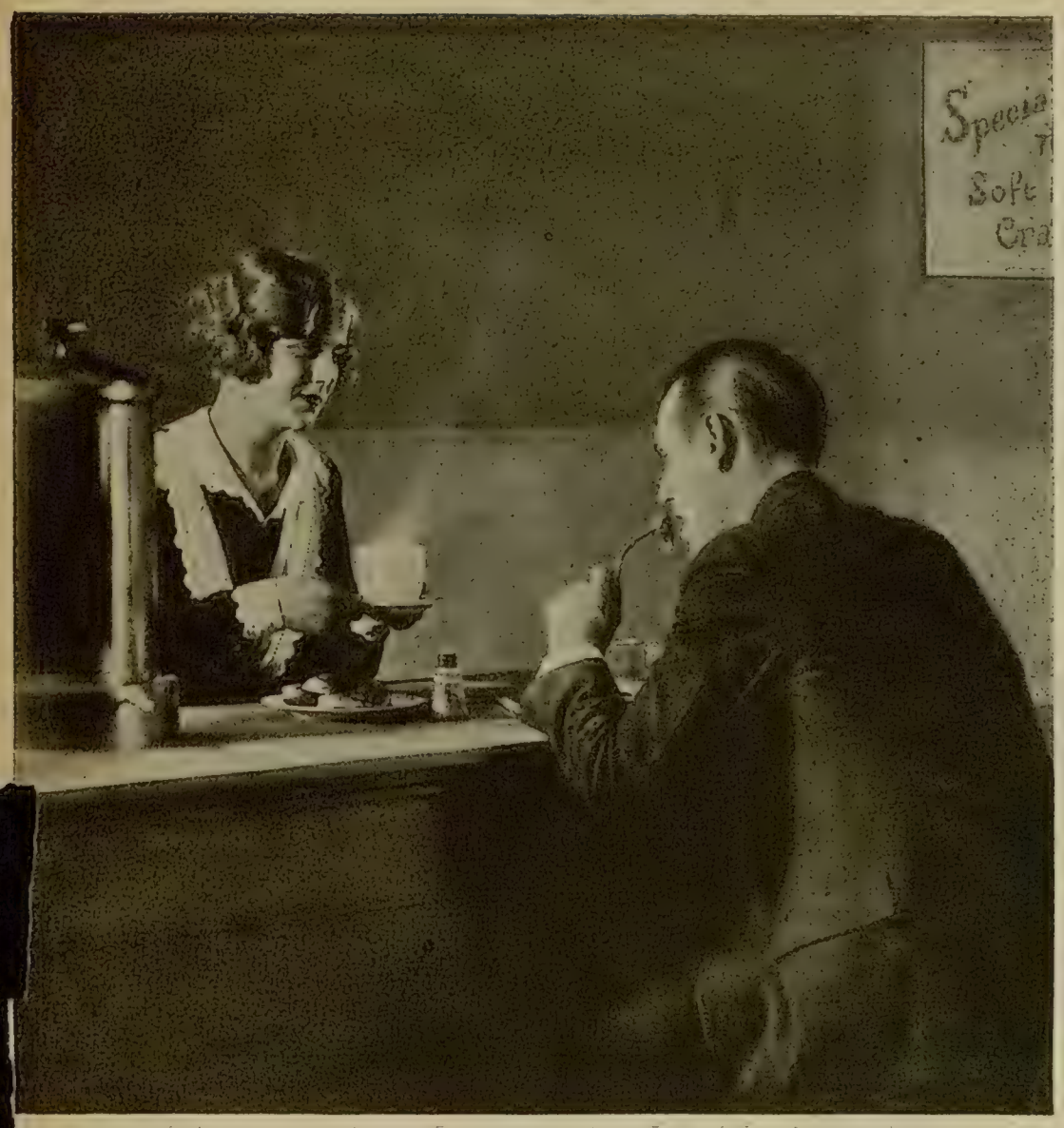


*—"sandwich, coffee, apple pie—an' please hurry it up!"*

# Do You Gulp Lunch?

Do you "grab a bite"? So many of us eat to get it over with. And how we pay about two hours after!

There's a little trick in thwarting indigestion. So simple you wouldn't think it would do any good. But it works! It's simply the eating of a few Pep-O-Mint Life Savers after meals. The peppermint in Pep-O-Mint is a proven digestion aid. Pep-O-Mint Life Savers give it to you in a pleasant and effective form.

* * * * *

Indigestion *is* a miserable thing. So many people suffer this way. If they only knew that simple old method our grandfathers used—peppermint.

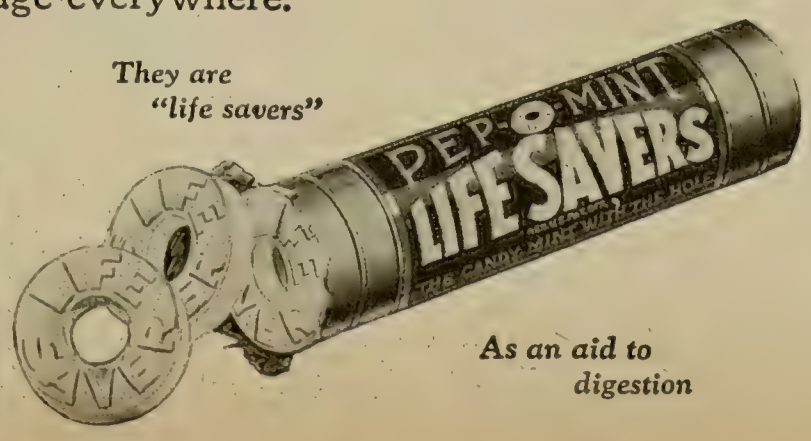
And now it is available in a new and really convenient form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

It sounds very simple and old-fashioned. But Pep-O-Mint Life Savers really do the trick. Try them after meals when that heavy, logy feeling comes over you.

5c a package everywhere.

*They are "life savers"*

*Six Flavors*
Pep-O-Mint
Wint-O-Green
Cinn-O-Mon
Lic-O-Rice
Cl-O-Ve
Vi-O-Let




*As an aid to digestion*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

far behind the Powers. I do not think so. Fifty years ago we found ourselves lagging centuries behind most of the other nations. Then we started on our way of progress and have since fairly caught up by our constant and courageous efforts. There is no reason why we should not be able to do the same in the process of industrialization.

AS we go on in the course of industrialization, we shall have to buy raw materials from abroad in increasing quantities, thereby causing trade expansion and more profit to overseas suppliers. In order to effect the extensive sale of our products, however, it is essential that their prices will be brought down to at least the same level of foreign products. A lower price means a lower cost of production and consequently increase in exports.

Arguments have been set forth as to the best means of reducing the prices, but, minor differences apart, it is the consensus of opinion that the prices can be lowered mainly through harmony between labor and capital and in the improvement of transportation facilities, in provisions for developing labor efficiency, and in the stabilization of foreign exchange.

As a matter of fact, the present ministry is making serious efforts to accomplish these ends. At the inauguration meeting of the Kokudokai, an association of Sendai residents for the support of Mr. Wakatsuki, the Premier, that official delivered a speech in the course of which he adverted to the population and said that, although the increase of population is unquestionably a serious problem to Japan, it is not a new problem; and that the solution may depend not so much on sending emigrants abroad as on the development of industry that will bring work and food to the ever-increasing sons and daughters of the land.

*Mrs. Kikuko Yamane, a leading suffragette of Japan.*

The Premier voiced the general sentiment of the people. Once the problem of industrialization is solved, the solution of the population problem may automatically follow. When the scope of the industrial enterprises of the nation is magnified and extended, much more labor will be wanted than Japan is able to supply.

During the Great War, when a phenomenal boom was experienced in the business world, it was very difficult to secure the services of men of even average ability and experience, and even inexperienced young men, fresh from colleges and schools, were eagerly sought after by various companies and firms. This experience tends to show that the problem of overpopulation is but relative in nature.

Population is certainly crowded in the industrial centers, but it is wrong to suppose that the country is teeming with an enormous surplus population.

A trip through the northern districts will show anyone that they are very sparsely inhabited and there is still much room for people to live in.

It is an undeniable fact that in many places land is left uncultivated simply for want of labor. The importation of foreign cereals, therefore, does not necessarily mean that Japan's population has grown to so great an extent that the productive capacity of her land is not equal to the support of it. The people in the provinces contracted luxurious habits during the war prosperity, and merely are not content now with the low wages paid for farm labor and with the simple life of rural villages.

As to unemployment and general distress, I entertain a somewhat optimistic view. So far, no case of death from starvation has been reported, nor has the number of beggars appreciably increased. On the other hand, many department stores in Tokyo, Osaka, and other cities are doing a prosperous business. One year after the great earthquake and fire of 1923, Mitsukoshi, a representative department store in Tokyo, made a record sale of 500,000 yen a day.

IN spite of the tremendous increase in population in the last twenty years, the standard of living of the people has markedly gone up. Prices have more than trebled in the last fifteen years; nevertheless, far greater comforts are actually enjoyed by the average citizen. In my opinion, this is all due to the progress of industry so far achieved.

In studying social conditions in Japan, one must bear in mind an old custom of help and interdependence among relatives and friends practiced to a degree unknown elsewhere. This is not because the Japanese have a greater love for their fellow men than have other peoples, but because custom so ordains; certainly it tends to alleviate the pangs of unemployment.

In conclusion, I wish to emphasize that the population problem of Japan will remain a purely domestic problem and will result ultimately only in closer commercial relationship between Japan and the other nations, in the greater supply of raw materials to be drawn from the United States, China, the British Dominions, Russia, and other countries, and in the corresponding increase in our products sold to them in exchange.

In these circumstances, there is not the remotest chance that the problem of the surplus population of Japan will disturb the peace of the world.

THE END

# Fringe of the SPANISH Shawl

*Pictures by*
H. H. SUNDBLOM

*SHE covered her face with her hands. "My poor little temperamental darling!" said Steven.*

## *A Short Story of False Faces and True Love*

By

DOROTHY MILLER

HER name was Zayda. Or, if it wasn't, she had been called that so long that she herself could scarcely remember what it really was; though anyone from Vanvalia could have told her. Not that she was old. Far from it, except to the fledgling generation that regards the warm early thirties as old.

She was a Spanish dancer. Not Spanish, either, though she passed for a beauty of the purest Castilian blood, with her blue-black hair scalloping her smooth forehead and her purple-black eyes snapping under the lustrous arches of her brows. But certainly a dancer, whatever Goldberger said; not b ing anything else, nor ever havi been, since she stole from Vanvalia with a road show at the tender, daring age of fourteen years and three months. She was Zayda. Goldberger seemed to have forgotten. She reminded him.

"Dolt, idiot, ass, fool!" She swept a number of loose and superfluous objects from the desk that held his big, ugly, immovable feet. Goldberger was a friend of hers. She only spoke the language he understood, as friend to friend. "Deaf, dumb, blind fool—I am Zayda!"

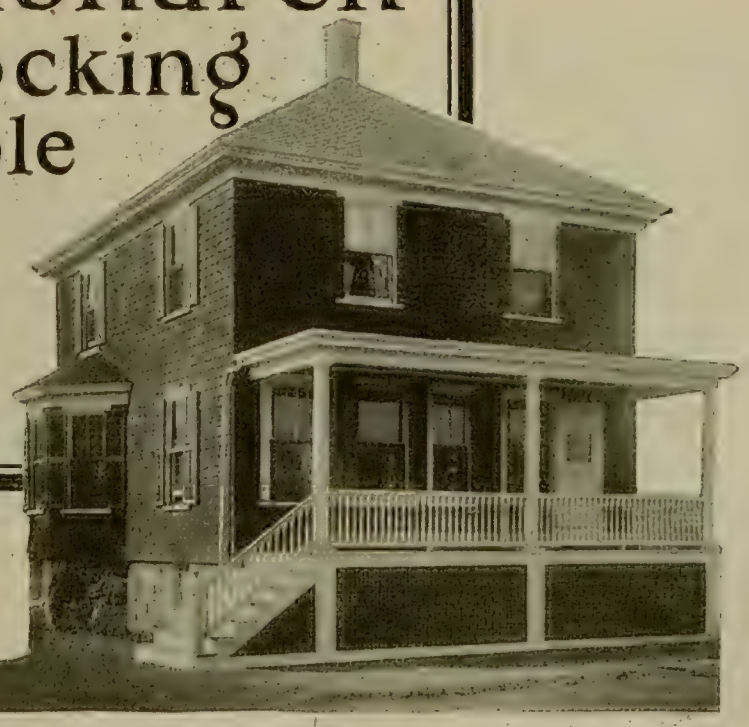
"Sure you are," said Goldberger, remaining as unmoved as his feet. "Sure, you're Zayda. You're a skyrocket on the fifth of July, too, old girl. Get me?"

It was amazing that a woman who had stormed so furiously could the next moment

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# The Monarch Interlocking Principle

*changed Mrs. Ohman's ideas about weatherstrip*



*The statement below is an excerpt from a letter received from Mrs. John O. Ohman, Marblehead, Mass.*

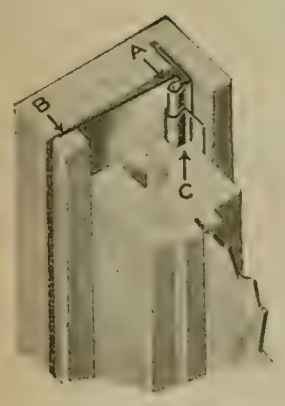
## *"We were burning 7 tons of coal a year. We now burn only 4½ tons — a saving of 2½ tons a year."*

STOP THINKING ABOUT WEATHERSTRIP IN VAGUE TERMS! If you consider it merely a protection against cold and dirt, you are paying more to keep your home heated than you should.

The first *new* principle since metal weatherstrip was invented 40 years ago has made weatherstrip performance so definite and tangible that it forms a yard stick by which you can measure heat economy. This is the Monarch *Interlocking* Principle.

Here is a principle that makes all other weatherstrips impractical. *Only* Monarch will close the cracks between sash and frame of any window and keep them closed under all conditions.

Because it does this it gives absolute assurance of paying for itself out of heat savings within one to three years. Since Monarch *Interlocking* Weatherstrip performance is guaranteed for the life of any building in which it is installed, these savings continue year after year and become dividends. Can you afford to refuse them?




**The Famous *Interlocking* Principle**

**Automatically seals cracks between sash and frame. Windows can be opened and shut freely under all conditions.**

**One tube (a) on a floating seam which is fastened at (b) on the frame slides in a tube (c) which is fastened to the sash.**

**This exclusive patented *Interlocking* Principle adjusts the floating seam to keep crack closed when wood shrinks or swells.**

**For this reason architects and builders specify Monarch for new buildings with the same assurance that they specify it for old ones.**

## *Tests Prove Superiority*

Mrs. John O. Ohman's saving of practically one-third of her coal bill the first year that Monarch was installed is not an uncommon experience. Thousands of home-owners, builders and architects have testified to similar savings.

More than 600 tests on two types of strip (Monarch *Interlocking* and rib strip) have shown that the *Interlocking* Principle is 58% more efficient than any rib type.

Monarch performance is built in the product at the factory. It is sold only through licensed factory representatives and it carries a direct factory to you guarantee of workmanship, material and *performance* for the life of your building.

# MONARCH *Interlocking* weatherstrip

**Phone the Monarch representative who is listed in your telephone book or use this coupon.**

MONARCH METAL PRODUCTS CO., 5020 PENROSE AVE., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

I want to know how Monarch *Interlocking* Weatherstrip will affect the fuel bills in my home. Please send me your free booklet, "Where Heat Economy Begins"

Name.....

Address.....

City or Town.....


**FRINGE OF THE SPANISH SHAWL**
Continued from Page Thirty-five

stand so still, only swaying a little, as though lightly buffeted by the heavy smoke of Goldberger's cigar. She put the tips of two white fingers against the lower lip of her open scarlet mouth.

"You—mean——?" she gasped.

"I mean what I said. It's a trip through the sticks for you, Zayda. Or else you ain't got no season on our books. I can't sell you on big time no more. Get me?"

"I—I am Zayda," said the woman, palms flat on the desk before her. "And that—*that* is the contract you offer me? You are joking. You are drunk. You are mad! I am Zayda!"

Goldberger yawned, showing that his teeth were as hideous as his misshapen feet.

"Sure, you're Zayda," he admitted again. "Me, I'm Goldberger, too. We ain't neither of us this here Senorita Pepita that's crabbed your act. Fresh out of Spain, she is. Young, Zayda. New. Diff'runt. That's the public, Zayda. They always gotta have something young and new and diff'runt. You ain't none of them things no more, Zayda. And you ain't big enough to hold on, irregardless. Get me, Zayda, old girl?"

Zayda became impressively regal in her posture.

"My name means something to this public! Songer painted me—there were columns. The Prince danced with me—there were headlines. And only last week I was present at the dinner of welcome given by the Hispanic Society for this Senorita Pepita you talk about. Do you think the reporters did not see me then, and print my name?"

"Sure, Zayda, you've had a free line give you, off and on. Lord knows, you've needed it to keep your head up. Thanks be for the Associated Press. That ain't the point, Zayda."

He rose then from his creaking, sway-backed chair and came around his desk. He laid a gentle, swarthy hand on Zayda's shoulder.

"You ain't one of the lucky ones, old girl," he said. "You've went past your station and you ain't arrived. And that's all there is to it."

FOR him, it was. But not for Zayda. She refused his humiliating offer in terms that could not be misunderstood. Then somehow she left his dirty office, and went down the mean stairs that ejected her on to the dirtier, meaner street. Unseeing of it, she walked on, turning here, crossing there, until she reached the Avenue.

The Avenue! Ah, it was a thing almost alive in itself, made up as it was of so much life—gay, exotic, throbbing, wistful. But today it could not quicken her pulse with hope nor soothe her fears. Tomorrow and the next day and the next, the Avenue would still be here. But what of Zayda?

She drifted from window to window—books in this one, wriggling puppies there, flowers, pictures, jewelry. Nothing at which she looked stayed with her thought from its own window to the next. Until she saw the Spanish shawl.

Red, rose red, flame red, blood red, on creamy white. With wide fringe. What gorgeous, slippery, wide white fringe! It was made for Zayda, that shawl; for Zayda, with her scarlet lips, her black eyes, her lissome figure. She was Zayda, the Spanish dancer, and she must have that Spanish shawl!

She bought it. And never did a woman alone in the world, and out of a job, do a more extravagant thing.

SHE carried it with her, and held it on her lap while she ate her supper, or as much of it as she could, in a little cross-street tea room. She hugged it close to her as she emerged in Times Square and gazed ardently at its countless far-famed lights. So bright! They could spell anything. Except "Zayda." These wicked bright lights of Broadway—they never had spelled Zayda and never would.

Zayda shivered. Even the costly shawl in its box could not keep her from feeling very cold as she remembered that. She must take a taxi home. It was a wise measure of precaution, with her head aching so strangely. She was tired—too tired to begin forming subway habits tonight.

Home, for Zayda, was one room, not the smallest nor yet the largest, in a theatrical boarding house. Some day everything would be within her means—palaces and pearls and Pekingese pups, none of which she really desired; and books, books, books that she craved. Meantime, boarding houses were boarding houses, one much like another, and all even more drab and gloomy than the one her dear dead mother had kept, back there in Vanvalia.

Vanvalia! As she flung herself, exhausted, across her bed, something—the lumps of its mattress, the coal-smoky, dusty smell of its grayish counterpane, the feel of its cold iron rods—something took Zayda back to the little uncomfortable bed from which she had crept years and years ago. But that bed had been her bed, and leaving it had been as hard as leaving her mother. She had kissed its wet pillow, knowing her mother, too, would kiss it in the morning. Such a bad child she had been! But she could not help it. She had *had* to go, however heavy the little feet with which she danced away.

Well, she had gone. And here she was. And from here where would she go? If she must leave the stage she might teach dancing. Or run a boarding house. Or both.

Nonsense!

She wasn't through. Goldberger wasn't the only agent manager in New York. But she was tired. She must rest, rest, and then she could start all over and work her way back up. Or do something, anyhow. She needn't ever starve. Not with her looks. She needn't ever, even, be a fool. Not with her brains. She must get away from everything, and rest. Vanvalia. Her mother was there, in the grave she had never seen. No one would remember her. She could take cheap lodgings. Vanvalia, of course.

NOT many hours later she sat in the middle section of a Pullman car bound for Vanvalia. Earlier, she had counted her money, most of which she carried always on her person in banknotes, and, more sensibly, in checks which did not require her identification other than by her signature.

When she saw how her new shawl had depleted her funds, she had looked consideringly at the balance in her savings-account book.

But she had definitely decided not to touch the money she had laid aside religiously for her old age, for her long spell of sickness, for her operation, for whatever demand time and adversity might possibly make upon it.

She had packed her huge theatrical trunk, the smaller trunk wherein she carried her more personal effects and apparel—expensive garments, but not unjustifiably numerous—and the several little handbags.

It was a holiday trip she was taking. She could forget, for a little while, her dreams, her struggles, her failures, her despair.

She could be what she was, a tired woman, and not the fascinating, famous Spanish dancer she must always try to seem to be before the public, before Goldberger, before herself. It was restful being nobody, doing nothing, going nowhere. For what was Vanvalia except a memory and a bed?

*SHE danced as no woman ever danced before. It was her wedding night. And she was Zayda!*

The woman across the aisle was staring at her. A buxom woman, too well, too fashionably, too unbecomingly dressed, she was. Zayda turned somewhat pointedly to her window and the moving landscape it framed. The woman opposite leaned across the arm of her seat, sidewise into the aisle.

"Hello, Zayda," she said.

Zayda was startled. She was not often addressed with such confident recognition. She gazed at the woman curiously, coldly.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, as from a great height.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*With This Amazing Device*

# I Drove 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline

**No wonder over a million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer! Here's a remarkable instance—one of many—that shows how this amazing device has saved gasoline and increased power. J. R. Wood of St. Louis writes that he ran his car 3,000 miles on the same amount of gas that he formerly used on only 1,700 miles. Think of it! 1,300 miles without buying gasoline! Read the inventor's daring no-risk offer to you.**

Ford

**57 Miles on a Gallon**

J. T. Jackson, Mich., reports he drove a 1914 model Ford 57 miles on one gallon.

CHEVROLET

**43 Miles on a Gallon**

"We have tried them out. Chevrolet got 43 miles."—F. S. Carroll. Rex Dean, another Chevrolet owner, reports he got 25 miles a gallon. Took the device off and mileage dropped to 19. Put it back and mileage moved up to 25.

Buick

**36 Miles on 1¼ Gallons**

"Yesterday I made a trip of 36 miles and used only 1 1-4 gallons." L. L. Robinson.

OLDSMOBILE

**Almost Double**

J. R. Wood writes he increased mileage on his Oldsmobile from 17 miles a gallon to 30 miles a gallon by actual count on 3,000 miles.

**INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS**

**Saves 41%**

"I find it better than you recommend it. On the International Truck we use, we are saving by positive test 41% in gas and our engine uses less oil.
—George Bell.

**Sworn Affidavit**

I, L. G. Stransky, Vice President, J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company, being first duly sworn depose and say that the J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company have in their files thousands of unsolicited testimonials from satisfied users all over the world.

Signed L.G.Stransky
Vice President

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of November, 1926.

(Signed) Ernest Henegar
Notary Public.

## $75 to $200 In a Week

SELDOM if ever has such a money-making opportunity been offered distributors—experienced or otherwise—full time or spare time. Think how fast the money rolls in when Foster could make $137.50 in a week—Fuller, $104.50 in five days—Cronk $51 in an hour!

If your present job doesn't pay you $75 to $200 in a week, think fast! Full page newspaper ads are being used all over America. Over a million car owners have installed it already—on all makes of cars, trucks and tractors—even on an aeroplane. Thousands of car owners have ordered direct from the factory because they couldn't find a distributor. Jump in quick and get your share of the cream.

**$48 IN THREE HOURS**

My gas bill has been cut nearly in half. I have removed carbon. My engine runs as good as new, starts easier and quicker. I went out Saturday about 3 hours and secured 16 orders.

J. A. WILLIAMS.

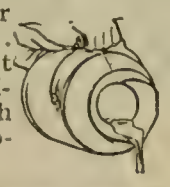
**How It Works**

The Stransky Vaporizer was invented by J. A. Stransky, former candidate for Governor of South Dakota. It is based on a newly-discovered scientific engineering principle that has stood thousands of tests by car owners, dealers, garage mechanics and other authorities. It has no delicate parts to get out of order. There is nothing complicated about it. You can attach it to your engine in about three minutes and it needs no further attention.

Official tests show that most car owners waste 20 to 30% of their gas by improper combustion. Thousands of car owners say that this amazing device has saved them as much as 50%; that it picks up power more quickly, ENDS spark plug and carbon troubles, and works in all weathers or roads. And so convinced is the inventor that it will prove its story that he makes the following no-risk offer.

**Mail Coupon Below**

Over one million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer at the inventor's risk. This coupon will bring you full details of our plan to let you test this device on your car in the same way. You will also learn a definite plan that has helped others earn $75 to $200 in a week, full or spare time. Your request will not obligate you. Rush the coupon today.



**The STRANSKY VAPORIZER**
***Saves Gasoline***

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.
Dept. A-460 Pukwana, S. D.
*Resources $500,000.00*

**Free Gasoline Offer**

J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co.,
Dept. A460, Pukwana, S. D.

Yes, send me without obligation full details of your no-risk test offer. Also tell me about your distributor's money-making plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....


[FRINGE OF THE SPANISH SHAWL]
Continued from Page Thirty-seven

"I said, 'Hello, Zayda,'" the woman replied, not seeming aware that she was being frozen. She got up and lurched across the aisle. "You don't remember me, do you?"

Zayda shook her head in the slightest, the most uninterested of negations.

"No, I do not know you."

She could not have said more plainly that she did not care to know her. But the woman only laughed heartily. She lifted up Zayda's little bags, putting them on the seat facing her without a "by your leave," and sat down beside Zayda in the place she had cleared for herself.

"Oh, yes, you do," she contradicted. "I'm Mabel Wright. Mabel Johnson, I was. I married Jim Wright. Guess I've changed? You have, too. I don't suppose I'd have recognized you, either, if I hadn't seen your picture in the papers so often." She laughed again. "Mine goes in on the society page often enough, too—Jim's done mighty well, and I have to entertain a lot—but I don't suppose you take the Vanvalia *News?*"

Zayda shook her head a second time, neither so imperceptibly nor so coldly.

"Well, you ought to.' It's just full of everything you do. Vanvalia's mighty proud of you, Zayda."

ZAYDA thawed as if she were the woman who had been frozen.

"Is it? How lovely! Now I place you!" she cried, suddenly pleasant. "Mabel Johnson. Of course. We were in school together, weren't we? You lived in the big house on—on Baker—Becker——?"

"Bleecker Street, yes."

"Yes, Bleecker Street! But I don't recall that we knew each other, really. You never spoke to me then," Zayda remarked with an exquisite haughty candor.

The woman beside her turned the many handsome rings on her fingers, and tried again to laugh.

"We lived so far apart and I had so many friends close by," she explained, with an air of apologizing for the child who had not foreseen that some day Zayda would be Zayda. "You're going to Vanvalia, are you?"

"Yes. For a little rest."

"Now, isn't that fine! If you had just wired the *News*, the whole town would have met you at the station with a brass band."

"No! You don't mean it! Why, I didn't suppose anybody in Vanvalia would remember me."

"You didn't? Well, we boast about you all over the State. You're the most famous person the old town has ever turned out. Why shouldn't we be proud of you? You know a lot of big people, too, don't you? Think of dancing with the Prince! And what's this Senorita Pepita like?"

"Oh, a very few," Zayda answered the first question modestly, and the second as truthfully: "Senorita Pepita is a remarkable dancer; so spirited, so young, and already so distinguished."

"Just imagine knowing her personally!"

Thought Zayda, "Yes, imagine it!"

"But just imagine my sitting here talking to you, too! You're not a bit spoiled and snobbish, are you, Zayda? When I went to New York on this shopping trip I never *dreamed* I'd come back from there with *Zayda!*"

"A whim of mine, this little vacation. My agent was incensed when I refused the tour he had arranged. 'But no,' I said; 'I am tired. Now I rest me.'"

"You said that like you were really a Spaniard who could only speak broken English. How cute, Zayda!"

Zayda shrugged.

"One absorbs the personality one must assume," she remarked. "I do not often speak in such pretense with my friends. I shall be careful in Vanvalia."

It came over her, as she spoke, that she could not, after all, cease being Zayda. She could not rest, reinvigorating herself in seclusion. It was to be regretted. Yet it was revivifying, too, to learn that she was in Vanvalia's estimation as great a personage as she could wish to be in her own.

Mabel Wright put a hand on her arm.

"Zayda," she said, "if I give a party for you, will you dance?"

Zayda hesitated. Dance in a little parlor, with people hemming her in, crowding about her, almost breathing on her neck? She would like to dance in Vanvalia. But not so. Terrible!

"I will pay your price. Whatever you ask." Ah, would she? "Whatever it's worth, I mean. Of course, Jim's rich, but we're not just *made* of money. If you won't dance any place else while you're in Vanvalia, I'll pay you—how much would you want?"

"Five hundred," said Zayda coolly. "There," she thought, "that will save me from having to perform parlor tricks."

"All right," said Mabel, quite as coolly. "I got a singer for my big party last year for two hundred. But you're worth more, Zayda. Nobody who gets invited will ever forget my having *you.* I'll be making social history for Vanvalia. Nobody else there ever spends on their parties the way I do, anyhow. Jim likes folks to know we can afford the best."

Five hundred dollars, and she hadn't turned one of her stiff, crinkly hairs! Jim must be wealthy.

"I'll dance for you. But will

there be room in your home?"

Mabel Wright folded her hands and smiled complacently.

"Just wait till you see my home!" she said. "Jim had a stage built in one corner of the ballroom for me."

"How delightful! Then I shall really enjoy dancing. You can get a good orchestra?"

"I always do."

Zayda rejoiced again in her new Spanish shawl. She would wear it the while she redeemed its purchase price. It would be a happy experience, dancing for Vanvalia.

"Where you going to stay?"

"Why—I hadn't thought." She had. She had thought in cheap lodgings. But she couldn't now. Hardly! "There must be a hotel?"

"Oh, yes, such as it is. A couple. Each one worse. I'll tell you." Mabel grew more friendly with every smile that Zayda gave her. "Visit us. We'd love to have you."

"You would?"

"Of course. Jim likes company, and so do I. You remember Steven Montgomery? He's still there, and not married yet. Nobody in town good enough for him. Would you believe it, old lady Montgomery's still living! We'll pick Steve up and take him home for dinner this very evening. You're not married, are you?"

"No," said Zayda. "Nor care to be. My career——"

SHE had had one husband before she was twenty. And she counted herself so well rid of him that she had not wanted another.

"You'll like Steve, anyhow. Oh, we'll show you a good time in Vanvalia, Zayda."

Zayda was touched by the warm friendliness of her manner.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm sure you will—Mabel. I am very happy to be going—home."

"It's all fixed, then," said Mabel beamingly. "Glad I saw you, dear. Now I'll go back to my seat, and we'll both take forty winks. I can see you're tired. Porter, bring some pillows!"

Wearily Zayda closed her eyes. This plump, middle-aged woman being so kind to her, so solicitous for her comfort, was little Mabel Johnson. She had lived on Bleecker Street, and she had never played a single game with the small girl whose mother kept a boarding house down by the depot. A queer world!

* * *

Jim Wright met his wife at the station. He evinced no surprise when she came up to him hand in hand with Zayda.

"Zayda?" he repeated. "Zayda, the dancer?"

"Yes, Jim, *Zayda!*"

"Glad to see you. I guess you wouldn't have known this big place was Vanvalia if the porter hadn't put you off, would you? Grown some in the last twenty years, I'll say."

"Oh, don't say it!" begged Zayda. "Not twenty; eighteen."

Jim grinned. "You womenfolks are all alike," he said: "Mabel won't look old man Time in the eye, either. Must say, though, Zayda, you don't look more'n ten years older than you did when you used to live on our block."

Zayda pinched her forehead with thumb and forefinger.

"Now, I remember!" she exclaimed. "I remember everything. How stupid of me! You're Jimmy Wright, of course!"

"The same," said Mabel's husband quietly.

DRIVING through Vanvalia's busy little street in Jim Wright's mammoth car, Zayda reconstructed the past. Jimmy Wright had been a poor boy, son of somewhat indigent parents. Why, her mother often had sent *his* mother food! Jim was a self-made man, then. And exceedingly well made. No doubt he had acquired his initial capital with his bride, had doubled it, then doubled *that*.

But it was hard for her to make Jimmy Wright and Mabel Johnson and Steven Montgomery all work into the same pattern, though they seemed so to have woven themselves. Jimmy, a little ragamuffin; Mabel, the daughter of a rich brewer; and Steven, the only son of the aristocratic Montgomerys! But here they all were in the ragamuffin's imported automobile, and with them a Spanish dancer, born down by the railroad tracks. A queer world!

She liked Steve the minute she saw him. Mabel had sent Jim up to his law offices after him.

"He looks," she thought, as he crossed the sidewalk to the car, "like the men who sit in boxes at the Metropolitan."

She studied him openly as they rolled along toward the Wrights' domicile, and she was not disconcerted by the fact that he was gauging her with the same frankness.

"Zayda," he said, breaking

their measuring silence, "are you real?"

She laughed and thrust toward him her wrist, with the gauntlet cuff of her glove turned back.

"Pinch me and see," she said.

He took her hand quite naturally, and kissed the spot she had bared.

A man in Vanvalia who could kiss hands!

"Yes," he said smilingly, "you are real. I thought you were too lovely to be alive. You look so like a painting of a Spanish beauty."

"How deft you are! Mabel, Steven is saying pretty things to me. Shall I believe he means them?"

Mabel half turned around.

"Not unless he puts them in writing," she advised chaffingly. "He's a lawyer and a bachelor. That's a pretty slippery combination."

"Mabel, I thought you were my friend."

"Oh, I am. But, then, I never was in love with you."

"You are a woman of excellent judgment. I hope"—he faced Zayda—"I hope you have no judgment?"

"None."

"Then I may dream."

"But I have no emotions, either."

"A Spanish dancer without emotions? Incredible! Preposterous!"

"They are at least as schooled as a Montgomery's."

"It is good that our emotions will prove to be well matched."

"Then," said Zayda, her glance lightly teasing, "my little vacation in Vanvalia will not disturb the order of your days."

"Or it will cause an upheaval in the order of yours."

"Put it in writing," laughed Zayda. "Jim, I think Vanvalia has improved as it has grown. What a lovely house! And it is yours? How fortunate I am that you spoke to me on the train, Mabel!"

IN the care-free days that followed, Zayda basked in her surroundings—in the comfort of Mabel's well organized household, in the ardent attentions of Steven Montgomery, in the worshipful admiration with which all of Vanvalia received her. If she observed now and then a surprising petty economy in the Wrights' private life, it did not detract from her enjoyment of their courtesies. That the parlor maid did the washing was no concern of hers. There was a butler from the caterer's for Mabel's formal dinners.

If she must constantly remind herself to be on guard with Steven Montgomery, lest she should fancy his gallantries were as sincere as they were delightful, the danger she ran of losing her heart and gaining nothing only added a sweet spice to her fragrant flirtation. If Vanvalia knelt more humbly at her shrine than she deserved, it was because Vanvalia enjoyed kneeling.

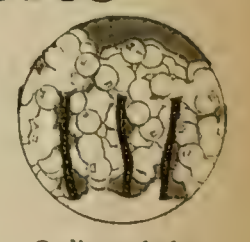
During her second week—it was agreed that she should remain a month; Mabel's party at which she was to dance was to be the climax of her visit—she wired to New York for more clothes. She could not be seen oftener than twice or thrice in the same garment. She could not disappoint her admirers. In the intoxication

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

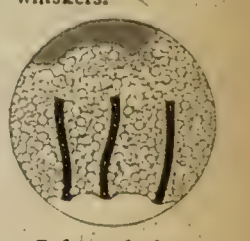
# Super-moist Bubbles

SCIENCE asserts it is the water which the lather holds that really softens whiskers.

Colgate chemists have created a super-moist lather. This lather goes deep down to the bottom of each whisker. If you look at the lather pictures on the right, you will see proof. Note the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles. See how closely they nestle to the base of each hair. That's the reason this modern cream gives shaving comfort hitherto unknown.



**Ordinary lather**
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



**Colgate lather**
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

*How Colgate lather works*

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

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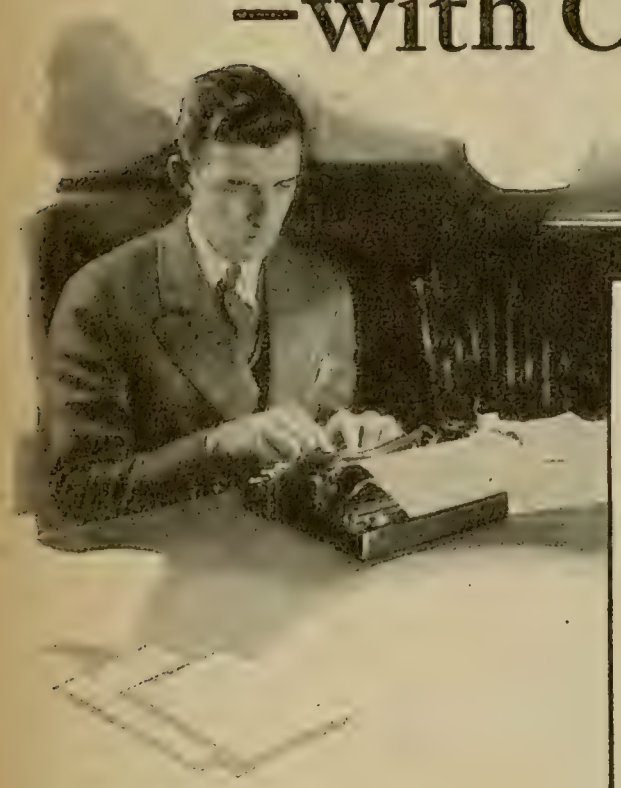

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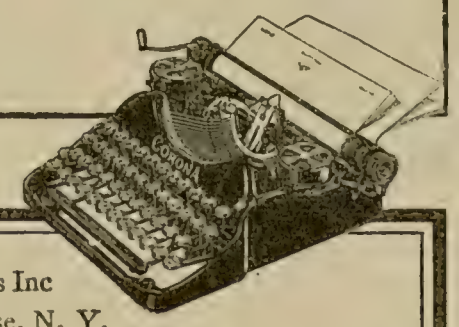

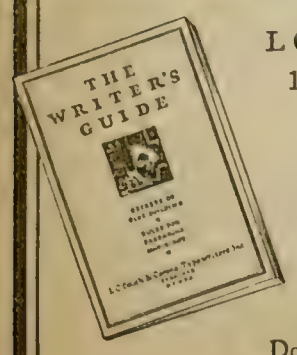


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[FRINGE OF THE SPANISH SHAWL]
Continued from Page Thirty-nine

of her social triumph, she drew out her savings and scattered her hard-earned dollars among dressmakers with a prodigal open hand.

She had on one of her newest and most attractive gowns when Steven Montgomery asked her to marry him. They sat in the library, with its many long, small-paned windows facing the west. They sat silently, watching such a sunset as breaks the heart with its transcendent, mystical glory.

"Zayda," he said, when the sun had quite gone, though the clouds had not forgotten it, "it will never rise again unless you love me."

Zayda could not speak. She could only look at him, and place her hand in his. He kissed its palm.

"You will marry me?"

Still she did not speak. But he was satisfied.

"You will marry me," he proclaimed gently, and kissed her lips.

"Oh, Steven," she cried chokingly then, "I do love you!"

Inevitably as the sun had slipped away, she was his. She, a dancer! He, a Montgomery!

Mabel and Jim Wright both were pleased with their announcement.

"When will the wedding be?" asked Mabel, directing her maid to turn off the lights in the adjoining unoccupied rooms. Then she answered the question to suit herself: "We'll have it on the stage, after you have danced, Zayda, the night of our party. The same refreshments will do, and it will be a thrilling surprise for everybody."

Zayda smiled, and looked to Steven for his assent to this immediate arrangement. He gave it gracefully enough to please any woman.

"A week," he said, "can be got through somehow, I suppose, if it must."

How dear he was! And so distinguished looking, with that touch of gray on his temples.

ZAYDA felt very secure in her happiness as the swift hours passed, so full of occupation and secret joy. She danced daily on Mabel's artistic miniature stage, as she had done ever since she came, keeping herself in supple trim for her Vanvalia debut. Mabel was carrying out her theater motif with a lavish perfection of detail. She was having programs printed, her waiters were to be garbed as ushers, her porte-cochere entrance hall was to be converted into a sort of foyer, with posters of Zayda flanking the doors.

On the sixth day, the day before the wedding day, Steven Montgomery's grandmother commanded the presence of her future granddaughter-in-law at her tea table. Mrs. Montgomery's invitations were nothing less than royal mandates. And she never received people unless she had the inclination. Zayda did not know whether Steven or her own curiosity had prevailed upon her to grant this audience.

As she entered the austere mansion that had been the Montgomery home for three genera-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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$2,000 to $7,500 a year! That's what you'd pay for an apartment on Park Avenue, New York. The Church Sani-White Toilet Seat is used in these luxurious apartments. Nevertheless, it is priced low enough for the most modest cottage.

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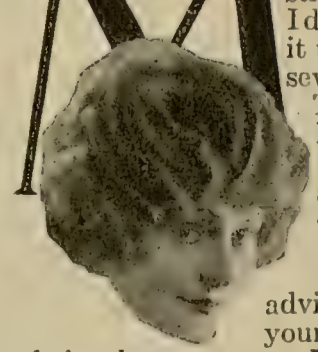
# and then—I used BROWNATONE



MY hair was a fright. It was dingy and streaked with gray. I didn't really notice it until I overheard several sly remarks. Then I decided to have a hair dresser treat my hair. But she charged ten dollars for the treatment. So I followed mother's advice, "Don't throw your money away on hair dressers—use **BROWNATONE**—and easily tint your own hair for only fifty cents. I have used it for years with wonderfully satisfactory results. Unlike many, it is *safe* and *harmless*—instantly and perfectly restores color to the exact tint I like. Only one application necessary—then just touch up the new hair as it grows in. Marcelling or other hair dressing does not affect it. Won't wash out—doesn't rub—is natural-looking in strongest lights."

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**BROWNATONE**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

tions, Zayda wondered if Steven would not be glad to leave it. As a child she had always run past it, she remembered.

As she stood on the threshold of the throne room, she wished that Steven had been permitted to accompany her. It was hard to face this arrogant, grand old lady, as she sat there, one hand in the folds of the lace fichu that rippled down into her lap, the other on her heavy polished cane.

"COME in," she said. "Hannah, close the door. Bring the tea, Hannah. Sit down."

Bowing wordlessly, Zayda sat down. Nothing else seemed expected of her.

"So you are going to marry Steven."

Again she bowed and smiled, though she didn't like the way it was put.

"Steven is a good boy. Hannah, you may pour." An efficient shadow, Hannah poured. "Put the cakes near her. Now leave me." When Hannah had departed, "Steven is a good boy," she repeated.

"I am sure of it!"

"Too good for any woman I have ever seen. But you look clever."

"Oh, no," said Zayda.

"Oh, yes," mocked the old lady insistently. "Only a clever woman can marry above her station."

Zayda flushed, and resolutely ate a tea cake. If she kept her mouth full she could not talk back.

"Are you foreign?"

"Not really," said Zayda. "I was born here in Vanvalia—down by the depot."

"You are truthful, I take it. That is one virtue. Never lie to Steven. He will never countenance a lie. You are not afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Of marrying a Montgomery."

"When Steven loves me? Of course I am not afraid!"

"The Montgomerys" — she paused to drain her teacup—"do not love their women." She set it down. "They display them."

Zayda trembled.

"Don't drop your cup. Put it here on the table. The idea startles you? You will soon get used to it. A woman who bears the name of Montgomery must be a woman *worth* displaying. Take your comfort from that."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Montgomery," cried Zayda, as if she were pleading for her life, "Steven loves me! He loves me!"

"Does he?" asked the old lady ironically. "Does he, indeed? Well, perhaps. You are not bad looking. He probably thinks you are beautiful."

"That is not the reason!"

"No, that is not the reason. He's had his pick of beautiful women before this. He is marrying you because——"

"He loves me!" Zayda repeated.

"No. Because you are *rich*——"

"No, oh, no!"

"And famous," she ended positively.

A moment she sat, with her piercing old eyes fixed on Zayda's face.

"Will you have more tea?" she asked then. "I'll ring for Hannah. You look pale around the edge of your rouge."

"No more tea, thank you. I must go."

"A Spanish dancer born on the railroad tracks is to marry a Montgomery. But she is rich and famous, so he doesn't see what he's doing. A mesalliance for the last of the Montgomerys— Ah, well," she shook her old head with its scant white hair, "what can't be cured——"

Zayda rose. But for her perfectly trained muscles she could not have stood, trembling so.

"Good-by," she said. "It has been a pleasure. May I come again some day soon?"

"You may. You are a brave woman. I admire bravery." She offered her withered old hand. "Marry him if you must, child. But don't love him. That is where women make their mistake. Good-by."

As Zayda left her, "Rich and famous, poor child," she murmured, again cogitatively.

IT was too bad that after a sleepless night, and on the very morning of her wedding day, too, Zayda should be awakened by being called to the telephone.

"This is the Vanvalia *News*," said a lively masculine voice. "We've just got word a friend of yours is going through town on the Golden Limited. Thought you might like to go down to the station to see her. I'll come get you, if I may."

"And who," begged Zayda in puzzled surprise and her usual reportorial accent—"and who is this 'my friend'?"

"Excuse me; thought I said. Why, Senorita Pepita, the Spanish dancer."

"Oh," cried Zayda, "I am disconsolate! Pepita? Through here? And me—oh, misfortunate me!"

"Say, anything wrong? You sick?"

"No. But no. Not seeck! But tonight I dance. So today I must rest me. And there is this so strange orchestra to instruct! I cannot run away, not for the little moment, even, to see the dear Pepita."

"Well, that's too bad," said the reporter regretfully. "Thought I might get a good story. Shall I give the lady your love?"

"No, no, no!" screamed Zayda. "Oh, my sweet young man, do not so much as breathe that Zayda is in Vanvalia! The dear Pepita would never forgive her so dear friend that she did not come! You understand? Promise me, senor!"

"Oh, all right. Mum's the word. Thanks, anyhow."

All that day, as through the night preceding it, Zayda thought.

When evening came, "Before I dance," she told Mabel, "I must have a talk with Steven—all alone."

MABEL sent him to her in the Green Room, as she called it, a small room almost filled with a big piano and a fireplace. It opened into a dressing-room and on to the stage of the ballroom. Zayda had not put on her make-up when Steven came to her. But she was wrapped in her flaming Spanish shawl, with one gleaming shoulder bared.

"Darling!" he said. "My beautiful darling!"

With an upraised hand and her commanding eyes she held him off as he would have embraced her.

"I am not rich," she said.

"Do I care?"

"And I am not famous."

"'Sh, not so loud, or Mabel will think you are not worth what she has told everybody she's going to pay you! She'll cut down your fee, and economize!"

"I shan't accept her money, now that I have accepted her hospitality, Steven."

"I know you won't, dear. But, surely, by this time you have seen that good old Jim is not so wealthy as he likes to pretend he is. He and Mabel are priceless old four-flushers, bless 'em for their good hearts."

"They are not awfully rich? They seem to be. You surprise me. But, no matter. I am not rich either. And, Steven, my mother kept a boarding house. You haven't forgotten?"

"Why, Zayda, I can beat that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


## The Ghost of a Murdered Man — A Lovely Girl's Haunted Soul

EMOTIONS are unleashed—terror, duty, and love clash—when a slayer reverts to the scene of a mysterious crime. Read the tragedy of a woman whose life held only one black page. A gripping story by Edwin Balmer, called

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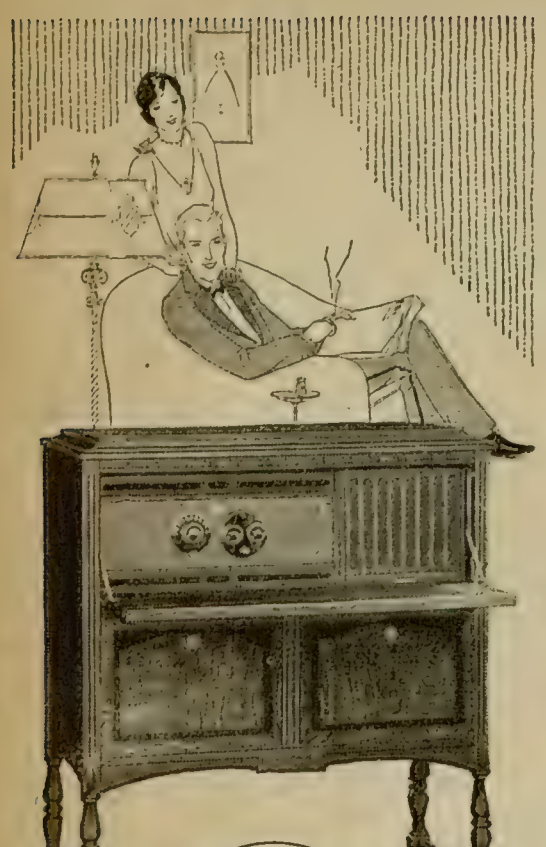

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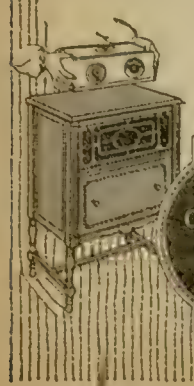
Ample room and ample strength for all batteries and charger. Built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Reproducing unit. Price, without set, tubes and batteries, $50.



POOLEY
CABINET SPEAKERS
with
ATWATER KENT
UNIT


[FRINGE OF THE SPANISH SHAWL]
Continued from Page Forty-one

one. Promise you'll never tell? Well, back in old England, my grandmother was—a scullery maid! Now, isn't her Montgomery pride delightful?"

He had put his arm around her as he talked, and Zayda regarded him with vague amazement.

"But listen, Steven!" she implored him. "Your grandmother says you are marrying me because I am rich and famous. And I am not! I am not!"

"Why I am marrying you, dearest, is my business to show you."

"I don't even know Senorita Pepita!"

"And I have no desire to."

"Nor any famous people like that!" Zayda went on with her confession, almost sobbing with the pain of it. "Vanvalia thinks I'm one of the great ones among the artists, but I'm not."

She dragged him to the window and pointed to the signs flashing brilliantly in the darkness along the edge of the porte-cochere guttering.

"Read the lights, Steven. 'Zayda'! Mabel had them put up for her party. But lights like that have never shone for me—on Broadway! They never *will*, Steven."

She jerked down the shade, and covered her face with her hands.

"My darling!" said Steven Montgomery. "My poor little temperamental darling!"

THE gaudy shawl slipped from her and left Zayda standing in her scant white sheath. She caught it up and spread it open, in all its gorgeous, burning grandeur, across her bare white arm.

"I have dreamed and studied and prayed and worked—oh, I have worked! But, see," she cried passionately, crumpling the blood-red roses, "these are the great ones! I am not of them. I am only"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"fringe."

She let the wide white fringe drop through her fingers.

Then, "Steve, do you still—want me?" she asked.

Steven Montgomery picked up the shawl and draped it across the big black piano.

"It will look well on ours in our new house," he remarked casually, "for state occasions."

WITH that he lifted a very tired woman in his arms, and held her.

"And you are even lovelier without it," he said. "Rest a moment, dear. Hear our wedding guests laughing? And the orchestra tuning up? In a little while you'll have to be Zayda, the incomparable Zayda, that all Vanvalia worships! But now you are—my darling. Rest, dear."

"You want me still? Though I am not rich and famous?"

"I love you."

"Though I am only—fringe?"

"You are Zayda! If you are fringe, then it's fringe I love."

Zayda sat up and kissed him cheerfully, as though she had never in all her life been frightened or sad.

"I love *you*," she said. "Now I must dress. Let me go, honey. I want to dance. I always want to dance when I am happy."

But Steven Montgomery held her tight a moment longer. He spoke musingly.

"Zayda," he said, "Zayda darling, it's just the same with all of us—with the Wrights, with grandmother, with your Steven, who falls so short of his dreams—it's just the same with us as it is with you. We're all just the raveled edge of what we *want* to be. We're all—just the fringe of our Spanish shawls."

He kissed her.

"Dear!" cried Zayda softly. "My dearest understanding dear!"

And then she danced as no woman ever danced before. It was her wedding night. And she was Zayda!

THE END

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

**LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

*Averting the Storm*

As often happens with small boys, Harvey had spilled his tea on the tablecloth. He knew that his mother was always ready on such occasions to give him a lecture on being careful. So to prevent this, if possible, he said:

"'Scuse me, mother, and don't talk."—F. T. W., Mendenhall, Miss.

* * *

*If We Only Could!*

Freddie, aged six, was full of imagination. One day his mother wished to make certain that something he had just told her was quite true. Said she:

"Now, Freddie, think hard. Are you very sure that what you have told me is the exact truth?"

Somewhat bewildered, he met his mother's earnest gaze with this:

"Well, mother, I don't know. Could you tell by looking at my tongue?"—M. G. W., Staunton, Va.

*Wasn't It Obvious?*

Johnny was playing with his toys on the floor. I wondered why Sister wasn't playing with him, as we had no company that day and they always played together.

"Where is Sister, Johnny?" I asked.

"She's in the yard," he answered obligingly.

"Why isn't she in here?"

"'Cause she's out there," he answered unconcernedly as he played on.—Mrs. W. R. B., Middlesboro, Ky.

* * *

*That Was a Good Party*

Johnny had been the guest of honor the day before at a party to which his little chum Tommy had not been invited. After hearing all about it Tommy said to Johnny:

"Have a good time, Johnny?"

"*Did* I!" answered Johnny. "Why, I'm not hungry yet!"—W. W. T., Pueblo, Colo.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*Usually Takes 10 Minutes*

**Burning, aching feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle calf or knee—shooting pains, flattening and spreading of the feet, sagging arches—all can now be quickly ended**

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Amazed at results specialists urge it widely. Test it 10 days. If not delighted your money is returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. **Send for free book on foot and leg troubles.**

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*Your Puny Boy Needs More Strength —More Weight*

He's getting thinner and thinner every day—he's so frail that he seldom takes part in any of the jolly games.

If his mother knew about McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets and how they help weak, pale, underweight boys to take on flesh and grow sturdy and active she wouldn't worry any more.

There is now no need for the youngsters to take disagreeable Cod Liver Oil, for the modern way and the pleasant way to build them up, give them more strength and put the color of health in their cheeks is now known to Pharmacists all over America.

Try McCoy's for thirty days, mother, and, if you are not delighted with results, any druggist in North or South America is authorized to return the purchase price. Demand McCoy's and get the genuine.

# Powder and Perfumes for our He-Flappers

## *Are Our Males Getting Effeminate, or Are Appearances Deceiving?*

An Article by

**Frederick S. Tisdale**

*Pictures by* REA IRVIN

*American beaus who have gone to seed will add a touch of color to their cheeks.*

AT a recent convention of cosmeticians, more than half a million young men were said to use cosmetics other than standard bathroom supplies. To this number must be added the young bloods in the large cities that sneak into beauty shops for marcels or permanent waves.

Having learned these facts, I began a tour that brought me first to a New York beauty specialist whose shears are known wherever feminine curls are bobbed and facials indulged in.

"Of course," said he, making a careless gesture with the comb he was holding, "young men are getting marcels, permanents, and facials. They do not get them in my shop, though. I do not want those young men around."

"Too effeminate, eh?"

He smiled. "I'd hardly call 'em that. They are mostly the opposite type—the ones vulgarly known as sheiks. I don't want them in my place because they might annoy women customers.

"There are two species: First, the youngster whose life interests are dancing and women; second, the actor or stage musician. These last must make the most of their hair, just as they do of their other features, because it is a part of their business.

"Here is a good place to correct a wrong impression of the type of men that women like best. Stone Age beauties fell for men who courted them with hickory clubs because that was the only sort of men available. Today woman is a delicate, emotional, fastidious creature. She does not admire the he-man with a chest like a hair mattress and a physique like a stevedore's. Men who make the deepest impression, who hold women most securely, are those who appreciate and practice the elegancies.

"These truths are recognized by matinee idols and the so-called sheiks. Hence they seek the beauty shops. Beauty shops that admit men customers do the work after hours, when there are no women about. However, most of the youngsters get their waves put in by the wigmakers along Broadway and its tributaries. I could not estimate how large this business is; but I can assure you it is greater than anyone outside our profession would imagine."

*The Stone Age man who carried a club was the only sort available.*

THIS beauty expert told of a large perfume concern that was putting out a scent especially for men. Its offices and warehouse proved to be in a West Side (New York) tenement district with an aroma like a blend of weary garbage and essence of lighting-gas leakage. The grateful nose picked up the scent of the perfume warehouse half a block away and followed it into a spotless hallway haunted by the souls of roses and violets.

An immaculate representative of the sales department admitted that his firm was putting out a perfume for American males.

"It is a manly odor," he explained. "I mean, it is not a flower essence such as is put into toilet preparations for men. It is taken from ferns. Here is the bottle. You will notice that there is no suggestion of flowers on the label.

"Selling perfume to American men is a ticklish process. Our method is to familiarize them with the scent by means of shaving creams, soaps, powders, and face lotions. After a person has acquired a liking for the odor through this association, his resistance to perfume is lessened and the sale follows. Men are so self-conscious and shy about such things that they would flee immediately from any direct approach. We in the cosmetics trade know that men are taking more and more to our wares, but as yet they aren't ready to admit it.

"Another step in the same direction is the use by men of compacts of slightly colored face powders instead of the orthodox powder box with the perforated top. The compacts are kept in the bathroom."

The sales representative pointed out that ideas of effeminacy are purely matters of geography. Chinese women wear long trousers that fit tightly about the waist and hips. So do sailors in the American navy. Ergo, it is evident that a Chinese woman so dressed, observing the toughest tar of the battle fleet, would consider said tar effeminate and beneath the notice of a woman.

"One of the French employees of our firm," he continued, "fought in two dozen battles of the Great War and was wounded many times. When he puts on his old uniform his chest is fairly shingled with medals for bravery. Yet he uses perfume continually and openly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Genuine

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ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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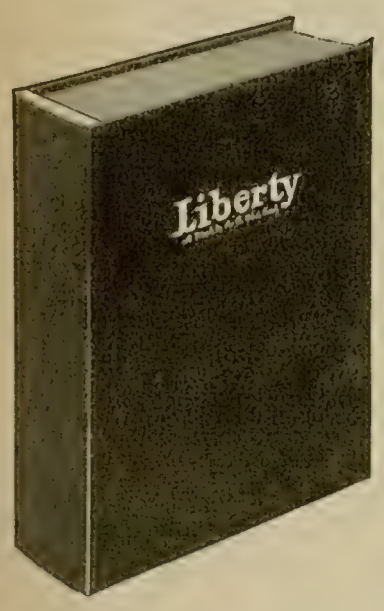


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1-22-27

[POWDER AND PERFUMES FOR OUR HE-FLAPPERS
Continued from Page Forty-three]

"Men in Europe use tons of perfumes annually. I once worked for a German firm. Being an American I was surprised to discover that German men not only used perfume—they also used rouge. It was a high rouge, which they put on their cheeks to simulate the ruddy glow of health. This color was especially popular with the old-timers.

"American beaus who have gone to seed will add a touch of color to their cheeks—just as they pomade their mustaches or retouch gray hair. It is to camouflage their age. Undoubtedly there has been a great increase in the use of cosmetics and lotions by American men of all ages."

And how did he account for it?

"Quite simply. Our forefathers were too busy taming a continent to worry their heads about the finer points of appearance. If your cabin was being attacked by Sioux, you would not waste any time prettying up before getting down your squirrel rifle. By the same token, there were few facilities for shaving and massaging in the covered wagon. While the settler cleared the underbrush for his farm he allowed his beard to luxuriate in a wild state.

"Our country has since become wealthy. Men now have time and money to devote to the refinements of life. This is true even of our workingmen. Their barber-shop visits are regular and some of them get manicures as frequently as haircuts. Shaving used to be the bulk of the average barber shop's business. Now, thanks to the safety razor, men shave themselves and the barber has become more of a beauty specialist.

"He gives massages, hair treatments, and the like. Not long ago these ministrations would have branded a man as a sissy or a dude. Now they are taken as a matter of course."

PONDERING these things, I next visited a Fifth Avenue tailor, a man deeply versed in the history of his trade and with a philosophic turn of mind.

"Look about you," said this man, with a comprehensive sweep of his arm, "and you find that with few exceptions modern man is the only animal in creation that allows his female to outshine him in personal adornment. The vivid rooster lords it over the soberly dressed hen. The peacock's gorgeous train gives him the right to strut before his meek lady. The lion wears a great mane that is like a ruff about his neck. All these are aids to the wooing of females.

"With man it is only the male savage who follows the natural law and decks himself to the limit. The higher you go in civilization, the more staid and somber becomes the costume of man. During the war man neglected himself shamelessly. Shabbiness passed for patriotism.

"As a tailor I thank the Lord that dress is again assuming its proper importance with men. What men need is a lot more feminization in their raiment. Thanks largely to the women, man is losing his timidity and going in for more brilliant colors and fabrics.

"Five years ago any man who dared wear a colored band on his straw hat would have been shunned by his friends and his sanity would have been under suspicion. Last summer, bands of all hues were worn by everybody. Golf stockings have blossomed out in vivid patterns and gay colors. Also neckties. Even the dead colors of suit fabrics are giving way to dyes with more life and go in them. Belts of rainbow combinations are to be seen.

"THIS cheerful revolution has not confined itself to clothing. At the last convention of the American National Retail Jewelers' Association it was pointed out that man is entering upon an entirely new style phase and that the sale of jewelry to men will be an expression of it. Women will see to it that their mates are properly gemmed. Once more the feminine touch on man's appearance.

"Those familiar with costume history know that the funereal aspect of the male is of comparatively recent origin. It is inevitable that some time there should be a decided swing back to the earlier gayety. In the Georgian period a man of fashion spent five times as much on his wardrobe as a woman spent. Man's record of freak clothes is just about as bad as woman's."

Henry VIII set the fashions for his court. In those days, even as now, the British were a spare and gangly race. Henry, on the contrary, had a figure like a wine cask and he was inordinately proud of his width. To accentuate it, he wore sleeves puffed out at the shoulders and puffed breeches. Since the monarch was wide, it became immediately imperative that his courtiers adopt the broad fashion. Enormous bulges appeared at the tops of their sleeves. Their breeches were cut with a similar lavishness, and they filled in the vacancies about their hips by stuffing them with hair.

So great was the weight of these padded garments that a bench was built along the House of Parliament so the fainting dandies could rest their mattressed thighs.

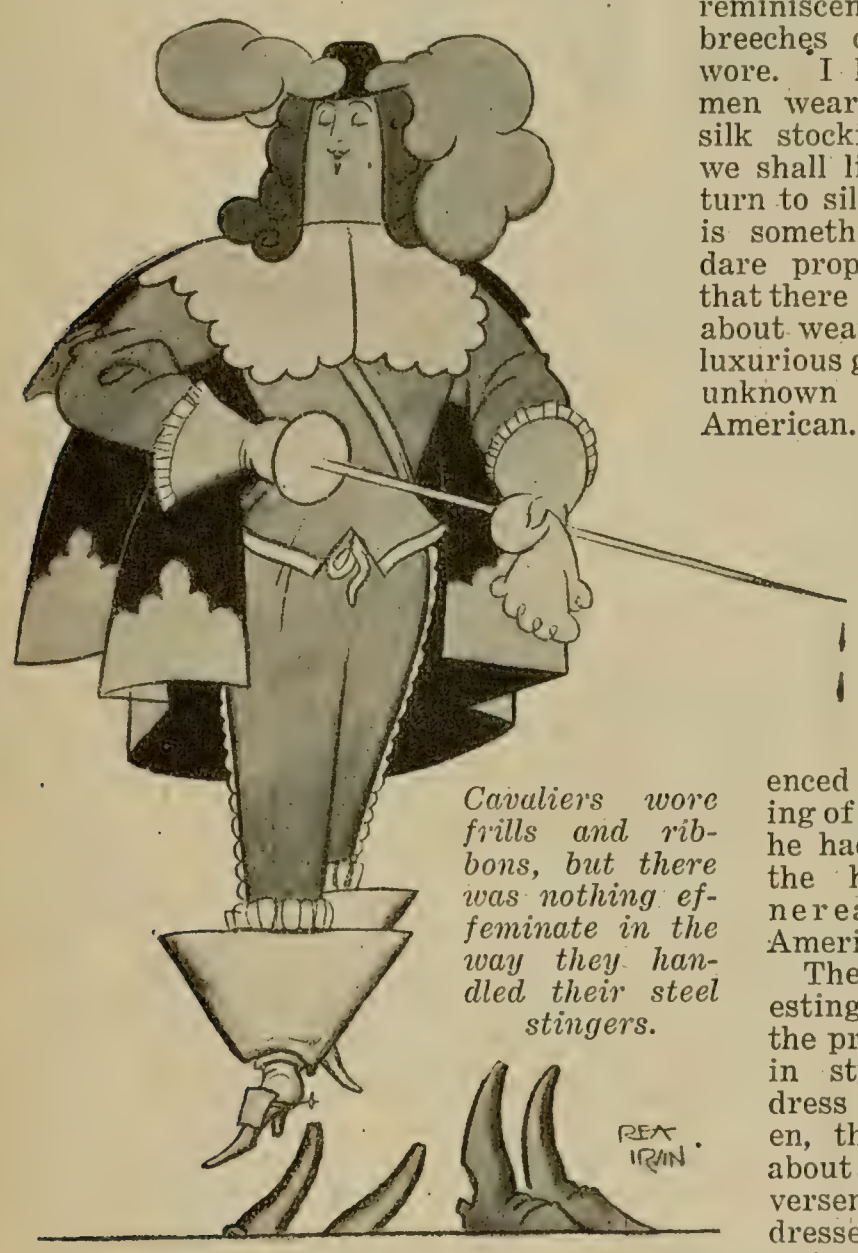
Men, said my Fifth Avenue tailor, reveled in splendid colors and fabrics until the last of the eighteenth century. Cavaliers went about in silken coats and knee

breeches that equaled the brilliance of woman's dress. Rare laces set off faces and wrists. Often plumes floated from their hats.

The exquisite dress did not imply any lack of physical courage. Every dandy wore a rapier at his side and it sprang from its sheath at the slightest provocation. They walked forth in frills and ribbons, but there was nothing effeminate in the way they handled their steel stingers. All these splendors passed with the advent of trousers.

"And whose fault was that?"

My informant drew a finger across his throat.



*Cavaliers wore frills and ribbons, but there was nothing effeminate in the way they handled their steel stingers.*

"The guillotine of the French Revolution," said he. "It was a revolution in fashions as well as politics. Before the upheaval, male dress in Europe reached its highest perfection. Color, cut, and texture of men's clothes were matters of great moment—as they are getting to be again. A popular noble would adopt ribbons of a certain color and instantly the shops would be besieged for duplicates.

"The direct ancestor of modern trousers made its appearance in Venice in the seventeenth century. They were loose pantaloons reaching to the ankle and they came into France *via* the stage. At first these pantaloons were part of a comedy make-up. The French cavaliers who laughed at the pantalooned legs of their favorite comedians never suspected that they were observing the parent of a universal male style.

"Early French revolutionaries adopted the long pantaloons. As the deadliness of the rebellion increased, fine clothes marked men aristocrats and automatically nominated them for the guillotine. Dress became subdued and gloomy, to fit the times. There were periodical outbursts of brilliancy after the Revolution—notably during the Empire of Napoleon—but they did not last. Trousers of varying cuts became the accepted male leg covering. Certainly it is the garment of democracy and has played an important part in doing away with caste; formerly a man's exact station in life could be told by the costume he wore.

"Students of fine dress welcome the return of livelier and more effeminate touches. Golf breeches — which spread everywhere from the country clubs— display the leg and are reminiscent of the knee breeches our forefathers wore. I have even seen men wearing them with silk stockings! Whether we shall live to see a return to silk suits for men is something I wouldn't dare prophesy. I know that there is a satisfaction about wearing bright and luxurious garments that is unknown to the modern American. A friend of mine lived for a time in China, where he wore the beautiful and colorful silk costume of the country. He told me he experienced a decided feeling of depression when he had to go back to the heavy and funereal fabrics of America."

There is an interesting counterphase of the present revolution in styles. As men dress more like women, the female turns about and, with the perverseness of her sex, dresses more like the male. There are points where the fashions of the sexes run exactly parallel.

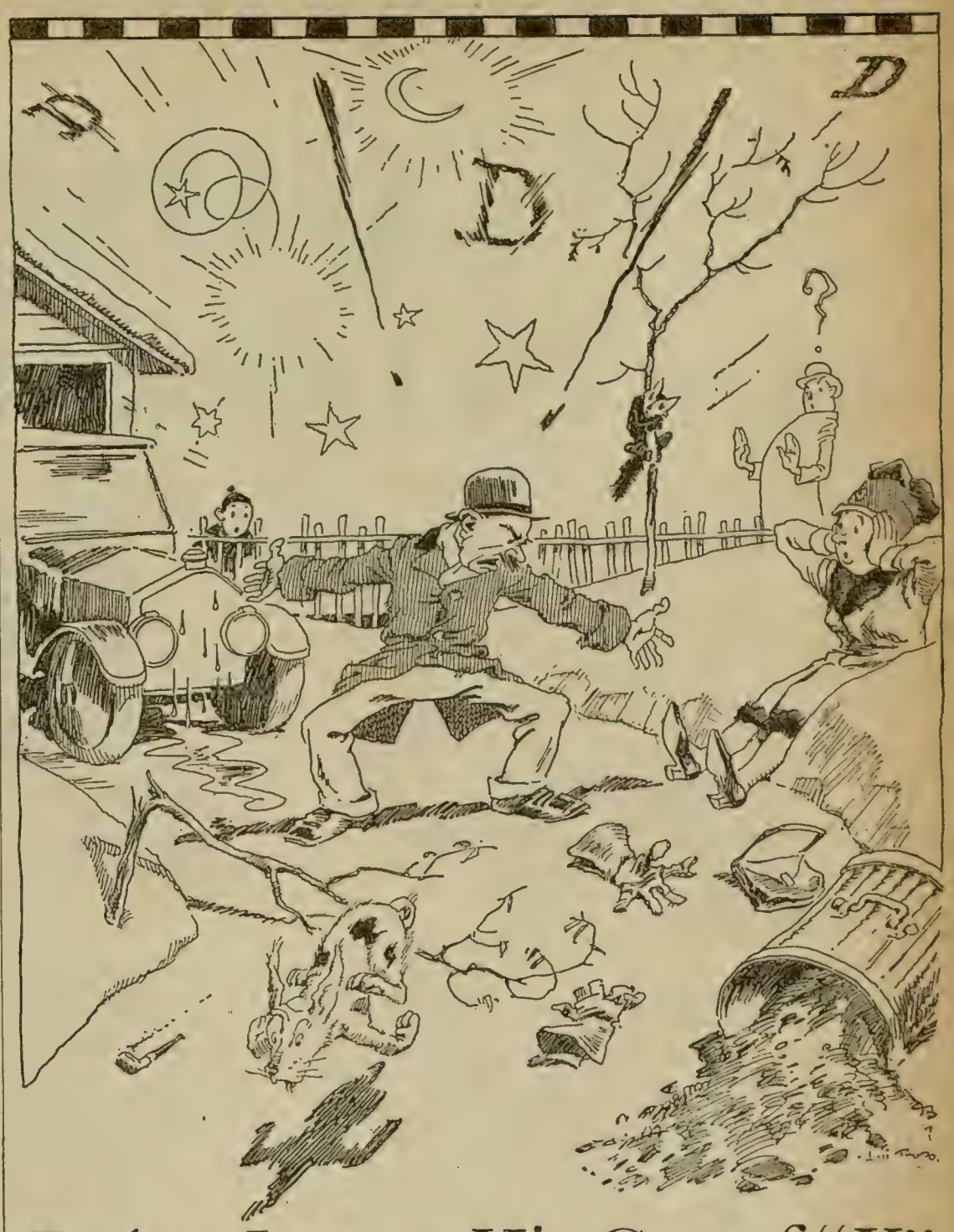
MEETING a pair of youthful hikers in the country, you cannot tell from a distance which is the girl and which the boy.

Both are hatless; both have their hair cut short and held close to the head by an oily application; both wear knickers and shirts; both have on woolen stockings and low-heeled shoes. As likely as not, both are smoking cigarettes.

As man's costume veers toward the elaborate, woman's becomes more simple and sensible. If the male ever gets to the point where he goes in frankly for gewgaws, the period probably will see the opposite sex scorning such things as unwomanly and lacking in allurement.

And yet a few years ago 30,000,000 men were fighting the toughest war ever fought. Our modern males weren't effeminate then. We doubt they would be if war came again.

THE END

# Father Learns His Can of "X" Was Loaned to Mr. Borrow

No wonder Father is peeved. The can of "X" Liquid he kept in the front door pocket is gone—loaned by Mother to Mr. Borrow.

Fortunately for most motorists, no Mr. Borrow lives next door. The precious can of "X" Liquid is safe in the tool box or the front door pocket—instantly available with its instant, safe repair.

Veteran car owners know that a radiator leak is only a minor trouble if they have "X" Liquid with them.

Keep *your* can of "X" Liquid *in the car.*

And when the leak occurs, just pour "X" into the radiator. In just a few minutes the leak will be cured—*permanently.*

*"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. "X" is just as important as alcohol—and mixes with it readily.*

*For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc.* Use 75c Size

*For Larger Cars* Use $1.25 Size

*You Can Get Home on a Flat Tire But Not With a Dry Radiator*

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*"X" Liquid has been used for years by Standard Oil, Gen. Elec., Am. Tel. & Tel., etc., and the U. S. Govt. on ALL Aeroplane endurance flights from the Trans-Atlantic Flight in 1922 to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1925*

# "X" LIQUID

**Permanently repairs leaking auto radiators cracked cylinders and water jackets**

# $10,000 IN PRIZES FOR INTERESTING LETTERS ABOUT PRUNES

WHY *do you eat prunes? How do you like them best? Maybe your favorite way of serving them is a new way—a prize winning way. Perhaps you know of some special use for prunes. Or you may know some interesting reasons for their all-round health value.*

obtain for them a favored place in every market basket.

California Prunes are grown under ideal climatic conditions. Unlimited sunshine makes them rich in natural fruit sugar. Pound for pound, they yield more energy than most foods.

### *A new kind of contest—141 cash prizes*

The purpose of this contest is to bring about a nation-wide exchange of ideas and experiences with prunes.

$10,000 will be awarded to those who submit the most informative and interesting letters. 141 prizes in all! Out of these replies will grow a great fund of information about prunes and the part they play in the meals of America!

A new kind of contest — one everybody can compete in and work out in his or her own way. On a subject everybody knows.

### *America's favorite food fruit*

Prunes are America's favorite all-round fruit. Hardly a home in the land but serves them regularly. Their deliciousness, economy, their healthfulness and the variety of ways in which they may be used,

**Prune facts to help you win!**

FOOD VALUE: *Climate and soil combine to make California Prunes a valuable, economical food for year-round use on your table.*

1. Prunes are rich in fruit sugar—sugar in its most easily digested form.
2. Prunes are more than 60% carbohydrates—the part of any food that yields energy.
3. Pound for pound, prunes yield *more* energy than most foods—meats, cereals and vegetables.

HEALTH VALUE: *California Prunes belong in the well-balanced meal.*

4. Their minerals act as a tonic, for they check the "acidity" of other foods.
5. Doctors recommend them as a mild, effective fruit laxative.
6. Prunes contain health-giving vitamins.

### *Put health on your table*

California Prunes contain vitamins and tonic mineral elements important to health and body-building. They check "acidity." Doctors recommend their mild, naturally laxative properties.

### *Serve California Prunes often*

You have only to taste a plump, luscious California Prune to realize that here Nature has bestowed lavish richness and savor.

Serve California Prunes often. For breakfast, lunch or dinner. Give the children all they want. Eat prunes in some dish every day. They bring delicious variety to your meals.

The finest quality selected fruit comes to you in California Prunes. Graded. Packed scientifically. Shipped at once to your dealer. The pick of 20,000 orchards.

### How to enter Prune Contest

Everyone is eligible. Classes enable contestants to draw on their own fields of knowledge. Competition is cut down. Everyone has a better chance. Observe carefully the subject for your class.

**HOUSEWIVES**
*"How and why I serve prunes"*
58 prizes—total of $5000

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First prize | $1500 | 4th | $225 |
| 2nd | 500 | 5th to 14th | 100 |
| 3rd | 300 | 15th to 29th | 50 |
| | | 30th to 58th | $25 |

**TEACHERS, DIETICIANS, PHYSICIANS**
*"Why prunes should be in the ideal diet"*
17 prizes—total of $1000

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First prize | $250 | 4th | $75 |
| 2nd | 150 | 5th to 8th | 50 |
| 3rd | 100 | 9th to 17th | 25 |

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS**
*"Why I eat prunes"*
17 prizes—total of $1000

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First prize | $250 | 4th | $75 |
| 2nd | 150 | 5th to 8th | 50 |
| 3rd | 100 | 9th to 17th | 25 |

**CHEFS, RESTAURANTS, COOKS, HOTELS**
*"How I serve prunes on the menu"*
17 prizes—total of $1000

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First prize | $250 | 4th | $75 |
| 2nd | 150 | 5th to 8th | 50 |
| 3rd | 100 | 9th to 17th | 25 |

**GROCERS AND THEIR SALESMEN**
*"How I sell prunes"*
32 prizes—total of $2000

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First prize | $400 | 4th | $100 |
| 2nd | 275 | 5th to 8th | 75 |
| 3rd | 175 | 9th to 14th | 50 |
| | | 15th to 32nd | $25 |

**RULES**

1. No entry shall be more than 200 words in length. It may be, or include, recipes or may be a straight letter, just as you prefer.
2. Entries should be written on one side of paper. Either by hand or typewriter. Print your name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the page, together with the classification you are entering.
3. No entrant is required to purchase California Prunes to compete.
4. Entries will be judged by a suitable committee of five whose decision will be final.
5. Entries will be judged for informative value, originality, interest and news value.
6. In case of ties for any prize, the tying contestants will receive awards of equal and full amount.
7. All entries must be mailed by midnight of March 17, 1927. Entries bearing a postmark of later than that date will not be considered.
8. Winners will be announced in the regular advertising as soon as the judges can reach their decision—on or about May 5, 1927. At which time checks will be mailed to winners.
9. Mail your entry by midnight, March 17, 1927, to California Prune Producers, Contest Headquarters, 716 Matson Building, San Francisco, California.

# CALIFORNIA PRUNES

## OF COURSE YOU SERVE THEM FOR BREAKFAST

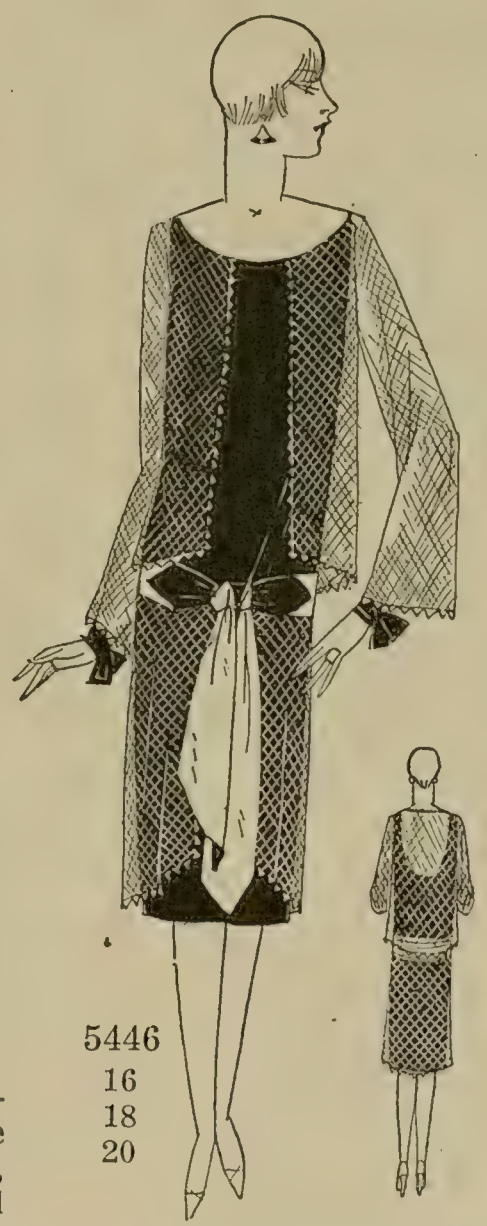
*Soak prunes for a few hours (overnight) in cold water. Then let them simmer gently until tender and full-flavored. . . . Never boil.*

# How Americans Influence Paris Modes

By
MARY
BRUSH
WILLIAMS

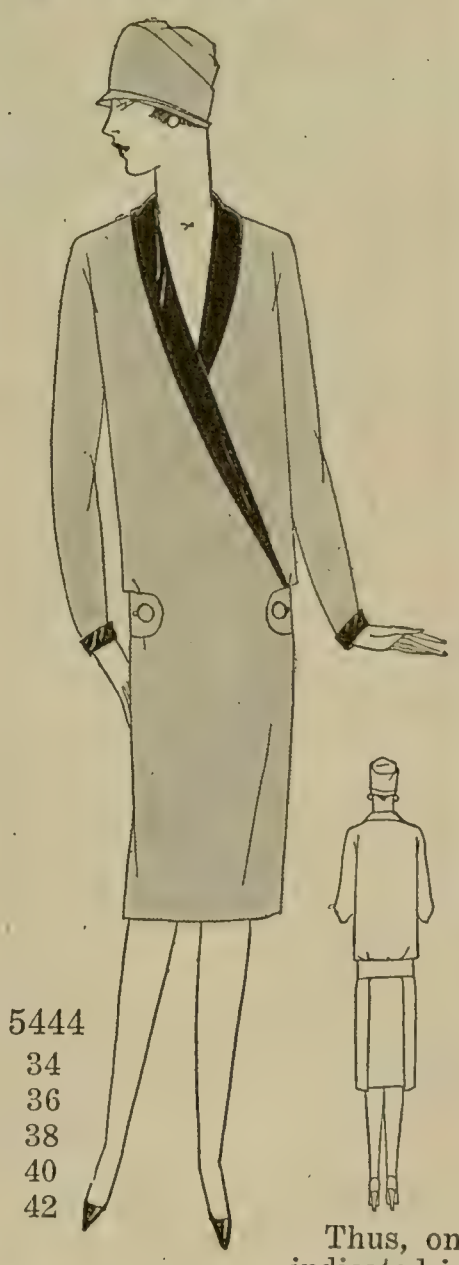
5443
16
18
20

*A coat of beige velvet or crepella, with insets of a deeper shade. This model has also been fashioned in royal and navy blue.*



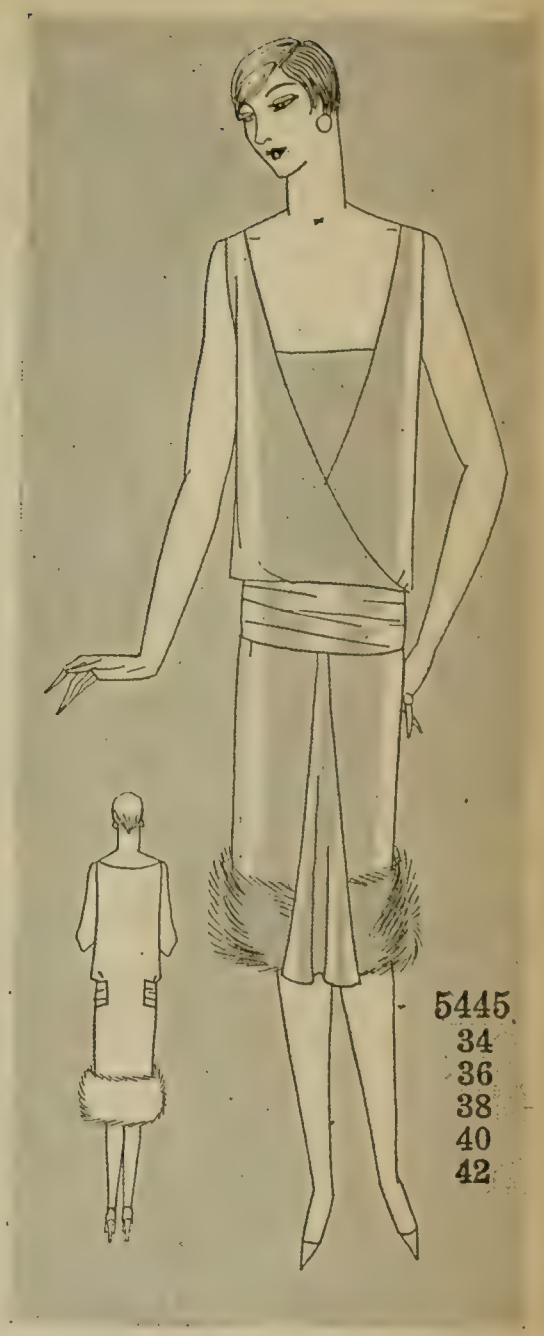
5446
16
18
20

*Of soft brown woolen material, a coat-dress, trimmed with brown satin.*



5444
34
36
38
40
42

*Dress of black silk or velvet (at left) under gold mesh.*



5445
34
36
38
40
42

*Evening dress of champagne colored velvet, with front godets of shell-pink chiffon velvet or silk. The skirt is bordered with red fox.*

YOU hear them saying in a deprecating way that American women are not creators of fashions. Of course, our women never set up to be, or interested themselves in being, creators of styles. But they are mighty good choosers of them. We get the very best, the most refined, the most dramatic, the most artistic designs the French create, and while Parisians talk a lot about having to design gaudy, homely things for the American tourists, the joke is on them, for these creations are always left on their hands.

On the other hand, we have had a very great deal of influence in the last four years on French styles. First, in making them less "dressy." Parisians no longer run around to such an extent through a dripping rain in laces and suede shoes. Secondly, we have altered many of the models to make them less extreme and more sensible and pretty and conservative.

It was a lot of fun to watch the accompanying coat change from the original design to the present lines, under the alterations ordered in the model by American purchasers. The armholes came almost to the waistline in a loose, ugly, kimono line. The godets flared with a definiteness and a pompousness that was a joke.

American women one after another said, "We will take it if you make those sleeves less ugly. Run them up to a line snugly fitting under the armhole in the way you do so well. Make those side panels a little less flarey and inconspicuous and unattractive."

At first the designers raved, and, as with other models, refused to touch it. Then they did—for us in the beginning, and now they have accepted the alterations for themselves.

Thus, on a very much wider scale than is indicated in this little incident, we have had a decided effect on French styles.

The original model of the coat is in beige velvet, with trimmings and panels of a darker shade. Sometimes it is ordered in crepella, which is so very smart now, and often it is made from this material in royal and dark blue. It is good for dress and street wear, and even for sports wear—if you are merely an onlooker. A dress in the same colorings and material may well accompany it.

You might say of a certain ensemble in Paris that it is related not by blood but by sheepskin. Some of the seams of the dress and the long Y line of the coat front are bound with it. The dress is of beige and the coat of brown. The dress is of soft silk and the coat of wool.

If I were buying a wardrobe conservatively, I should certainly give serious consideration to the coat-dress shown here. It is one of those models that look so very well under a wrap, and even better without any wrap whatever, when reinforced by a fox fur in places and seasons where such dressing is practicable.

THE evening dress is of champagne-colored velvet, with a crushed girdle and circular godets right in the front of the skirt instead of on the sides. These are of a lovely shell-pink chiffon velvet, and the skirt is bordered with red fox.

Another dress is of gold mesh over black satin, and sometimes even this late in the season it is made over velvet. It has black bows at the wrists, and a sash of shell pink combined with black silk or velvet, and it is in a style now so very popular—with the bow or the godet in front.

*SPECIAL PATTERNS*

by May Manton

***Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs***

*by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.*

*Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number. Send with your full address to:*

LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# Velvet and Tweed for a Princess' Trousseau

By BETTINA BEDWELL

IF you were going to marry a royal personage, what would you choose for your trousseau? The royal personage in this instance is a grand duke, in direct line to mount a throne—temporarily unascendable because of a lockout, but with every right, title, and interest to the job of King to one of the greatest empires in the world.

Miss Audrey Emery, an American girl, has just successfully completed the task of assembling a wardrobe for the unofficial (as far as the Soviets are concerned), but none the less royal, position of wife to the Grand Duke Dimitri, heir to the throne of All the Russias. Her place in the most aristocratic circles of Europe will be an exalted one, and her clothes will be the most conspicuous that come out of Paris this year, certainly.

The Grand Duchess, or Princess Ilinskaia, as she is actually titled, couldn't afford to have any failures in her wardrobe. Her $40,000,000 wouldn't condone for errors of taste or propriety in the high-born, highly critical circles in which she will move. She simply had to have the right clothes, and she got them by making good use of her fine American-made sense of simplicity.

*ONE of the most beautiful evening gowns was this georgette fringed dress, embroidered with opalescent spangles.*

She didn't go in for any modern version of the apparel of the Queen of Sheba. She chose her costumes like a well-bred American girl. In fact, they are so perfect in their exposition of the trinity of Fashion—taste, chic, and simplicity—that they could be worn by women in a far less lofty station of life than hers.

SHE needed no 200 complicated creations to be smartly gowned. Twenty-odd were enough, and not one of them is bejeweled or bedecked according to ancient traditions of queenly clothes. Neither did the Princess choose models that were advance styles. Keeping ahead of the mode was the least of her troubles. She conferred with Molyneux, who has a record of unbroken success in costuming royalty and its satellites, and chose smart clothes that made up in quality what they lacked in novelty. Clothes of beauty are never stale, and overnight sensations were assiduously avoided.

First of all, our American Princess picked out her sports clothes—five or six dresses and coats; unostentatious things of tweed, velveteen, and crepe. One, typical of them all, is illustrated: a two-piece frock, with a sweater of navy blue velveteen, untrimmed except for lines of stitching in front, a narrow belt with a steel buckle, and four buttons on each side. The skirt, of dark blue-and-white-checked tweed, has deep plaits at the sides. Plain ribbon-banded felt hats were selected to go with the sports clothes, and simple pumps. Not very exciting, you may say, unless the quietness of perfection stimulates you.

*FOR her civil marriage Miss Emery chose an ensemble of white crepe marocain, velours de laine coat, and white fox.*

Of course there was a going-away ensemble, as simple as the sports clothes, and several afternoon ensembles. One was of black crepella with a tucked tunic frock and a straight coat trimmed with shaded gray squirrel. Another, the ensemble in which this Princess was united in the first of her two marriages to the Grand Duke, is illustrated here.

The coat of this two-piece costume is of white velours de laine, with collar and cuffs of white fox, big pockets set off by rows of stitching, and a deep yoke piped around the edges. Under this is worn a white dress of crepe marocain, the straight waist and equally straight sleeves covered by petals of self material formed by tucks. The skirt also is straight, and overlaid with narrow panels stitched on one side only and curved at the hemline.

For the religious ceremony Miss Emery wore white panne velvet, with a court train, and a lace veil loaned by Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, over which hovered the heavy imperial crown of Russia, held up by four pairs of husky though aristocratic masculine arms of the Duke's attendants. That over, her crown was the only indication of her royal inheritance. She was probably glad to escape from under it, shed her trailing bridal robes, and get into her American-girl trousseau.

*CHARACTERISTIC of the mode in Paris is this dahlia-red chiffon dinner dress selected by Miss Emery for her trousseau.*

*A TYPICAL sports frock has a sweater of blue velveteen and a skirt of blue-and-white tweed.*

The Princess Ilinskaia, Grand Duchess and possible Queen, has a true American head and tall American figure. She wears her dark hair parted Madonna-wise, which suits perfectly the pure oval of her face. All of her clothes are created for her type.

Naturally, the trousseau of a Princess has a considerable quantity of formal and informal evening clothes. The quality that strikes me most in this part of her wardrobe is the absence of any sort of obvious brilliancy, even the most impressive of them. One after another, simple crepe, georgette, chiffon, and marquisette frocks were shown to me.

THERE were only two so-called gorgeous gowns in the collection, and they were not at all calculated to do damage to an onlooker's vision. I have had one of them illustrated—the frock made of white georgette fringes over a slip of white crepe de Chine. These fringes are heavily incrusted with opalescent spangles, and they form the bolero waist and the two-tier skirt.

This frock, worn at a dance, is an epitome of the poetry of motion.

There is an all-steel lamé evening coat, latticed with steel-bead embroidery and collared with chinchilla.

The Princess has also an evening ensemble of cinnamon brown: a cape made of three-inch horizontal strips of panne velvet collared with sable, and a tiered frock of cinnamon chiffon.

There are also two dahlia-red frocks—one of millinery velvet, and the other, illustrated, of chiffon, with full-length floating panels hanging from the shoulders at the sides. The skirt is of shirred chiffon and the straight belt is of moire.

What went to make the trousseau of this bride of a scion of the Romanoffs, accessories and all, has a universal application, because it might with equal fitness form the trousseau of any American girl, either wholly or in part—omitting the accessory of the crown, of course.

# You Would Like to Work Here

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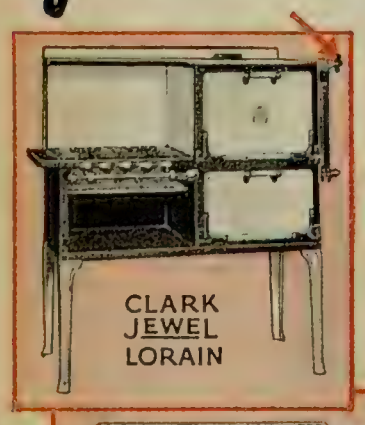

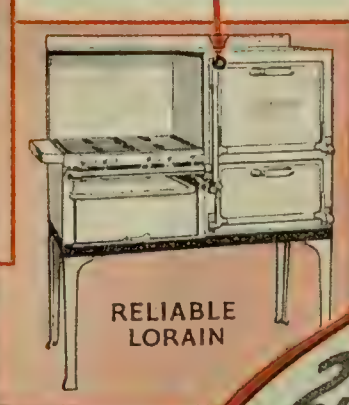


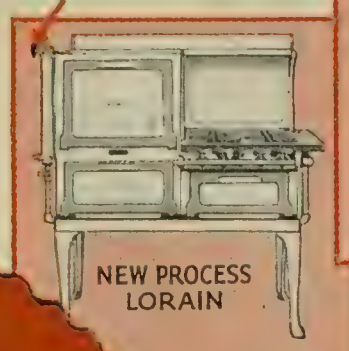


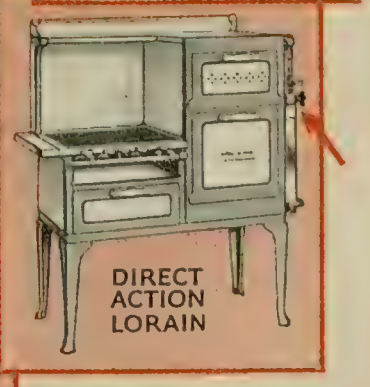

BACK of every Red Wheel Gas Range is an institution rivaling in every way America's greatest manufacturing organizations. With six great stove factories, huge foundries, modern enameling plants, expensively equipped research departments, a large staff of skilled designers, thousands of highly trained workmen, and the most up-to-date equipment, American Stove Company is unquestionably able to build the finest gas ranges and sell them at the most reasonable prices.

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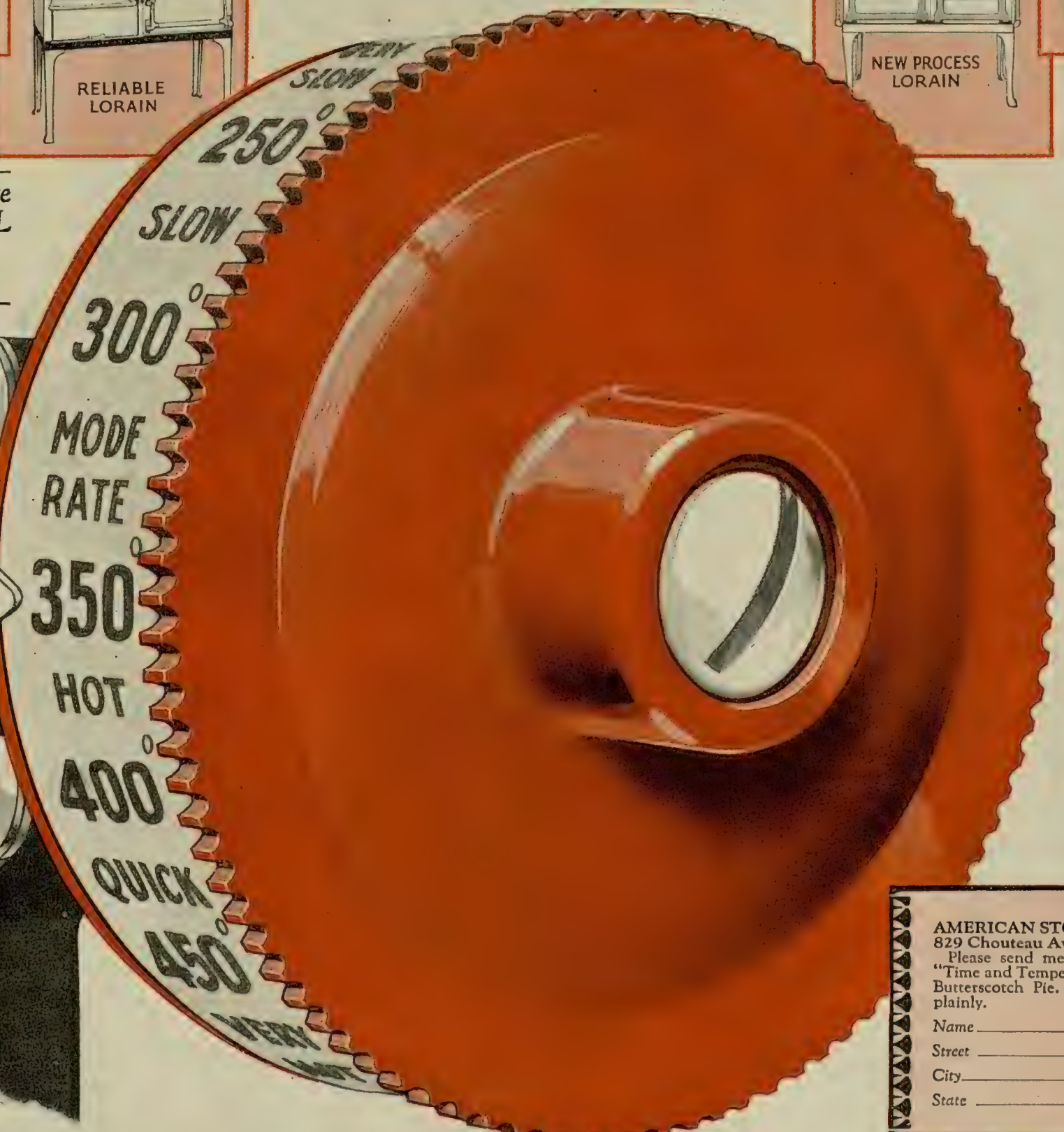
**829 Chouteau Avenue ∴ St. Louis, Mo.**

*Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN*

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*If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain tank-gas service, for use in a standard Lorain-equipped Gas Range."*

*The Research Kitchen of American Stove Company is in charge of Miss Dorothy E. Shank formerly Instructor of 'Food Research, Household Arts Department, Teacher's College, Columbia University.*

*Owners of Red Wheel Gas Ranges are invited to submit their cookery problems to Miss Shank. Her recipes are sent free to anyone. Mail the coupon.*

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829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your new "Time and Temperature" Recipe for Lorain Butterscotch Pie. *Print* name and address plainly.

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*Lib.—1-22-27*

# LORAIN

# Twenty Questions

## How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY asks twenty questions every week. *You* send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer *published*, we will pay $5. Address *Questions Editor*, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Now see how many of these you can answer:

1—What was the first American city to provide free textbooks in its schools?—*O. Theodore Larson, Madison, Minn.*

2—What determines the flavor and quality of tea?—*E. Strassburger, Cedarburg, Wis.*

3—What fish gives birth to its young instead of laying eggs?—*Edgar C. Robinson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

4—Where is the original draft of the Declaration of Independence kept today?—*Sarah McFall Williams, St. Louis, Mo.*

5—What coins were called "pieces of eight"?—*Mrs. Fred M. Freutel, Huntington, W. Va.*

6—Who was the only President's mother who lived to see her son inaugurated?—*Vernon R. Winslow, Minneapolis, Minn.*

7—When was the United States entirely out of debt?—*Henrietta Wilson, Warren, Ohio.*

8—Where was the Liberty Bell concealed during the Revolutionary War while Philadelphia was occupied by the British?—*Mrs. Thomas O. Schrader, Jr., Allentown, Pa.*

9—What is the greatest speed ever made by an airplane?—*Dr. William F. Taylor, Aztec, N. M.*

10—Among what race of people is the birth of a single child unusual?—*George E. Clough, Virden, Manitoba, Can.*

11—What is German silver?—*Alice Riley, Dayton, Ohio.*

12—What English nobleman stands next in rank to the royal family, and takes precedence of all other titled men?—*Mrs. A. E. Barnett, Sarasota, Fla.*

13—Can radio messages be sent and received from a submerged submarine?—*A. R. Hastings, Riverside, Calif.*

14—What gas promises to double the time and depth of under-water operation by divers?—*G. M. Babcock, Tucson, Ariz.*

15—What is the only animal that is immune to the bite of the cobra?—*Richard Moon, Philadelphia, Pa.*

16—With what European countries has the United States no diplomatic relations?—*Mrs. J. G. Durnin, Davenport, Ia.*

17—What famous prize fighter is a deacon in the Baptist Church?—*Aubrey Robertson, Athens, Ga.*

18—Where and when was the first Chamber of Commerce organized in America?—*John Jacunski, Georgetown, Ohio.*

19—What woman has twice won Nobel prizes?—*Ruth Trzcinski, San Bernardino, Calif.*

20—What was the origin of the term "Mrs. Grundy"?—*E. B. Crosswhite, Alhambra, Calif.*

## See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

### *Here are last week's questions answered:*

1—By what nickname is the short session of Congress known, and why?—*C. R. Bohman, Moline, Ill.*

A.—It is known as the "lame duck" session because it marks the last appearance of defeated members.

2—Who was the first woman appointed head of a bureau in the United States Government?—*Mrs. W. C. Rudisill, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

A.—Julia Clifford Lathrop. In 1912 she was appointed by President Taft chief of the Federal Children's Bureau.

3—Which one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world was fought on American soil?—*William Pinkey, San Pedro, Calif.*

A.—The Battle of Saratoga, October 17, 1777, resulting in defeat of Burgoyne, and winning for us the aid of France.

4—What State requires both parties to submit to a physical examination on applying for a marriage license?—*Hugh Reynolds, Norwood, Ohio.*

A.—Oregon.

5—When was China proclaimed a republic?—*Maynard Harris, Richmond, Va.*

A.—In 1911.

6—What two men defeated each other for the Presidency of the United States?—*R. E. Kane, Galveston, Tex*

A.—In 1888 Benjamin Harrison defeated Grover Cleveland and in 1892 Cleveland defeated Harrison.

7—What happened to the Monitor after the Merrimac battle?—*S. Rosenbloom, Pittsburgh.*

A.—It was sunk off Cape Hatteras December 31, 1862.

8—Where in the United States were street cars first introduced?—*Mrs. Frances Lindamood, Berkeley, Calif.*

A.—New York City, 1833.

9—What was the first chartered college to confer degrees on women?—*M. B. Pound, Athens, Ga.*

A.—Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, chartered as a college in 1836.

10—How does foolscap paper derive its name?—*Mrs. L. H. Phelan, Fall River, Mass.*

A.—From the fact that the watermark on it in early times was a fool's cap.

11—Who was the only Catholic priest who was a member of the House of Representatives?—*Edward J. Orr, Highland Park, Mich.*

A.—Father Gabriel Richard, elected as delegate from the territory of Michigan in 1823.

12—What United States court can pass a sentence of death on an American citizen without a trial by jury?—*Philip W. Morrissey, San Francisco, Calif.*

A.—The consular courts operating in foreign countries.

13—In what State, upon its being admitted to the Union, were all male inhabitants automatically declared naturalized citizens?—*Dorothy M. Rae, Scranton, Pa.*

A.—California.

14—When and where was the first policewoman appointed?—*William Loftus, Syracuse, N. Y.*

A.—In 1910 at Los Angeles, California.

15—What monument is made of artillery captured in a famous battle?—*Ruth Stanley, St. Louis, Mo.*

A.—The Vendome column erected by Napoleon I after the battle of Austerlitz.

16—What is the hottest open flame known?—*J. F. Eldes, Clearfield, Pa.*

A.—The oxyacetylene flame, 6300 degrees Fahrenheit.

17—Where is the original painting of the Spirit of 1776? Who painted it, and when?—*Mrs. Albert M. Porter, Marblehead, Mass.*

A.—In Abbot Hall, Marblehead, Massachusetts: Archibald Willard in 1876.

18—What was the first coin made in the United States?—*Mrs. J. W. Bair, Johnstown, Pa.*

A.—The "Pine Tree Shilling," made by the Massachusetts Colonists.

19—What State was the first to establish public schools?—*J. W. Humphrey, Sycamore, Ill.*

A.—Georgia.

20—What State does not observe Labor Day as a legal holiday?—*Harry J. Craft, Newburgh, N. Y.*

A.—Wyoming.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.


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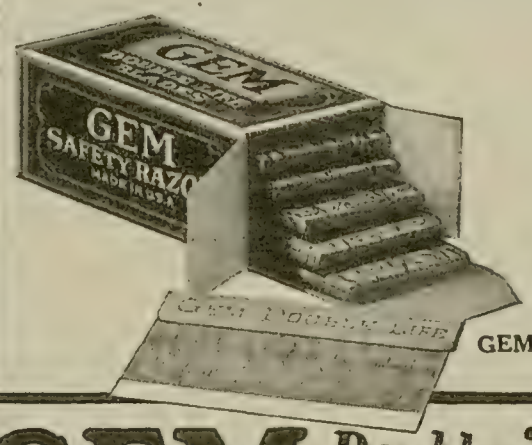
WE'RE not satisfied just to make Gem Double Life Blades double-keen! We make them double-thick to hold their keenness! We reinforce them so they're double-rigid! Then we double-seal and double-protect them so they're perfect when you get them! They're backed by a double-satisfaction guarantee. Buy a double supply today. Sold everywhere.

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AMPLION CONE superiority lies in its *clear reproduction of speech*—this is the supreme test of radio reproducers, especially of the Cone type.

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### *Knees, Knees, Knees!*

WOODHAVEN, L. I.—That was a dandy editorial about The Freedom of the Knees. It's about time someone gave the females a rap about the way they exhibit their legs in public. If they don't want the men to notice them, why do they wear flashy silk hosiery?

We can see as much now, gratis, as we could at a burlesque show, but of an inferior kind.—*Robert Teller.*

### *More about Knees*

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Your editorial, The Freedom of the Knees, hit me hard, and gave me some grins. I've often wondered why all this hubbub about men gazing at a few inches of white skin, showing above girls' stockings, when, at almost any bathing beach, the male can stare at flappers almost as nude as the Venus de Milo, and no one gives a whoop!—*Baxter Hawkins.*

### *The Knees that Started the Trouble*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Probably every young girl who read the LIBERTY editorial entitled The Freedom of the Knees was aroused to the point of declaring that she wore her skirts short and was still a lady.

The editorial related the story of one wearer of extremely short skirts who considered herself insulted because a young man who sat across the aisle from her in the subway glared fixedly at the creamy flesh above her stocking. She deemed the young man's behavior ungentlemanly. Anyway, she called a policeman, who regarded the occurrence lightly.

Says the editor of LIBERTY: "The case raises a point as to whether or not the male ceases to be a gentleman if he looks at knees which are exhibited, perhaps, for his benefit; for why else do women choose to expose their legs?"

The young woman, who finally became exasperated, summoned the police, believing that the man was rude. She, no doubt, is one of the present generation of girls who have never worn long dresses. There are hundreds of thousands of sixteen-, seventeen-, and eighteen-year-old misses who are not even conscious of making a display of their legs. Their legs have always been exposed to view—much the same as have the dog, Rover's, or Persia, the kitten's. They have never thought of their legs as "lower extremities," something to be ashamed of or hidden from sight.

The fact that the New York subway girl displayed a wee bit o' epidermis does not make her any less a lady.

You see—*I* was the exasperated young lady!—*Miss G. F.*

### *An Army Slant on War Birds*

SHELBYVILLE, MICH.—I would like to enter the tempest in a teapot over War Birds from a different angle. Mr. Heege and his solitary supporter, and the hysterical antis also, seem to think the author was a soldier. Like 98 per cent of the United States Army during the war, he was not a soldier, but a civilian in uniform, partially trained or wholly untrained, thrown into the breach by a government that will not buy a fire extinguisher until the house is afire.

All through the story there is an undercurrent of antagonism and resentment toward the Regular Army officers who tried to mix the rudiments of military discipline in with his pursuit of a good time. A few thousand officers and non-coms of the old Regular Army, led by generals who in peace times had never had an opportunity to maneuver more than 1,000 men together, had to make 4,000,000 civilians into enough of a semblance of soldiers to break the victorious veterans of Germany.

The credit for our victories always seems to go to "our brave boys" who were ensnared in the draft, and the mistakes and shortcomings are laid at the feet of the Regulars.

The 1st and 2d divisions—and even those were 75 per cent recruits—broke the head of the Kaiser's spear and prevented him from eating his Christmas dinner in Paris.

The Regular Army is ignored in peace and damned in war, but is always expected to carry the load, and, by some miracle, it does.—*J. E. Jacobs, Capt. 14th F. A. (Res.)*

### *Papa, Come Kiss Tabby!*

BEACH BLUFF, MASS.—Recently in LIBERTY appeared an article by Mr. Terhune entitled: Men Hate Cats—Why? Incidentally he hands his own sex an awful wallop, for, according to him, if a man loves cats he isn't normal, and if he hates them he retains his savage instincts. For himself, after professing neutrality, he launches into a wholesale denunciation of the animal that Shakespeare has classified as harmless and necessary.

Allow me to say a few words for those who cannot speak for themselves. After reading the aforesaid article, I took a mental census of my neighbors, up one street and down another, and in no time I had thought of twenty men of various ages and occupations who love cats. As the neighborhood, so the nation!—*A Reader.*

### *Now, Now, Now!*

FALL RIVER, MASS.—You may think your magazine good, but I don't. I think it's *rotten.*—*R. J. J.*

### *Likes Human Stories*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Congratulations. I'd like to see a story every week like that McGeehan's Strictly on the Level. I suppose other "sports" of this magazine enjoy these rough and man-like stories which are so human.—*Stan Nocklick.*

### *If Billie's Whistling—Louder, Please!*

OMAHA, NEB.—I protest against your articles entitled Billie Burke Laughs at a Thousand Rivals, not merely because I personally take issue with her, but because of the mental suffering her philosophy will cause other women who, perhaps, have not seen as much of life behind the scenes as I have.

That she caught the prize husband of Broadway is nothing to her credit. Broadway does not produce husbands. I never knew so many tragically unhappy people in all of my experience as I knew on Broadway. The lives they lead, the thoughts they think, their wabbly standards, their exaggerated opinions of their own importance, all bring unhappiness.

There are so many honest, intelligent, moral men, good husbands and good fathers, that it seems ridiculous to try to mentally put them in the cesspool of Broadway libertines. Miss Burke is afraid. She is whistling in the dark to keep up her courage, and her position is not one to be envied. But that is no reason why she should sow the seed of fear in the hearts of women all over the country by telling them that all men are libertines.—*A. Hensley.*

### *Wants Battling Nelson*

MARCUS HOOK, PA.—Have Sidney Sutherland write up more fight stories. Give us the career of Battling Nelson.—*Frank X. Hudak.*

### *Long Ago and Far Away*

FRENCH INDO-CHINA—In your issue of September 18, 1926, which has just arrived out here, I see in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's article, Shooting from an Elephant, that the editor, in his note, refers to the Ovis Poli as "the elusive mountain goat." The Ovis Poli is not a goat at all, but a sheep—which the Latin word Ovis signifies. I sincerely hope that this information will prove beneficial to you in the future.—*Robert S. Pirie.*

### *Take That, Sid!*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I am one of the *few* who know about the Mexican situation. The Roman Catholic Church has held Mexico in ignorance and superstition long enough. Don't let Sidney Sutherland blame it on the government. I am surprised that such an intelligent weekly would permit him to air his views.—*Louise H. Miller.*

### *A Friend in Need*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your articles by Sidney Sutherland are singularly clear, unbiased, and fair.—*Norbert A. Minnick.*

### *A Pat from Lorna*

ROSE VALLEY, PA.—I like your editorials. In my estimation they alone are worth the price of the magazine.—*M. Lorna Miller.*

### *Wanted: A Fresh Author!*

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—What's the matter with LIBERTY? Less war stuff. More short stories by new writers with fresh ideas.

War stories and war articles are dead and forgotten.

Seems like LIBERTY'S getting worse every issue!—*J. B.*

### *Cheers for Summerall*

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—I enjoyed War Birds a lot, and looked forward to each installment, but today, when I bought my LIBERTY and proceeded to read Per Schedule Summerall, by Norman S. Hall, I thrilled as I never thrilled over War Birds. Being an ex-A. E. F.-er, and having known several of the officers mentioned in the article, it meant to me what War Birds meant to the ex-members of our Air Force.

Please give us more articles of this sort. It makes a fellow feel his time in the A. E. F. was not spent in vain.—*Harold A. Johnson (an ex-"Top-Kick").*

H A V E A C A M E L

# *Smoking refreshment that never ends*

WHY is it that the enjoyment of Camels never fails? That you can light them all day and far into the night with never a loss of smoothness, mildness and incomparable fragrance? It's simply a question of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. Camels are given an expert blending found in no other cigarette.

First thing in the morning. Late at night. Before or after breakfast, lunch or dinner. Light Camels as liberally as you choose, one after the other, as often as you desire the cheering comfort of a cigarette. You will get always the refreshing thrill of smoking pleasure.

Camel perfection has resulted in a demand that has never been known before or since. There has never been cigarette popularity that could compare with Camel's. Each year, millions of experienced smokers, who are willing to pay any price for quality, find in Camels every good thing they've ever wanted in a cigarette.

Here's a smoke invitation that's leading millions to an entirely new conception of cigarette contentment and satisfaction—

*"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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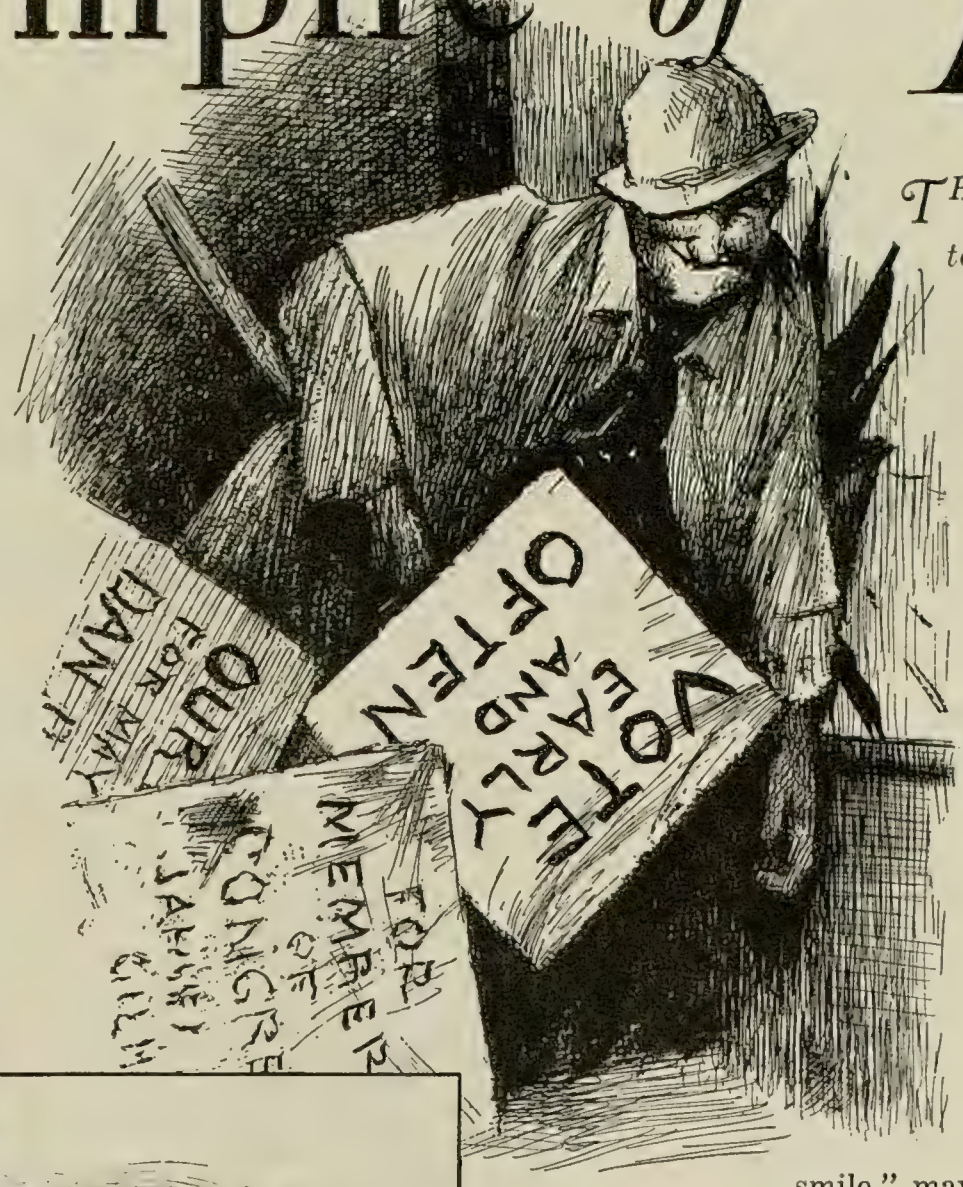
# An Empire of Ears

## *All Men Are Equal Before the Radio*

An Article by

QUIN A. RYAN
(WGN Announcer)

*Pictures by* E. W. KEMBLE




*THE jostling and exhuberance of the metropolitan citizenry shattered many an expensive pane.*

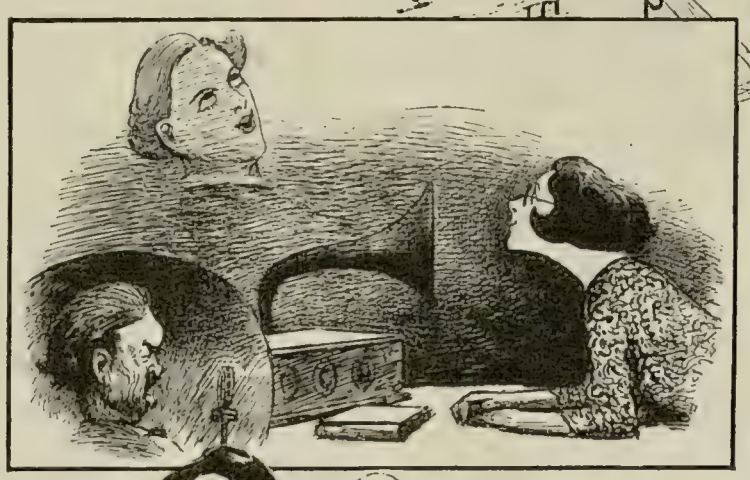
ALONG about sundown of the November day on which Jimmie Walker was elected Mayor of New York, I asked a bell hop why it was that every store front and shop window on Broadway and the minor lanes had a burly person pacing before it, in the manner of trade-union pickets.

The bell boy told me that it was an ancient custom of the metropolitan citizenry to swarm downtown on election night to watch the returns flashed by magic lanterns outside hotels and newspaper offices. With each added precinct tabulation they would whoop it up, and their jostling and exuberance shattered many an expensive pane.

But on the night that Jimmie Walker capered into office the window guardians walked their beats coldly and alone. I was not astonished. I had seen the Loop of Chicago deserted on the Coolidge election night, the year before.

The people were getting their returns by radio. The gala election night was a thing of the past.

Radio has stalked ominously into politics, and the politician soon must learn to reckon with it. Here, overnight, is an agency at his disposal that can lend the unanimous ears of his friends, Romans, and countrymen; that can turn more heads in one direction than Halley's Comet; that can concentrate the attention of a nation.



*WHAT a new world for the political campaigner!*

*IT may upset many political traditions, because it nullifies spellbinding, bombast, and long hair and long coats.*

Judiciously employed, it may wield a power beyond the power of the press; but, on the other hand, one monkeyshine on the part of its employers will make it a sorry farce. A twist of the wrist, or even so slight an effort as a good puff of cigar smoke, can move a radio dial—and the speaker is dispatched. A fate all the more pitiable because he won't know that his audience has walked out on him!

It may shatter a lot of halos, because it gives the listener a kind of sixth sense. It may upset many political traditions, because it nullifies spellbinding, bombast, and long hair and long coats. And many new national heroes may be ordained by the radio vote.

It will dispose of the rear-platform swing around the circle. Campaigners will make fewer speeches and reach more people.

It has already banished the old-fashioned political mass meetings and the three-cheers-for-our-side rallies in O'Donovan's vacant store. The pipe and the fireside may triumph over free cigars any evening!

The Marion (Ohio) front-porch campaign was unwittingly a forerunner of the radio campaign; and, oddly enough, the first organized effort at broadcasting to a known public had as its subject the announcement of the Harding election returns.

Chronic calculators have stated that 15,000,000 people listened to the Republican and Democratic conventions in 1924. The majority of them were getting their first-primer lessons in the mechanics of big-time politics. And there are those who do say that it was this radio broadcasting that brought home the extended clowning in Madison Square Garden so forcibly that it occasioned a Democratic defeat.

SOME maintain that the radio voice of Mr. Coolidge, as contrasted with the radio voice of John W. Davis, in their various addresses broadcast before election, won the earphone vote for the former. Mr. Coolidge improves with the radio. It erases his sectional twang, it deepens his voice, enhancing its impressiveness, and swells his stature in the hearer's imagination.

His former secretary, C. Bascom Slemp, said it well:

"It [radio] seemed to have been invented for him. It came just as he did. His voice is perfectly adapted to its use in an enunciation clear and distinct. The invisible audience, without the dramatic appearance of the speaker, must listen to the thought of the speaker. In this role the President shines."

One of the phonograph companies has on the market a set of records that are authentic reproductions of the voices of the late Presidents Roosevelt, Wilson, and Harding in some of their famous addresses. Radio devotees who had never heard these voices in life listened to them open-mouthed as the records were broadcast in a patriotic program last Fourth of July, and subsequently admitted that the experience had slightly altered their impressions of the various statesmen in one way or another.

THE voice of the candidate of the future may carry more weight than his photographs or his platform. Our telephone operator, "the voice with the smile," may be elected Governor of the State.

Radio will glorify the American propensity for political discussion. A nation that devotes most of its leisure to hearkening whole-souled to the chewing of the rag, whether in the general store, the Pullman smoker, or the lunch club, with the topic of politics always uppermost, will tap the radio keg for endless drafts of political blather. The average citizen will listen infinitely longer than he will read.

The radio officials can preserve this magic marvel only by continuing to adhere to strict nonpartisanship in granting its use to party leaders. On the eve of the Presidential election in 1924, Mr. Coolidge delivered his final campaign appeal to millions by radio. Mr. Davis spoke on the same evening to the same millions through the same linked broadcasting stations.

Most of the broadcasters try to present both the opposing candidates in a political campaign, either in debate or in addresses on the same evening. Otherwise the golden goose is a goner.

The radio listener shies dreadfully at propaganda. A political argument is no fun at all if it's a soliloquy.

Neither political party has employed the microphone extensively, as yet. Neither party, nor local section of it, has established its own radio station.

There are four municipal stations on the list at present, operated by the municipalities of Atlantic City, New Jersey; Jacksonville, Florida; Brownsville, Texas; and New York. More will undoubtedly come into the field.

And while the aim and the business of a municipally controlled broadcasting medium will be only civic booming and police information, still, to an incumbent administration, a bird in the hand is worth eight clay pigeons on the wing.

What a new world for the political campaigner! Shades of Demosthenes, Cicero, Danton, Burke, Patrick Henry, and Barnum & Bailey—what an audience! Well may we call it an empire of ears!

THE END

# The Twins at GRAN'S House

## More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

*By* ALINE KILMER

*Pictures by* ROBERT A. GRAEF

*"COME and let us in, Braddock," we begged. Braddock only grinned impishly.*

A QUEER looking Ben it was who rushed down the snowy walk and flung himself into his mother's arms as she stepped out of the taxi. When Nicky, his own hair chopped off almost as cruelly, followed at Ben's heels, she looked at me wildly. Had I suddenly adopted this mad form of barbering the children? But she could soon see that Emmy and Greg were all right.

"No. You just bet I wouldn't let *anybody* cut off my 'eagle'!" boasted Greg, pulling at the forelock of fair hair that swept his forehead. Greg always grumps around for days if the barber makes too free with that lock. He has called it his "eagle" ever since it first grew, when he was very little. Why he called it that I don't know. At that time they didn't think well of eagles. They always prayed: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from eagles."

"Well, their hair will grow back sometime," said Ben's mother with a resigned sigh. And that was all she did say. I drew a deep breath of relief. I had been afraid she might cry, or something. Ben did look pretty awful. It didn't make so much difference about Nicky, because he *always* looked a little awful.

Of course the first thing Ben's mother had to do was to go to see Haddock and Braddock and the Twins. She hadn't seen the Twins, Amos and Bemus, since they were new babies.

HADDOCK and Braddock and the Twins are our cousins and Ben's cousins. They live at Gran's house, which is also the house of their father and mother.

We all set out for Gran's house as soon as Ben's mother had unpacked her bags.

"There's so many of us, we'd better go in the back way," said Nicky thoughtfully, looking at the lumps of snow clinging to his boots. So to the back door we went. But the back door was locked.

The kitchen at first seemed empty. But after a second knock Ben's mother and I peered in through the glass panel and discovered Braddock, round and fat, in his dark blue jersey suit. He had scrambled up on a chair pushed against a cupboard and was crouched there, watching us.

"Come and let us in, Braddock," we begged. Braddock only grinned impishly and shook his head. He raised himself to his feet; balancing dangerously on the chair, and pulled open the upper door of the cupboard.

"What are you planning to do?" called Ben's mother, trying hard not to smile at him.

"I plan—to—*steal!*" said Braddock slowly and deliberately, not at all abashed by witnesses. He thrust one plump paw into the cupboard and brought out a gleaming lump of sugar and popped it into his mouth. Then he lowered himself carefully, swung his short legs over the edge of the chair, and sat there munching his sugar and smiling evilly at us.

By this time our knocks had been heard by the rest of the family and Haddock came hurrying to let us in.

Haddock and Braddock led the way upstairs, stumping up one foot before the other. Their hard round heads were blond and glossy. Their cheeks were firm and red, like Ben's.

"My!" said Gran, smiling kindly at me. "Haddock and Braddock and Ben certainly make your children look like a bunch of dried spiders."

"I know it," I groaned. "At least, all but Emmy."

"But Amos looks almost as bad as we do," said Nicky admiringly. He crossed the room and gazed down at the Twins, who were on a quilt on the nursery floor.

Haddock and Braddock looked far more like twins than the Twins did. Amos was much the smaller of the two. Bemus, round and ruddy with a jovial smile and light curls tossing about his face, was a picture baby. Amos seemed a bit careworn and depressed. His smile, when it came, was a little doubtful.

They were lying on their stomachs, playing with a pair of light embroidery hoops. Even as we watched, Bemus threw his own aside, reached over, and wrenched Amos' from him. Amos sighed, looked as if this were only what he had been expecting all the time, crawled painfully around behind Bemus, and recovered the hoop Bemus had thrown away: a perfect picture of the under dog!

GOING home was not so simple a matter as coming over had been. A high wind had come up and before we had gone a block it began to snow heavily, blowing straight into our faces. It was brutally cold. That walk is not one that any of us will forget soon.

If it hadn't been for the sleds we should have got on better. If I'd had my way we should have left them in the road. But Emmy, though tears were frozen on her cheeks, protested bitterly.

The end of it was that Ben's mother, Nicky, and I pulled the three sleds and Emmy, Greg, and Ben all the way home. Nicky, as usual, saved the day.

The only remark any of us made on that trip that didn't refer to the weather or the sleds was when Greg said furiously:

"Zat woman who lives next door to Haddock an' Braddock owns a little boy named Greg. I sink she ought to be made to change it. It isn't fair!"

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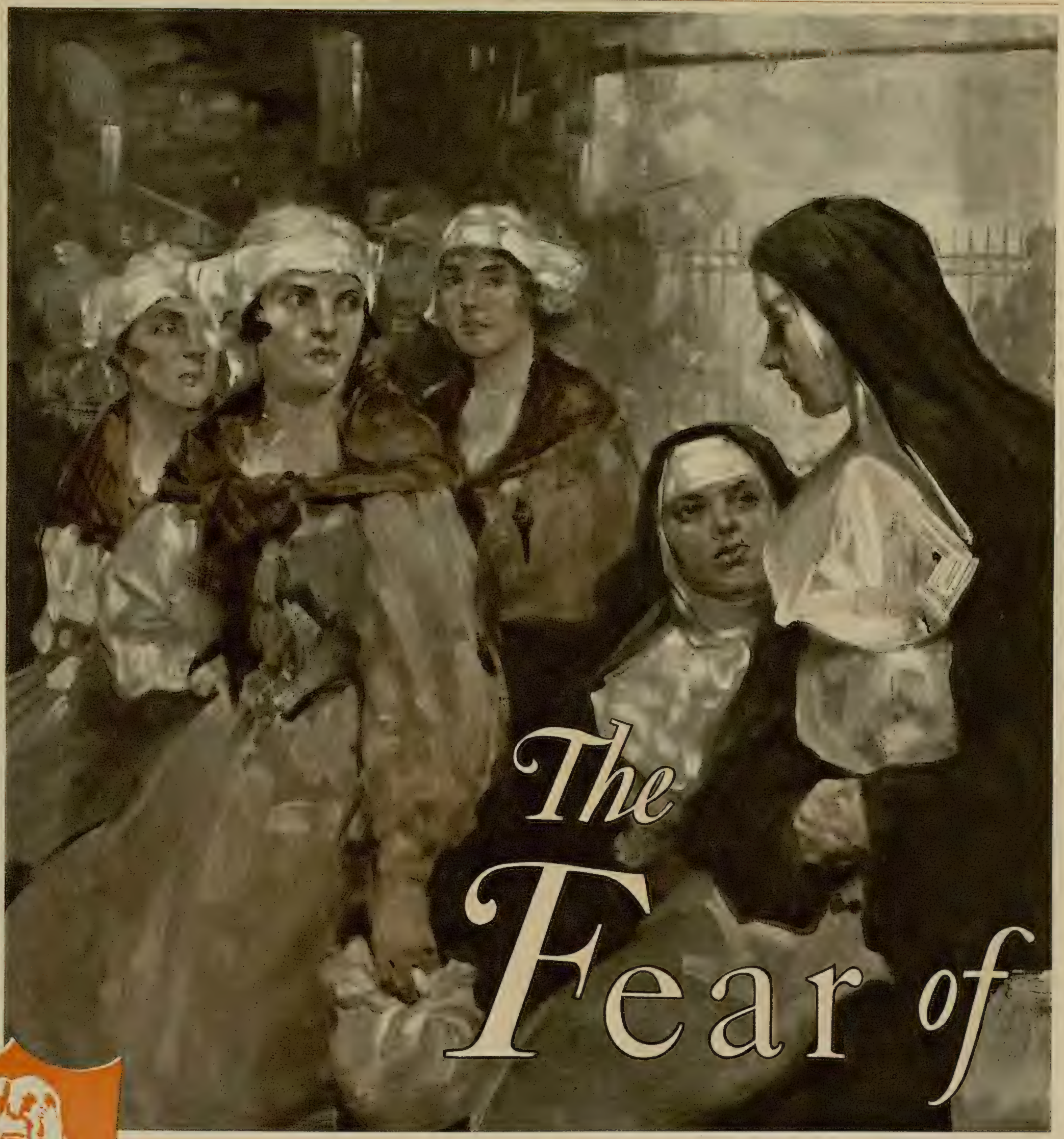
*Don't miss reading about the terrible, exciting time Emmy, Nicky, and Ben had, studying for their school examinations. You'll find their troubles described in next week's LIBERTY.*

*BEN'S mother, Nicky, and I pulled the three sleds all the way home.*



# The Fear of

## *The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor*

I WAS a girl, just twenty, when I fled from my native France. The time was the reign of Louis XIV. That resplendent monarch was busying himself with harrying and killing the Huguenots. My dear mother, then dead, had been a Huguenot, and my colonel father flatly refusing to do the King's ugly work, barely escaped with his life, and had gone I knew not whither.

For me, now, there was a double danger: persecution and the blind passion I had awakened in the royal spy, Gribouri, who had pursued me with the cunning of a beast. I contrived to outwit him and to reach England and the English court under the protection of my cousin, Baroness d'Elven. But I was to see him soon, and in what a plight!

James II, a lazy king, had a roving eye for beauty. He required my lovely cousin and me to meet him at the Spring Gardens, where one went discreetly masked. Our dress of gypsies deceived Sir Harry Quarles, who, arriving unmasked, dined and wined us. He proved to be a young naval officer, and much to my taste.

Three tipsy roisterers appeared, heavily masked. One of them caught me and tore off my mask. Out flew Sir Harry's sword. A brawl! At the end of it, one man was dead. This was Louis de Frontenac, son of Quebec's governor. A second, his mask knocked off, lay

*Pictures by*
WILL FOSTER

*Decorations by*
*W. FLETCHER-WHITE*

*CARRYING our little bundles, we passed along Dieppe's streets, led by three nuns, flanked by Blue Riders, and the roar of the running rabble in our ears.*

A Serial by

# ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

unconscious. Mary Mother! I recognized Gribouri! The third unmasked. It was the King, his eyes ablaze!

In a daze, I followed Sir Harry outside, where a sailor waited with two horses. We mounted, I astride, dashed for the sea, caught a boat, and were blown off our course into Dieppe. The town was in a state of siege, and we had no credentials. The yelling rabble shouted: "Kill the Huguenots!"

I saw a heavy pistol crash against milord's head. Holy Virgin! I saw him fall, this Englishman I loved. Against my breast nestled a purse he had given his "gypsy." I was thrown into prison.

PART SEVEN

I WAS committed to the prison for women early in July. All through July, August, September, and October I remained imprisoned, utterly ignorant of milord's fate or of what was to be my own.

There were other women in the prison—petty malefactors, political suspects from remote villages, poor peasant girls who had been kind to Huguenots, women of the streets. I came gradually to know them all. I heard the stories of nearly every one.

SOME of these tales were terrible, some pitiful. It was my first knowledge of the horrors of life—of that naked, revolting existence of the ignorant and lowly which I never had even heard of.

But I heard of it now—all of it—everything! And nothing veiled—no least detail of misery, of hunger, of disease and vermin, of wickedness, of the treachery of men, or of cruel betrayals by lying women.

In the beginning the awful horror of it overwhelmed me, and I thought I should die of it; and lay all day and all the night upon my straw, desiring only death and to be done forever with the world that terrified and sickened me to the very soul.

One never knows. A poor, timid creature of the Dieppe streets brought me, one day, a little cup of chocolate. I had eaten nothing that day; could not; and had not understood that one could purchase anything palatable in that prison.

This girl, Simone, supposed that I had no money, and so brought me the little cup of chocolate which she had paid for with the last coin that remained to her. Now, I still possessed the purse of gold that milord had thrust into my bosom at our tragic parting; and this saved me. For, with money, I soon learned that I could command the privacy of a cell apart and free of vermin, and could keep my body clean, and need not starve on the black bread and herring and cabbage soup which I could not swallow, but which was all we had to live on in the women's prison at Dieppe.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

Of my purse of gold I was very careful, never displaying it, sleeping with it tied about my neck in a little bag I made.

Our guards were men—dirty, brutish, bestial—and it made me feel faint and frightened even to speak to them when necessary.

The jailer was not much better, though cleaner; and his wife was a great, fat, miserly, rapacious creature, with a pallid, bluish skin, who washed corpses and made shrouds; and who, during the recent visitations of the plague in Dieppe, drove a dead-wagon to make money.

For everything the prisoners needed she made them pay through the nose; and when a prisoner had no money she went in rags and filth and lay on rotting straw.

The Governor of the Fortress of Dieppe, which is called the Chateau, had very little to do with the common prisoners in the women's or the men's prisons, which were built outside the Fortress walls, though commanded by the fort's cannon.

He never but once came near us while I was there; but sometimes an old sergeant of the Governor's guard came in to smell the soup—God knows he dared not taste it!—and sniff the herrings, and go grumbling to the kitchen, where the head jailer's wife very soon put him to flight.

Meanwhile, every day—every hour of every day, and many, many sleepless hours at night—I tortured my brain with striving to devise some way of finding out whether milord was alive or dead.

If he were dead, then he was beyond the vengeance of the King of England. If he were alive, how was I to learn whether his name and rank had been discovered and he delivered to the English frigate, or whether he had been thrown into the men's prison?

FROM my barred cell window I could see his prison across the grass, encircled by a moat. Was he there? Was he healed of his wound? Was he well or ill—or dead? I dared not question any of our guards, nor the jailer, nor his dreadful wife. These vultures might have scented blood, and—if truly milord were a prisoner—pecked at him till they tore the secret from his very vitals.

My God, no! If he were a prisoner, then it meant that he was unknown, and, in so much, safe.

Time hung heavy. These were black days—dreadful now to think upon.

One morning in October, when I sat in my cell, watching my soup, which was nearly ready, the old sergeant from the Governor's guard came stumping and grumbling along the corridor.

When he passed my cell, seeing the door open, he stuck his head in, and I smiled timidly and bade him good day.

That was how our acquaintance began.

"*Bonjour*, la Rousse," he grunted, sniffing the air. "That is good soup you make in your little pot."

"You shall taste it," said I, dipping out a cupful.

He came in, muttering and grumbling, but he took the cup, sniffed it, blew the steam from it, and tasted.

"Good soup," he said. It was hot. He drank it very slowly, looking around him at my bare cell, at me, and through the barred window at the Fortress and the men's prison.

"Why did they put you in here?" he asked abruptly.

"I had no papers."

"Oh, the dragonnade."

"No; after that."

"No papers," he muttered, "and not a Huguenot. I don't understand."

"I came into Dieppe without papers. Here, give me your cup."

I filled it again. Also I buttered a tartine and gave it to him.

"Be seated, sir," said I politely.

"*Peste*," said he, "you seem to have been well brought up, all the same."

He sat down on my bed of clean straw, soaked his tartine in the soup and slowly munched it.

"How the devil did you get into Dieppe without papers?" he demanded.

"I had to."

"Oh, you *had* to? Then it must have been a love affair."

"It was, monsieur. My lover and I were arrested. Alas, he also had no papers. You see, we did not understand. We did not know that Dieppe was in a state of siege. We came in a little fishing boat—to enjoy ourselves——"

"When was that?" he demanded.

I took his cup, refilled it, buttered for him a fresh tartine.

"I'll tell you," said I. "It was early in July. And there w-was a—a little fight—with G-gray Musketeers——" I was so nervous that I could not go on.

"Do you mean the fight at the Poule d'Argent?" he demanded. "Was that *you!*"

I nodded.

"*Bon dieu de dieu!*" he growled. "Your lover gave them a devil of a battle! I say it who am a soldier and have seen wars! I tell you—though I would not have your jailer hear me—had it rested with me, I would have taken off my hat to that young man. I am a soldier and no assassin."

My heart was beating to suffocation. I said: "For the love of God, monsieur, tell me if they killed him."

"He! What? Killed him? Well, no. One can't kill a tiger by hitting it on the head with a brass horse pistol. No; nobody was killed. Not even your young man, though they ran their swords into him, too, and a horse kicked him."

"Where is he?" I whispered.

"In the men's prison yonder."

"S-sick or w-well?"

"Mending." Then he got up and set the empty cup on the stone floor. "Eh, bien," he grunted, "have I paid for my soup, la Rousse? Ah, you *are* very clever, very clever. Too clever for an old soldier. All old soldiers are fools. The heart softens; the brain softens. So I thank you for your soup and I bid you good day!"

ONE day in November, while I was sewing, my old sergeant thrust his head into my cell.

"*Bonjour*," he grunted.

"Come in," I said, smiling. "The soup is simmering and I have made a brioche——"

"I shall eat nothing," he growled; but he came in and seated himself on my bed.

Well, he had his soup and tartines and brioche, all the same; and while he ate and grunted and grumbled, he told me the astounding story of the revolution in England, and how, in spite of Lauzun's aid, the English had driven their King from England and had welcomed the Prince of Orange to the English throne.

"And now," said he, "we shall have to fight England and her heretic King. The pot boils; the fat's in the fire; our King has sent old Count Frontenac to the New World to drive the English out of New York and Boston; and, if you ask me, I'll tell you that the English fleet will come over here and bombard us in Dieppe unless our admirals stand for the Thames with transports for fifty thousand men."

He was very much excited. He munched his brioche furiously and nodded his head, and after every bite cried out, "Ha!"

I scarce knew what I was doing when I rose from my chair, and went to my old sergeant, and laid my hands upon his shoulders.

"Will you take a little message to my lover in the men's prison?" I whispered.

"*Bon dieu de bon bougre!*" he growled. "Not a word will I take to him, though you may tell me what is in your clever mind—your mind which is too clever for an old soldier who never had a mind, but only a mouth and eyes and a pair of ears——"

I stood on tiptoe and, resting both hands upon his shoulders, kissed him lightly on the cheek. Never have I seen a man turn redder, or roll such enormous eyes.

"God will reward you," I whispered; "so tell him I am well; that I have money if he needs it; that I do not despair——"

"Yes, yes—and that you love him. *Bigre de bougre!* I know. Do you think I was always old, la Rousse? Well, then—that you love him. Is that it?"

I nodded slowly. "Yes, tell him so. And that if he is lodged on the west side of the men's prison he can see which is my cell, because I shall tie a ribbon to the bars of my window; and that I beg he will do the like——"

"*Bon dieu de bon diable!*" he growled. "What's all this accursed nonsense! No, not one word! Not one! So I bid you good day, and tell you that your soup was as good as your brioche!"

WHEN he had gone I took a little pale blue ribbon from my chemise and tied it to a window bar. And stood there waiting and looking across at the men's prison.

About 6 o'clock, when the gray wall was reddened with the sunset, I saw something white fluttering from the bars of a cell window in the men's prison.

As long as daylight lasted I leaned there and watched it; and I prayed, sometimes; and sometimes wept with gratitude to God.

It was in December that my old sergeant came for his soup and brioche.

"I'll not lie to you," he said. "Your lover has been very ill. He mends slowly."

I dropped my face in my hands and the tears fell through my fingers.

"*Allons! De quoi! Bigre de bougre de nom d'un nom!*" he growled. "When I tell you the young man is mending! Where is my soup?"

I fetched it, and buttered his tartine.

"All cats have several lives," he said, "and what else is a tiger? Consider that, la Rousse!"

"H-has he m-money?" I asked.

"Yes; and wishes to know whether you need more?"

"Oh, God, no! Tell him to use it all in comforts and remedies for himself. Is he warm enough?"

"There is a fire in his fireplace on frosty nights."

"Has he medicines?"

"There is a physician from the garrison who visits him when necessary. He tells you to be of good courage and to keep warm, and that you shall let him know when you need money."

"Is—is that all he—said?"

"Well, I think so. I think that is all, la Rousse. So I shall say to you for myself that your soup is as good as your brioche; and so I thank you kindly, and I bid you good day."

And that was all: "Courage; keep warm; send for money when needed——"

I turned and flung myself upon the bed—so weary, so lonely, so sick with love was I.

I REMAINED in the women's prison of the Fortress of Dieppe, called the Chateau, from the 17th of July, 1688, to the 3d of June, 1690.

One day, in 1690, toward the middle of May, my old sergeant slipped into my hand a little fragment of linen rolled into a ball.

It was a note from milord—the first that ever I had received from him:

MY LITTLE FRIEND MICHELLE:

Tomorrow the Governor of the Fortress will appear at your prison and read to the women prisoners there a proclamation of the King of France, offering to a certain class of prisoners their liberty under certain conditions.

I beg you very earnestly to accept these conditions, no matter how humiliating. If you decide to respect my advice you will be good enough to display *two* ribbons at your prison window.

In that case, only, should I consider myself free to accept the King's offer in case it be extended to us in the men's prison.

In any event, however, I desire you to avail yourself of an opportunity which may not again occur for years.

I am, with every consideration,

Your comrade, Q.

ALL that afternoon I remained in an agony of indecision. If only I knew whether he also was to be offered clemency. How could I accept if I must leave milord here?

But, unless I accepted his advice, he would not feel at liberty to avail himself of any offer concerning his own freedom, in case such an offer were made; and it was milord's wish that I accept; and already my heart and mind were utterly inclined toward perfect obedience to his wishes and commands.

Toward sunset, therefore, I tied another ribbon to another bar of my window. And, after a few minutes' watching, saw two white rags hanging from his window; and so knew that he had understood.

At 8 o'clock the next morning I got up, made a little fire, dipped water from the barrel in the corridor and set it to heat.

By nine I had bathed and eaten a tartine and a bowl of chocolate. Sunlight streamed through the bars of my window, but the men's prison was still in chilly shadow.

Now, against my going away—if that was to be—I made a bundle of my linen and the few shreds and trifles that I possessed, and tied all in my russet cloak.

A guard came to take away the slop bucket, and he said to me that all prisoners were ordered to assemble in the great hall where we were accustomed to promenade for an hour every morning.

I heard many women passing the corridor on their way thither; and very soon I heard a trumpet sounding in the Fortress, and, presently, an uproar of drums.

I ran to the window and saw the two rags still hanging from milord's grille. Then I hastened into the corridor, where crowds of prisoners were moving toward the great stone hall beyond.

Here I saw Red Gendarmes moving about, laughing and jesting with the prisoners, and ranging them along the walls into a hollow

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*I wonder whether a mother bird feels such heavenly pleasure when she feeds her nestlings as I felt when milord rested his head upon my shoulder and I fed him.*

[ THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Fifty-nine ]

square so that we all faced inward in a single rank.

Suddenly, from the outside, came a loud rolling of drums. The Red Gendarmes hurried along our ranks, pushing us back into our places.

From the rear of the vast hall came a deafening blast of trumpets that startled everybody. Soldiers appeared and made a lane through which came a little man in a rich uniform all fluttering with ribbons.

On his right walked a Jesuit; on his left a nun. Behind him came his secretary with a portfolio, followed by two clerks and two Blue Cavalrymen with drawn swords.

When the Governor arrived in the center of the hollow square we had formed, we all curtsied, and he returned our politeness with a slight inclination.

Two guards carried in a table and three chairs; the secretary opened his portfolio and presented a document to the Governor, who immediately took off his plumed hat and said in a shrill voice:

"*De par le Roi!*" And put on his hat again.

Then the secretary bowed and the Governor handed him the document and sat down.

It was the secretary who read the proclamation. It was full of pomp and sounding phrases, and the intent and purpose of it all was this:

THAT the population of New France, or Canada, had not increased sufficiently to satisfy the King. That, among the French, there seemed to be very few who cared to emigrate, in spite of every encouragement given them to colonize the French possessions in the New World.

Settlers were needed, particularly women. There was a great scarcity of women in Canada, where young men desired wives.

Therefore, as an inducement to certain classes of prisoners in the Fortress of Dieppe, his majesty offered freedom and a passage to Quebec under the following conditions:

No woman branded with the fleur-de-lis could be accepted; none diseased; none crippled; none past the child-bearing period.

The ages to be preferred were between sixteen and thirty.

The healthiest and comeliest would be the first selected among the volunteers to inscribe themselves.

The contingent was to number no more than 150.

To everyone accepted a pardon was offered; a dowry when married to a colonist; and land and farming implements sufficient to begin a new life in the New World.

Those accepted were to be placed in charge of three Ursuline nuns and taken aboard the great ship the Duchess of Burgundy, which now lay at Dieppe.

Wind and tide permitting, the Duchess of Burgundy would sail for Quebec this day at 5 o'clock.

The secretary bowed to the Governor and presented the parchment. The two clerks laid open two ledgers and placed pen and ink convenient. The Governor said in a squeaky voice:

"Prisoners who desire to volunteer under these conditions will come forward immediately and inscribe themselves in the ledgers."

A tense silence fell over all. Nobody stirred. I heard one woman whisper to her neighbor: "Not I. Better die in a French prison than among savages and wild beasts."

"Come!" cried the Gendarmes, walking along our lines, "a little good will, now! Who is to be the first to accept his majesty's pardon? Who is the first brave girl to inscribe herself and win her freedom and a good husband and a pretty farm in the beautiful New World?"

There was a silence. Then, all alone, I stepped from the ranks and walked across to the table.

To the Governor I made a curtsy, and heard him say to his secretary: "There's one who has been well brought up."

I leaned over the table, took the quill, and wrote:

"Michelle Larousse, age twenty-two, born in France, no profession, sound and well."

"Religion?" asked the clerk.

"I was born in the true faith, monsieur."

He wrote it down.

My example started a procession toward the table. I think that nearly 300 prisoners inscribed themselves.

The Gendarmes ranged us in a double file; the Ursuline nun led us to the corridor, where we were told to go to our cells, make packets of our effects, and return as quickly as possible.

When again we were in line, each holding her little bundle, we were marched by the nun to an antechamber. From there, one by one, we went into the cabinet of the Fortress physician.

Of the 300 or more, 107 only were accepted.

These were placed in a double file. Led by the nun and attended by Gendarmes, we walked along the corridor, out across a courtyard, then through the *salle de garde* and under the high arch into the streets of Dieppe.

Here armed horsemen awaited us and formed a cordon around us; and behind them thronged a noisy, jesting rabble, crowding on all sides to get a glimpse of us.

First we were taken to the Ursulines, and there every girl was stripped by the nuns, bathed, her hair washed, and then trimmed to her nape. Then we were dressed in clean coarse linen chemises, wool stockings, plain thick-soled shoes with pewter buckles, little starched caps for the head, kerchiefs for the breast, and a bodice and skirt of gray peasant wool, cut short, and laced at the bosom with leather points.

However, we were permitted to carry our little bundles; and in mine were my silk stockings and my fine chemise of lace—but God knows why I remembered them as, once more in double file, we passed along Dieppe's streets, led by three nuns, flanked by Blue Riders, and the roar of the running rabble in our ears.

When we crossed the bridge to the lower quarter, where lived those engaged in all sea trades, I saw the masts of a great ship towering high above the quay. To this we were rowed in boats from the water stairs by fishermen who had assembled there to convey us.

The quay above was crowded with curious people, who watched us embarking and who called out to us in jest or insult as our boat was pulled away from the water stairs.

I WENT in the first boat with ten other girls and a nun. I asked one of the fishermen who was rowing whether he had taken any men aboard from the Fortress prison; and he said he had; and that only five had been selected who had volunteered to serve as soldiers in New France.

I was trying to describe milord to him when the nun told me to be silent and concern myself with men only when I arrived in the New World.

When we boarded the ship some sailors led us below to the women's quarters, where we were shown our little pallets of fresh straw whereon we were to sleep. There was no privacy save for the three nuns, who had a little cabin to themselves.

The girls were like children released from school, and began to run all over the ship and make acquaintance among the sailors.

I started up a kind of ladder stairway to search for milord, and to learn if he truly were aboard this ship. A nun called me back, but I made pretense of not hearing in the hubbub and clamor of all those girls, and I hurried on, and came out upon a deck where were cannon.

Here I ran to a sailor and begged him to show me where the men from the Chateau prison were lodged. He led me along this deck to another stair ladder, and told me to descend and that the men from the prison were to lodge there.

I ran down these stairs and came upon a small deck where were some mattresses spread.

Four men were leaning upon a cannon and looking out of an open port. One man lay upon his pallet.

And when I came near to him and looked down, I saw it was milord.

But oh, Mary Mother!—what a pitiful change was here, for he lay like a bag o' bones and his skin like wax, and inky hollows marked his eyes and made of his face a very skull.

He looked at me and tried to smile; and I fell down on my knees and took his head to my breast, and there held him and wept and laughed in wordless gratitude to God.

WHEN at last I found my voice I asked him how they ever had permitted a man so ill to volunteer for the New World.

Into his eyes came the ghost of that grinning, boyish mischief. He said:

"It was because of the fight at the tavern, Michelle, that the Governor wished me to volunteer. And the Governor's physician told him that I should recover if properly fed."

"Milord, did they starve you, then?"

"I could not eat the food——"

"But—you had money! Oh, God! Did you not have money? Did you give me all you had? And sent word you needed none—fearing I might starve as you were starving—dying?"

He moved his head away, and his eyes were hidden against my breast as a shy, tired lad turns to his mother.

I never dreamed what it was to love before—the fierce passion of it; the jealousy lest any harm assail; the tenderness; the measureless compassion; the humble longing; the one and deathless desire, deep as the soul's own depths, to serve——

"Milord," I said, "is it fair that I am nourished upon your body; that the bright blood coursing in me is drawn from you?"

But he would not answer, and lay with his thin face on my shoulder and his deep gaze fixed.

"Well," said I, "the Ursuline sisters tell us that we may cook in the forecastle—wherever that may be."

"Have you money left?"

I looked at him and began to cry. "Oh, milord! Milord! I have the half of your purse of gold remaining."

"You must bribe the cook in his galley," he said. "But I beg you to be at no pains, for I am little inclined to food——"

"My soup shall incline you," said I, smiling in my tears.

He smiled, too, and for a little lay looking at me.

"Your wounds, milord?"

"Now healed."

"Were there many?"

"A broken head, two sword thrusts, and some ribs kicked in by a gendarme's horse. I shall mend with the sea air——"

He stopped, and I saw an odd stare in his eyes, and that they were fixed upon something behind and above me.

And when I turned my head I saw Gribouri standing at the stairs head and looking down at us.

The shock stupefied me, and I remained kneeling and staring over my shoulder at him.

Then he took off his hat and made me a bow, turned on his heel, and walked leisurely away.

In that instant I think I knew the fury of a tigress whose young are threatened.

Milord, who knew nothing of Gribouri, except that he had stretched him in the Spring Gardens, lay watching me.

"What does it matter," he said, "since England and France are now at war?"

Before I could answer, a great hubbub arose on board—shouting of officers, loud cries of sailors, rattle of chains and cordage. From the high poop came a trumpet voice giving orders that rang out through the confusion.

"We are weighing and hoisting sail," said milord calmly.

I felt that our ship was moving.

Suddenly an explosion split the air and the sound seemed to strike me in the face.

Milord smiled as I dropped beside him.

"We are saluting the Fortress," he said.

WHEN the deafening reports and the concussions had ceased, he asked me, curiously, why I had seemed so overcome at sight of this Gribouri, who could now do no harm to either of us.

"Your eyes and cheeks flamed," said he, smiling, "and I am wondering who this young man may be who kindles you to such blaze."

"Milord, he is nothing to me, so long as he does us no mischief."

"Why did he come there to meddle with you at the Spring Gardens?"

"I do not know. It was the King's whim that my cousin should mask for a frolic and meet him there."

"Oh; your cousin?"

"I do not name her, milord, lest you think as lightly of her as you do of me."

"What the ladies of the Queen's household do is no concern of mine," he said coldly. "And it is plain enough to me that you are no gypsy, nor your — *cousin* — an orange girl."

"Nor were we even maids of honor, milord, but came with the French mission whose envoy you slew."

His lean features flushed. "A shameful mission," said he bluntly, "and hastened the King's ruin. Was this man Gribouri, then, attached to the suite of young Frontenac?"

"No, milord. I do not know why—" But I did not finish, for lies stick in my throat, and I felt the hot wave of color mounting to my very hair.

Milord looked at me and looked away.

"This man is nothing to—to me," I stammered.

"And less to me," said he coldly; and he turned on his side and pillowed his worn cheek on his arm.

After a silence: "Milord," I said, "we are in charge of nuns, and I fear I shall be punished for my absence. But I promise I will come again very soon and you shall have white bread and wine and a good broth. And—and—I am ever your devoted s-servant and pray for you every day."

He thanked me politely.

So I rose with a heavy heart, knowing he had no faith in my honesty, and that he never would believe that any chaste girl—either gypsy or maid of honor—ever had done what I had done that accursed night in London

In prison I had exchanged some gold for a bag of silver crowns; and with these and with a pleasant face and modest manners, I found my way to the forecastle. Here, very easily, I became friends with the chief cook, Gillasse, whom I had no difficulty in bribing. He let me use his coppers and his earthen pots when he was not cooking for the Captain's mess.

About 5 o'clock I gave the marine soldier on guard a silver piece and a smile, and made my way forward to the galley, where, from

*MY heart was beating to suffocation. I said: "For the love of God, monsieur, tell me if they killed him."*

Gillasse, I bought a bottle of fine burgundy and another of port.

He blew his charcoal to a glow; I made a beef broth and made it rich with port.

Milord still lay where I had left him; but he was not asleep, and turned his head when I seated myself beside him.

I WONDER whether a mother bird feels such heavenly pleasure when she feeds her nestlings as I felt when milord rested his head upon my shoulder and I fed him.

I could have wept for happiness and pity, for it was plain to me that his chiefest sickness was starvation. Even that first time I could see how the faint flush came to his cheeks when the generous wine warmed him. He was pleased to praise my broth.

When he had eaten and I had set aside the dish, he thanked me, saying I was very kind to him who had done nothing to merit such attention.

"Did you not carry me out of England at peril to your head? Did you not starve in Dieppe prison so that I could buy life with your own gold, milord? And is it very strange that I brew for you a little pot of broth?"

He lay for a while gazing at the card players beyond us.

"And this gentleman—Gribouri?" he inquired carelessly, "has he come to pay his respects to you?"

"No," said I, "he has not noticed me."

"Who is he?"

"I told you all I know—that he is a familiar of the King at Versailles."

"Have you been at Versailles, Michelle?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you knew this gentleman there," he said carelessly.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"It seems strange," said he, "if you have friends at court, that you do not appeal to them."

"Milord, did *you* appeal to your friends at Whitehall?"

"Oh! Have you, also, angered your King?"

"My—family has done so; mortally."

"And yet—you were sent to Whitehall upon a mission."

I could make him no answer, which must involve my cousin, whom I did not choose to expose to his austere opinions.

A KIND of despair came over me that I never could explain myself to him. Yet I knew that milord had become fond of me in spite of what I seemed to be; and as for me, I was so in love that all that mattered was for me to care for him and serve him and win him back to strength and health.

For a long while we remained silent. He lay with eyes closed. And after a while I drew his cloak over him and spread a blanket over that, for the air had become chilly. Tucking the covers around them, my hand encountered his, and his fingers closed on mine and held them.

He said: "You are very kind to me, Michelle. Always I shall be happy to serve you."

"And I you, sir."

"In my heart," he said, "you occupy a tender place."

"And you in mine, milord."

He seemed moved and I saw his gaunt face twitch.

As I sat there, my melting palm burning within his hand, there came a sea soldier down the ladder stair and walked straight to where I sat.

"Are you Mademoiselle de Maniscamp?" he demanded.

A kind of terror seized me, and I got up.

"Yes, I am," said I.

"Monsieur the Sub-Intendant desires to speak with you," he said bluntly.

"I do not know any Sub-Intendant," said I.

"Monsieur Gribouri has been named Sub-Intendant in New France," said he. "Be good enough to follow me."

---

*Michelle, face to face with the royal spy, lives through moments that search her very soul. It would be like deserting a friend not to stay with her through the next and most intense episode of her life, in next week's LIBERTY.*

# BEAUTIFUL HANDS

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

*Photos by*
NICKOLAS MURAY

WHILE the anatomy of the hands cannot be altered by any process short of surgery, bony hands may be made plumper with a general building up and fattening creams massaged into the tissues. Hands may be whitened with daily applications of lotions prescribed for this particular improvement.

They also may be protected against the elements and the ravages of household duties with such simple applications as olive oil, glycerin and rose water, equal parts of glycerin and camphor, or any of the good products on the market for preserving skin texture. In improving the beauty of the hands, after thesecorrective measures are applied and the nails are perfectly manicured—the use of them matters a great deal in accomplishing the perfect hand.

There is one general rule for acquiring grace of movement, particularly applicable to hands. As with other features, tense muscles are never beautiful. The rule is, relax—relax—relax.

THE END

*A CULTIVATED repose of the hands is as eloquent of good breeding as are perfect manners. The palms should be turned upward, fingers slightly curved, and the arms and wrist and hand muscles completely relaxed.*

*IT is not everyone's privilege to show the artistic hand with long, tapering fingers, but the nails may achieve much of the beauty of the classic hand with the elongated oval of the white nail tip, the clear half-moon at the base of the nail, the polished section between, and the clear, firm, unbroken line of flesh around the entire nail.*

*THE hands may be disciplined and still toy with a necklace, provided there is grace in the way the pearls are taken in hand. Let one hand relax in the lap while the other holds the strand.*

*THERE is another study of hands you're not ashamed to show. The fact alone that you are perfectly manicured gives that relaxed sense of well-being which adds to the general expression of hand beauty.*

*COMPARE the pose at the left with the one above it to the left. Note the obviousness of the hands, which, after all, should be secondary to the face. The tight clutching of the beads and the hand spread wide on the hips is unflattering to the most artistic hand.*

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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# ASK ME! ASK ME!

## *An Interview with the World's Greatest Question Box*

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

*Pictures by* F. STROTHMANN

P. & A. photo

*William P. Walsh, the human encyclopedia.*

A LIGHT flashed on a telephone switchboard in "Information." One of the ten clerks had been asked a question and had passed it on to the chief of the bureau in the Grand Central Terminal in New York.

"When does Aunt Margaret's train get in?" a voice demanded.

"Where is she coming from?"

"Grand Rapids, Michigan."

"She will arrive on the Wolverine at 9 A. M The train is reported eleven minutes late."

"Foolish question Number 128,534," I remarked with a laugh.

William P. Walsh, the human encyclopedia, who for sixteen years has been answering questions and aiding the traveling public to travel, did not laugh.

"There are no foolish questions," he said seriously. "That is the first rule of this service. The woman who asked when her aunt's train arrives knows that we do not know her aunt. She was excited, perhaps afraid she was late to meet the train, or else she was absent-minded. If I had laughed, or snickered, or answered her sharply, she would have been hurt—and the railroad would have lost a friend. It was better to do as I did, inquire where her aunt was coming from; and, knowing that she was breathless from hurrying and probably thought the train already was in, I was certain she was coming to meet the Wolverine. She thanked me heartily, as you heard, and the road has a friend. That is all there is to it."

The light flashed again. Walsh answered. A man wanted to know the best route from Bar Harbor, Maine, to Lake Placid, New York, to permit him to stop over in Boston for a few hours.

"Take a sleeper out of Bar Harbor at nine in the evening; the summer schedule is operative. Arrive Boston 8:50 in the morning. If you are leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, you can leave at 6:10 P. M. and have a through sleeper to Lake Placid, arriving at 8:55 A. M."

Before I could comment, the light flashed again. Somebody asked a question.

"It is two thousand four hundred and eight miles," Walsh replied, without batting an eyelash.

"What was asked just then?" I inquired.

"A man wanted to know the distance from New York to Spokane, Washington, via Portland."

"You're not getting that out of your bean cold?" I demanded with the surprise natural to a person who cannot remember his own wedding date without assistance.

"Oh, that's nothing," he answered. "That is common; everyone around here knows distances, especially on long hauls."

"I'll test you," I remarked, and asked, "How can I get from Crystal Lake, Michigan, to Mercersburg, Pennsylvania?" (I made the trip once, which suggested the question.)

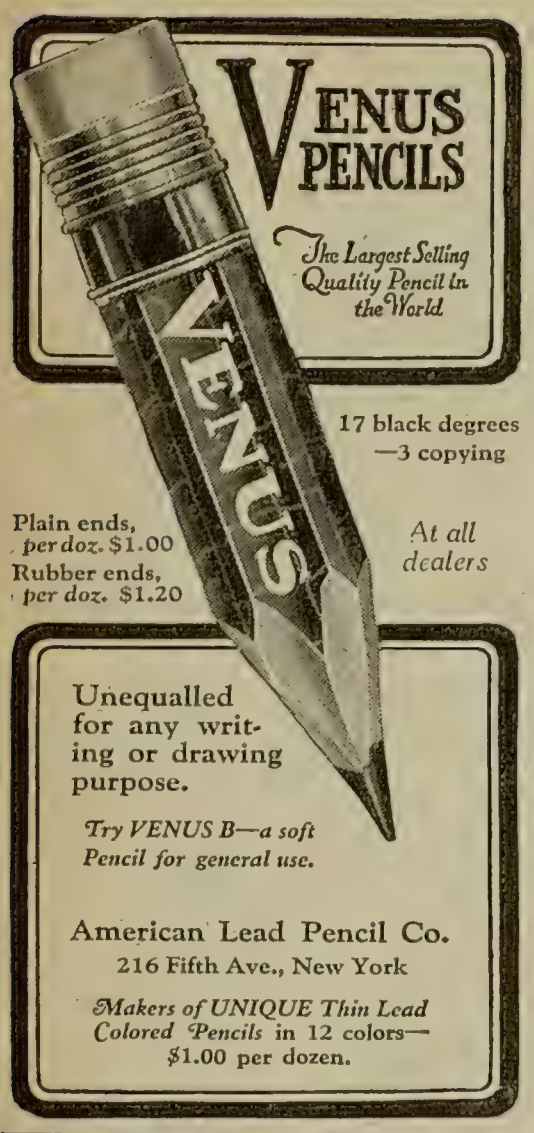
"Give me a minute," he said, with a laugh. He ran rapidly through some reference tables. It took him two minutes.

"Catch Bill Geddes' bus at the Assembly Grounds at 7 A. M., ride into Frankfort, catch the 7:30 train on the Ann Arbor, reaching Toledo at 7 P. M.; catch the Pennsylvania for Pittsburgh," he named four trains; "change at Pittsburgh to Number Forty-two, reaching Harrisburg at 3:30 P. M.; there's a ten-minute wait; catch the Cumberland Valley train at 3:40, arriving at Chambersburg; change for Mercersburg after a five-minute wait, and you will arrive at Mercersburg at 6:15."

Those are not the exact figures he gave, but those he gave were right.

Here is a man who, in eighteen years' serv-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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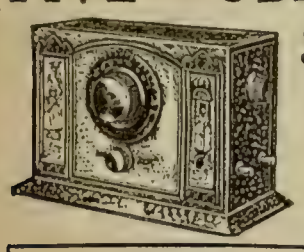

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[ ASK ME! ASK ME! Continued from Page Sixty-three ]

ice in the information bureau, has answered probably 800,000, perhaps 1,000,000, questions, asked by the traveling public, and who still is polite, and who says there is no such thing as a foolish question—just a badly stated one.

Under him, at the telephones, are ten men and women, all trained, supplied with every possible bit of information regarding railroads, trains, connections, ships, hotels, distances, ferryboats, bus lines' time; and downstairs, in the information booths situated in the center of the great plaza, are many more trained clerks. If any of these cannot answer a question, it is put up to Walsh. If Walsh doesn't know, the chances are no one does.

*"HALF of the questions asked at the information booths in the station are asked by people who know the answer."*

Strothmann.

WHILE I was with him an agonized mother called, wanting to know to what boys' camp a group of boys had gone who left New York on a certain date. Her son had slipped away with his friends to the camp, and his mother did not know where to find him.

Inside of two minutes Walsh answered the woman's question, and added that if she would take a certain train and catch a ferry on Lake Champlain, the camp bus would be there to take her to her boy.

Walsh has learned not only how to answer questions but how to ask them. He believes in asking questions, but says half of those asked could be avoided if people, before making an inquiry, gave a minute's thought to the form of the question. He believes that if people would consider what they are going to ask, many questions would answer themselves, and of those asked practically all would be answered without trouble.

"There are two reasons for trouble and mistakes in traveling," he said, after explaining to a caller how to go to Albany by boat, by train to Buffalo, by boat to Detroit, by rail to Chicago, and furnishing prices of staterooms and fares, and giving names of hotels in Detroit and Chicago. "They are overconfidence and lack of confidence. The overconfident traveler makes more serious mistakes than the one who lacks confidence. The fellow who says, 'Oh, I know that train,' has forgotten its time, or perhaps the time has changed since he took it a year before. It pays to ask questions, if you ask them properly.

"The great majority of inexperienced travelers lack confidence and a sort of bewilderment and panic seizes them when they get into crowds. Half of the questions asked at the information booths in the station are asked by people who know the answer. They ask merely to confirm what they already know. This is natural because inexperienced travelers are timid, often almost panic-stricken with fear of missing a train or failing to meet someone. They lack confidence in themselves and are convinced that they are right only when the information clerk tells them the same thing the time-table does.

"If you doubt this try it on yourself. You have faith in your watch, but when you are going to catch a train you look at it and are in doubt until you see the railroad clock, which records the same time as your watch. Then you are satisfied.

"I have known travelers to ask the same question half a dozen times of different clerks in the information booth, or to come back and ask the same question of the same man again and again. Persons who did not understand the situation might be irritated, but information clerks are not. Those people are nervous, and they appreciate courteous assistance.

"THE rule is never to smile, no matter how odd a question may sound. The question itself may be all right, but badly stated. There are few mistakes made, and most of those are due to two things—either the information seeker states his question awkwardly and misleads the clerk, or the clerk replies too quickly.

"If you are answering questions all day you will learn something that every person should know, whether his business is giving information or not: That is, never to start to answer a question until you fully understand it. A few seconds given to considering the problem before saying anything will save you minutes of explanation afterward.

"It may be true that he who hesitates is lost, but in this business he who does not hesitate before replying to a question is out. You will observe in making a query of one of our information clerks that he always waits a brief time before replying, save to the most common questions. He is not in doubt—he is studying the question and how to reply to it in the most concise manner. The quick answerers make mistakes. Oh, we do make mistakes—everyone does. We average one mistake in five hundred answers. Overconfidence works as badly in answering as in asking."

The light flashed. Walsh listened carefully and said:

"It is impossible. A letter written care of the Century, westbound, at Cleveland, would not be delivered. Cleveland is not a scheduled stop; the train merely changes engines in the yards. A telegram to Cleveland would probably be delivered aboard, but it is a chance."

The caller seemed to argue.

"Yes," Walsh explained; "if you bought a ticket to Chicago and were willing to sacrifice the rest of it you would be allowed to get off at Cleveland."

The argument continued for some time.

The point finally came out. A man had told a woman he had taken the train from New York to go to Cleveland. The woman was suspicious, and by calling up and asking a supposititious question confirmed her belief that the Twentieth Century Express did not take passengers for Cleveland.

THE Information Bureau in the Grand Central Terminal answers more questions than any other organization in the world. Hidden away in one corner where you never would find it is a room Houdini could not have broken into. There Walsh and his ten assistants sit at specially arranged telephones with literally millions of facts tabulated near by. The glass partitions around them have sets of most wonderfully compiled tables, and on shelves under the tables are books covering almost any conceivable question even remotely associated with traveling.

The star exhibit of the collection is Walsh's Book of Facts. Ever since he started in Information (he and one other man), eighteen years ago, he has kept records of unusual questions asked. If he hits a poser he studies until he gets the answer. Sometimes, when entirely stumped, he has spent days getting the proper information. He doesn't waste it. Someone else may ask that question sometime. The answer will be found in the Book of Facts.

On the first level of the station is a booth in which from five to ten clerks remain twenty hours a day, from 6 A. M. to 2 A. M., in relays, answering questions; and on the lower level experts in suburban affairs are on the job during the hours of suburban travel, specialists who know the commuting district of New York as one knows the front hall in his home.

In the upstairs secret den the bulk of the work is done. Each clerk answers on an average 800 questions a day—approximately two to the minute. Downstairs, during rush hours, the questions come faster than that.

The day before Memorial Day, 1926, the Telephone Information Bureau answered 7,053 calls in eight hours.

The three bureaus answer about 1,600,000 questions a year, most of them during the summer vacation season. The big days are three: the day before Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, and Labor Day.

For one man to answer 1,000 questions a day is probably worse than being father of five youngsters all asking questions at once.

The daily average of questions by telephone in the Grand Central is 5,000 in summer and 3,500 in winter. The run of questions in the information booths averages one question a passenger through the entire year.

The average number of kicks runs about one to every fifty questions asked.

"The kickers are few," remarked Walsh. "And I do not think fifty per cent of those who kick mean it. They call up or come up to the booth, nervous and

upset, looking for something about which to complain. You know the majority of kicks are made because you are angry at yourself, or at luck, and are looking for someone to blame. The value of courtesy and a pleasant voice cannot be overestimated in these cases, and the 'soft answer' has turned away the wrath of tens of thousands of persons.

"The busiest season, and the most trying one, is vacation time, when people who travel only once a year are on the go. They are not familiar with the station, with trains, with geography, and they are almost always excited and eager. It is necessary for clerks answering questions during that season to study closely geography for a hundred miles around the city, to learn the names of every station, every farm, camp, resort, lake, ferry, bus line, boat, auto route, every hotel within moderate distance of the city.

"OF course, we keep detail maps and detail tables right in front of us all the time, but that is not enough. We must know all the golf and country clubs, which is a job in itself; we must know where the boy and girl scouts' camps are and how to reach those camps. We must know schools, colleges, dates when winter and summer train schedules change, equipment of each train, in addition to every change of time on every train on every road.

"The through business—the 'long haul'—is easier. There are fewer trains and the connections are well established and time changes few. Besides, the average traveler going to California, for instance, has studied the trip and has obtained information from the agents.

"It is hard to estimate how many facts an information man keeps in his head—thousands. In my book I have probably twelve thousand items listed and classified, questions that have been asked and may be asked again. I like the tough questions—they relieve the monotony and make a fellow learn something.

"It is a poor day that any information clerk doesn't get one or two new facts fixed in his brain.

"Daylight saving has been one of the bugaboos of the Information Bureau. The number of questions asked when the daylight-saving time goes into effect almost doubles. And it is odd that many of the questioners get mad—furious over it. They are angry at themselves because they did not think. If they had stopped to consider an instant they would have put the clock an hour ahead instead of an hour behind.

"OUR service has grown tremendously. It is a business maker as well as convenience to the public and a timesaver. The person in a hotel or at home expecting to meet someone arriving, calls up, and we tell him if the train is on time. Sometimes this alone saves a busy man half an hour or more of valuable time.

"Frequently we are appealed to for assistance," Walsh said. "Not long ago a girl called up.

"'I've missed the train,' she said. 'I was to meet Harry at the Information booth on the upper level. It is serious. What can I do?'

"We obtained a description of Harry, called a red-cap porter, sent him to locate the young man, and perhaps we saved a broken friendship.

"Another time a man, old and a stranger in the city, lost his wife. They had become confused in the mazes of the subway, had become separated, and he was alarmed. He was told to come to the station and sit on the front bench in the main waiting-room. Then we called the Travelers' Aid attendants and told them to watch for the wife. Twenty minutes later they were reunited.

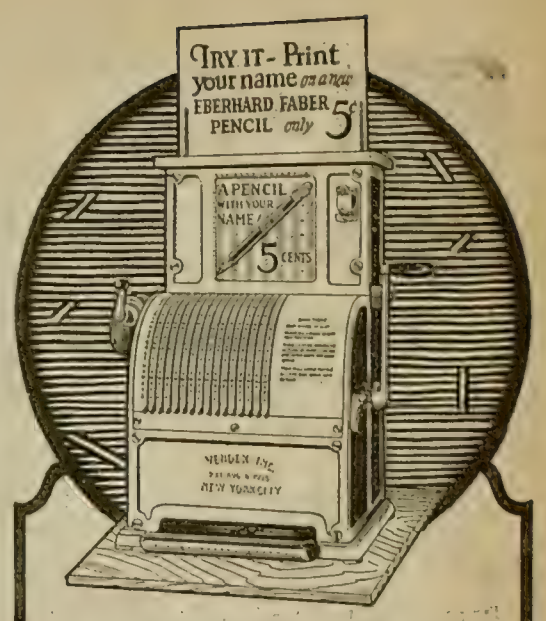
"Doesn't it wear the brain? Not a bit; it sharpens it and improves the memory. The more a fellow uses his faculty of memory the better it becomes. If you concentrate on the question and get it clearly fixed in your mind and concentrate on the answer so as to give it as briefly and clearly as possible, the answer will be remembered. If you listen carelessly and answer carelessly it will not register—and you are liable to forget."

"What is the commonest question asked?" I inquired.

Walsh laughed.

"It may sound like a knock on New York," he replied, smiling, "but the question most often asked is, 'When does the next train leave for Chicago?'"

THE END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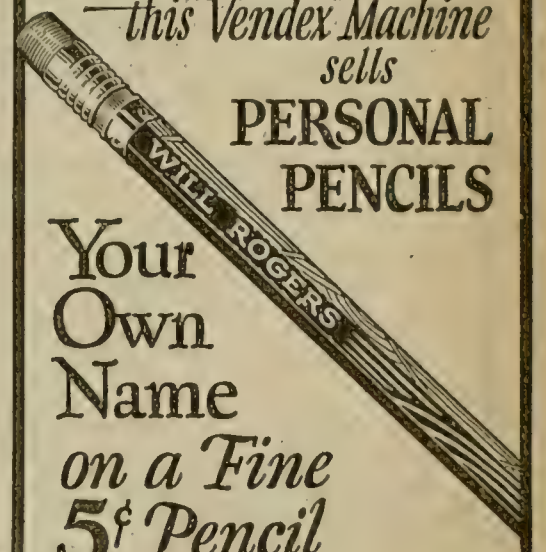


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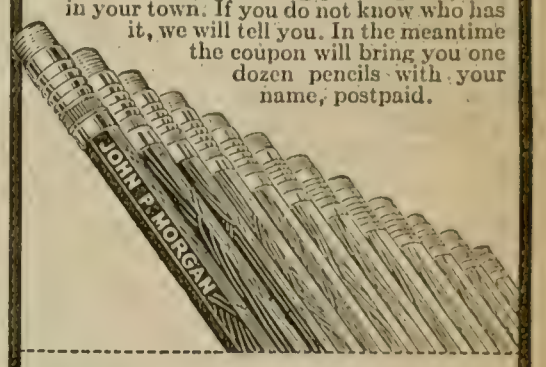


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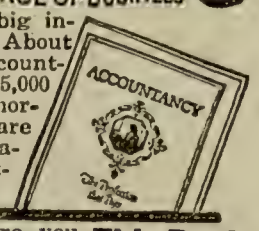
## TO MEND TOYS

# Accounting
## —THE CONTROL OF BUSINESS

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Unusual opening for live agents in every locality. Make $5000 or more a year—easily. Fugo—the instantaneous automatic fire extinguisher—is needed and wanted in every home, store, theater, garage, shop, school, automobile, etc. Cheapest fire protection available today. Within reach of all.

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*(Recharged in a Jiffy)*

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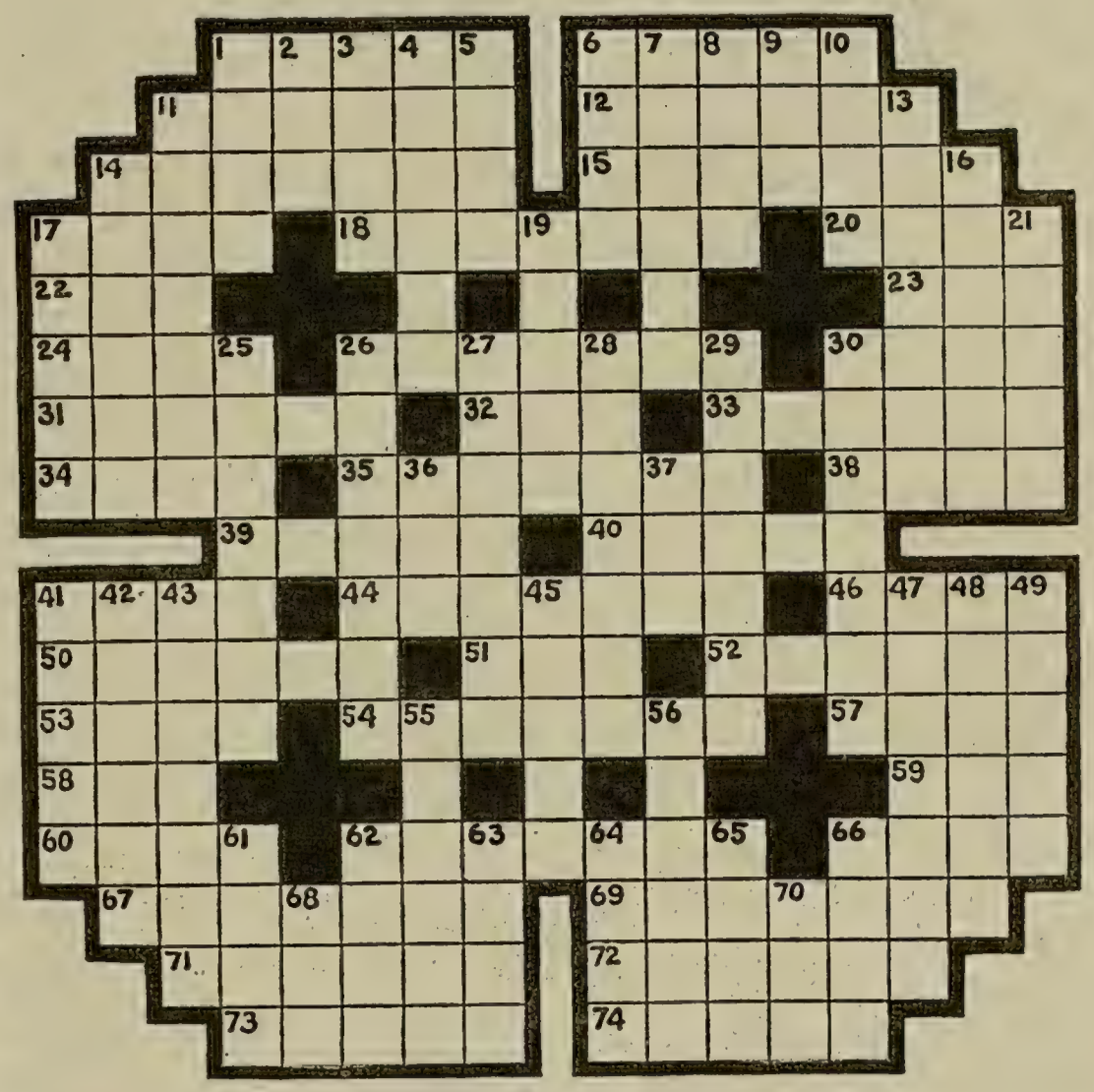
# zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS


# CROSS WORDS
# Earn $25

DUE to the unabated enthusiasm of its cross-word fans, LIBERTY is offering a new and special service: The Puzzle Editor will answer any reasonable question regarding what constitutes a good puzzle, rules of construction, etc., submitted by our readers, *provided* a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies the question. In the meantime, don't give up trying for the weekly $25. Use only words that may be found in any standard English dictionary. No puzzles will be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



## Prize Puzzle No. 20

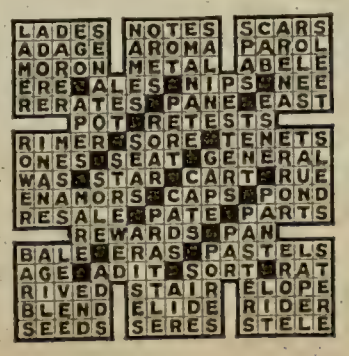
By J. P. Campbell, Atlanta, Georgia

### HORIZONTAL

1 Violent atmospheric disturbance
6 Fragrance
11 Animals of a given region or period (plural)
12 Reproach
14 Vesture
15 French philosopher, husband of Heloise
17 Spiral
18 Astral
20 One in servile subjection
22 The utmost possible
23 Impair
24 Cudgel
26 Locks
30 To tramp
31 To this time, place, or end
32 Free from charges or deductions
33 Moderates
34 Scrutinized
35 A violent stream
38 Space in a network
39 The musical form of drama
40 Rustic
41 A sloth
44 A shade of red
46 A shield
50 Florentine family who ruled Tuscany
51 A note in Guido's scale
52 Potassium carbonate
53 Husks of cereals
54 Pampers
57 Storage place for fodder
58 Corded fabric
59 Thick, viscous substance
60 Islets
62 A microscopic organism
66 Confined
67 Vitiate
69 To assail with missiles
71 Fated
72 Willows
73 To vex
74 Compound ether

### VERTICAL

1 To glide smoothly through the air
2 An Egyptian sun god
3 Possessive pronoun
4 Bombastic declaimer
5 Apportion
6 Inland sea, Asiatic Russia
7 Discount
8 In excess
9 One-thousandth of an inch
10 Exclamation of sorrow
11 Unsuccessful effort
13 A recluse
14 Sideless wagon used in a mine
16 Fowl (plural)
17 Hiding place in the ground
19 Unsuccessful competitor
21 Newly produced
25 A nomad
26 Pertaining to an object of savage worship
27 Infuriated
28 Of the breastbone
29 Governors in ancient Persia
30 Small settlements
36 Anglo-Saxon money of account
37 A goddess in Egyptian mythology
41 A shade or shadow
42 A sea nymph
43 Adjusted to situation
45 A shrub bearing black or red berries
47 Spats
48 Waterlocked land
49 Abrupt
55 Fruit which is an important source of oil (plural)
56 To ornament with raised work
61 Blemish
62 A parent
63 Surrender
64 A wind instrument
65 Give forth
66 A young salmon
68 A deer
70 An insect




Answer to Puzzle No. 19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THIS smooth, pleasant, iodine toothpaste is unexcelled. Zi-O-Dine cleans the teeth thoroughly without scratching the enamel. It contains no grit. Makes acid mouths sweet and toughens the gums and keeps them healthy; excellent for gingivitis and pyorrhea.

*Its iodine content means "tooth insurance."*

Start your children to using Zi-O-Dine toothpaste now. It will keep their teeth in perfect condition and save trouble in years to come. Zi-O-Dine has a cool, pleasant taste. Recommended by dentists. 50c. tube at druggist or by mail, postpaid.

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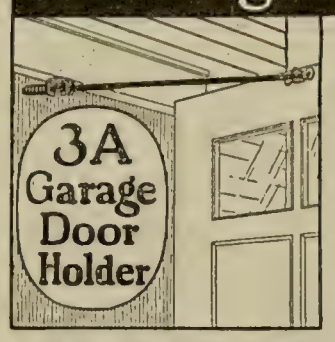
**Laurel, Miss.**

# ZI·O·DINE
DENTAL CREAM

## Holds Garage Doors Open




Fastens at top of garage doors. Works automatically whenever doors are opened. Releases automatically when doors are closed. No chains to pull. Holds doors rigid, so wind can't blow them. Nothing to get out of order.

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Kansas City, Missouri

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A soap that removes the "nap" or dead skin. Bringing you a satiny, smooth complexion. At drug and toilet counters.

## FREE Book HOW TO FEED AND CARE FOR CHICKS

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# Safe Milk and Food

*For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages*

# The THREE Most Interesting Books I Ever Read—By the Circulation Department

IN the issues of January 1 and 8, LIBERTY published the titles and authors of "the three most interesting books," chosen by the members of the Editorial Department.

These books were not chosen with regard to literary merit or importance. The test applied was simply this: Which three books hit you hardest? The Bible and Shakespeare were excluded. Choices had to be settled from memory in a few minutes, on the theory that the books recalled with least effort are the ones that have made the deepest impression.

When these selections were announced, Nelson Perry, manager of the Advertising Department, went to Harvey Deuell, Executive Editor, and protested that the Editorial Department was notoriously "literary" and, therefore, its selections would certainly have a highbrow taint. He urged that a list of books chosen by the Advertising Department would be far more typical of the average public.

Accordingly, the literary pets of this department were chronicled last week.

J. J. Mitchell, manager of the Circulation Department, then insisted that only among his go-getters—coming as they do in close contact with the purchasers of LIBERTY—could a typical consensus of literary opinion be obtained.

Realizing that Mr. Mitchell's point was well taken, Mr. Deuell consented to publish the Circulation Department's three most interesting books. You'll find the result below.

---

### Melvin Alpern
*Manager, Credit Dept.*

SHOW BOAT
Edna Ferber

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

BREAD
Charles G. Norris

### Ivan M. Annenberg
*Manager, Eastern Div.*

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
Alexandre Dumas

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
Alexandre Dumas

SPELL of the YUKON
Robert W. Service

### Arthur H. Arend
*Asst. Mgr., Credit Dept.*

JOAN OF ARC
J. Delteil

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

DON JUAN
Lord Byron

### Morris Banilower
*Assistant Boy Sales Div.*

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

MANHATTAN TRANSFER
John Dos Passos

SO BIG
Edna Ferber

### Iris Bower
*File Clerk*

SOUTH WIND
Norman Douglas

LE ROUGE ET LE NOIR
Stendhal (Henri Beyle)

THE BLIND BOW-BOY
Carl van Vechten

### Anthony Cali
*Office Boy*

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
Alexandre Dumas

IVANHOE
Sir Walter Scott

TWENTY YEARS AFTER
Alexandre Dumas

### Helen Doran
*Clerk*

SHOW BOAT
Edna Ferber

PADLOCKED
Rex Beach

THE HUNDREDTH CHANCE
Ethel M. Dell

### Sarah Geller
*Secretary*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
Charles Dickens

THE LOVE LINK
Lilian Bell

COLLECTED POEMS
Edgar Allan Poe

### E. J. Giarandino
*Credit Clerk*

CAPTAIN BLOOD
Rafael Sabatini

KIDNAPED
Robert Louis Stevenson

TREASURE ISLAND
Robert Louis Stevenson

### Ethelle B. Goldye
*Stenographer*

HARMER JOHN
Hugh Walpole

THE SILVER SPOON
John Galsworthy

PREFACE TO A LIFE
Zona Gale

### Sally Jacobs
*Typist*

THE GREEN HAT
Michael Arlen

MAIN STREET
Sinclair Lewis

KIDNAPED
Robert Louis Stevenson

### Joseph D. Landfield
*Assistant Manager, Boy Sales Division*

PENGUIN ISLAND
Anatole France

LEAVES OF GRASS
Walt Whitman

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

### Irving Lehrer
*Clerk*

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR
Cyril Hume

THE SILVER SPOON
John Galsworthy

STAR DUST
Fannie Hurst

### Florence Levy
*Typist*

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD
H. G. Wells

MADAME BOVARY
Gustave Flaubert

THE BLIND BOW-BOY
Carl van Vechten

### Lee Mantell
*Typist*

THE CATHEDRAL
Hugh Walpole

CALIBAN
W. L. George

THE BORDER LEGION
Zane Grey

### Alice E. Massey
*Secretary*

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
Alexandre Dumas

WE TWO
Edna Lyall

THE MANXMAN
Hall Caine

### Sarah Miller
*Stenographer*

HARRIET AND THE PIPER
Kathleen Norris

"K"
Mary Roberts Rinehart

THE SCARLET LETTER
Nathaniel Hawthorne

### J. J. Mitchell
*Mgr. of Circulation*

ALICE ADAMS
Booth Tarkington

OUR TIMES
Mark Sullivan

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY
H. G. Wells

### Marianna Najjar
*Typist*

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

THE SCARLET LETTER
Nathaniel Hawthorne

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY
John Erskine

### Genevieve M. Negro
*Typist*

CHICKIE
Eleanor Meherin

BEAU GESTE
Percival Christopher Wren

THE WHITE SISTER
F. Marion Crawford

### Adele Newsum
*Secretary*

EYES OF THE WORLD
Harold Bell Wright

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
Mary Roberts Rinehart

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
Alexandre Dumas

### Grace O'Connell
*Stenographer*

EVANGELINE
Henry W. Longfellow

RED ASHES
Margaret Pedler

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

### Harry Peck
*Traveling Boy Sales Organizer*

GLASS HOUSES
Eleanor Gizycka

THE CALL of the WILD
Jack London

THE PLASTIC AGE
Percy Marks

### Ethel Rosenberg
*Typist*

THE SCARLET LETTER
Nathaniel Hawthorne

BEAU GESTE
Percival Christopher Wren

THE WHITE SISTER
F. Marion Crawford

[Cont'd on Next Page]

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For over fifty years, "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with *heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence;* and in other complaints attended with *sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.*

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.

*"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U.S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.*

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Universal Carbon Remover takes Carbon out of the car immediately, saving a mechanic's bill of $4.50 to $7.50. It does not go into the gas, and is guaranteed not to harm the finest motor or carburetor. Order now and have a clean, singing motor in 5 minutes. Do not send stamps. Postage prepaid to any point in U. S.

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State whether Jobber or Dealer
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Boys! How would you like to get such wonderful prizes as radios, bicycles, musical instruments, sleds, skates, all kinds of sporting equipment, etc., absolutely FREE? Think of it! These prizes and many others are given to boys who sell Liberty Magazine. In addition, you can earn your own spending money every week. No experience, no money needed! Work as you please—after school, Saturdays, or in any of your spare time. No interference with study or play. Just send the coupon and we will mail you our big Catalog of Free Prizes and full instructions telling you how to begin earning money the very first day!

*Mail this*

Liberty Magazine,
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Ave.,
New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....


[Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

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*Typist*

THE FORSYTE SAGA
John Galsworthy

THE GREEN HAT
Michael Arlen

HAUNCH, PAUNCH, AND JOWL
Anonymous

Lilyan L. Sackin
*Typist*

THE WHITE SISTER
F. Marion Crawford

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY
John Erskine

BEAU GESTE
Percival Christopher Wren

Betty Salling
*Typist*

THE GENIUS
Theodore Dreiser

CHICKIE
Eleanor Meherin

BREAD
Charles G. Norris

Belle Schiller
*Typist*

THE SCARLET LETTER
Nathaniel Hawthorne

THE LOVE LINK
Lilian Bell

IF WINTER COMES
A. S. M. Hutchinson

Claire Schweber
*Typist*

JENNIE GERHARDT
Theodore Dreiser

CHICKIE
Eleanor Meherin

THE GENIUS
Theodore Dreiser

S. O. Shapiro
*Manager, Boy Sales Div.*

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Théophile Gautier

JURGEN
James Branch Cabell

TRAMPING ON LIFE
Harry Kemp

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HAUNCH, PAUNCH, AND JOWL
Anonymous

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME
Hall Caine

W. S. Sinclair
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CAPPY RICKS
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THE MAN FROM NOWHERE
Zane Grey

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY
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Donn Byrne

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ANNA KARENINA
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy

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SCARAMOUCHE
Rafael Sabatini

BUTTERED SIDE DOWN
Edna Ferber

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*Clerk*

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Percival Christopher Wren

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

SNAKE AND SWORD
Percival Christopher Wren

Sophie Welkowitz
*Stenographer*

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES
Thomas Hardy

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND
Maxwell Gray

STELLA DALLAS
Olive Higgins Prouty

William Welkowitz
*Clerk*

DESERT TOLL
James Oliver Curwood

BEAU GESTE
Percival Christopher Wren

MANNEQUIN
Fannie Hurst

Arthur Wrobel
*Addressograph Dept.*

THE ODYSSEY
Homer

DON QUIXOTE
Cervantes

MAN OF THE FOREST
Zane Grey

J. P. Young
*Asst. Boy Sales Division*

BEAU GESTE
Percival Christopher Wren

THE THREE STUDENTS
Haldane McFall

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

## *The Futility of Fashionable Life*

By ROSITA FORBES

THE famous woman explorer takes us with her on an uncensored journey through wild, post-war society.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY


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Yes! 400 persons—men, women, boys, girls—who send me their names and addresses are going to receive prizes—from $5 to $3000—*with $500 additional for promptness.* I make this offer because I want to send everyone who answers this announcement an absolutely FREE sample of my products. Send no money! No obligations! Nothing to buy—now or ever! *Just say:* "Send me your free sample. How can I get a prize?" Write today!

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Men or women can earn a substantial income in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

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STARTLING INVENTION

ADDS CALCULATES COUNTS CHECKS

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**AGENTS** Make $20 or more daily. Easy. Millions want it. Great opportunity. Reserve your territory immediately.

**Add-O-Graph Pencil Co., D- 115, St. Louis, Mo.**


# *For the Love o' Lil*

## "No, I Can Never Be Mrs. Hammerschlosser!"

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Continuity

*By* LESLIE THRASHER

IT was 8 o'clock. Lil sat knitting on a pair of green zigzag sport hose for Sandy.

Aglow with happiness these days, she lived in a dream. Her hours were just one rainbow-tinted air castle after another. Engaged to be married to Sandy! It was still a secret, which made it the more thrilling.

A sudden rush at the door. Junior, his dog, and a rug rolled simultaneously into the room.

"Who's comin' tonight, Lily?"

"Mr. Hammerschlosser," coldly.

"That fat sheik? Count me out. I'm goin' to see Tom Mix." Making a wry face, Lil's kid brother bolted out.

Yes, Mr. Hammerschlosser was to call that evening. Lil's days of grace were up. Tonight he would come for his answer. The stout, puffy, rich Mr. Hammerschlosser would again ask Lil to marry him.

There he was, stamping the snow off his shoes on the front porch. Waiting for him to ring the bell, Lil hid Sandy's socks under a couch pillow.

"Lil, my dear, delighted!" Mr. Hammerschlosser beamed at her over a bouquet of red roses a few moments later.

"Well, you see I'm back," he smiled, fitting himself tightly into "Pop's" morris chair. "Had a great trip. Thought of a sweet little girl every mile of the way."

"You must meet such interesting people," Lil murmured, as she took a rose from the vase and began to toy with it.

"Oh, yes!" Then a voluble soliloquy ending with: "And I bought this for you on Fifth Avenue!" Mr. Hammerschlosser removed a purple velvet box from his pocket. Then he removed himself with difficulty from the chair.

Lil opened the box. Then she opened her eyes very wide. "Oh!" she whispered dramatically, "Pearls! I can't——"

"Don't say no, dear!" And Mr. Hammerschlosser sank suddenly to his knees. "Will you marry me, Lil?"

And this was her cue for the dreaded climax. She rose abruptly. Then, in an Ethel Barrymore tone: "No, I can never be Mrs. Hammerschlosser!"

*(To be continued next week)*

## Why a War Bird's Hair Turned Gray

Captain Elliott White Springs' LIBERTY stories about fighting airmen are, of course, fiction.

But they are based upon actual happenings at the front.

The official records of the War Department confirm the incidents described in Captain Springs' next story, and it is illustrated with official Air Service photos. He's called it

## ILIAD 1918

Watch for this thrilling story

*In Next Week's LIBERTY*

**Chase Pain Away with Musterole**

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.

Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma knew.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

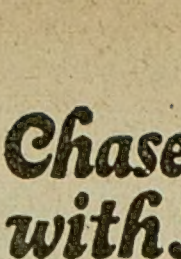
*To Mothers:* Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Jars & Tubes

**MUSTEROLE**
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



**$40.00 Suit for Only $23.50**

Think of being able to offer a $40.00 suit made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool; fit, fabric and fashion guaranteed, at the powerfully attractive price of $23.50! Can you sell such values? You can, if the experience of 2,500 other salesmen means anything. And you don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We'll take you, train and equip you to go out and make a success of this work if you are honest, ambitious and willing to work. If you are, write us. You'll hear from us promptly with the full facts. Address Dept. 52.

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Gentlemen: I'm interested in the opportunity you offer. Please send the facts without obligation to me. 52.

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Takes Out Blots and stains

The Kind that will Remove OLD Writing and Blots

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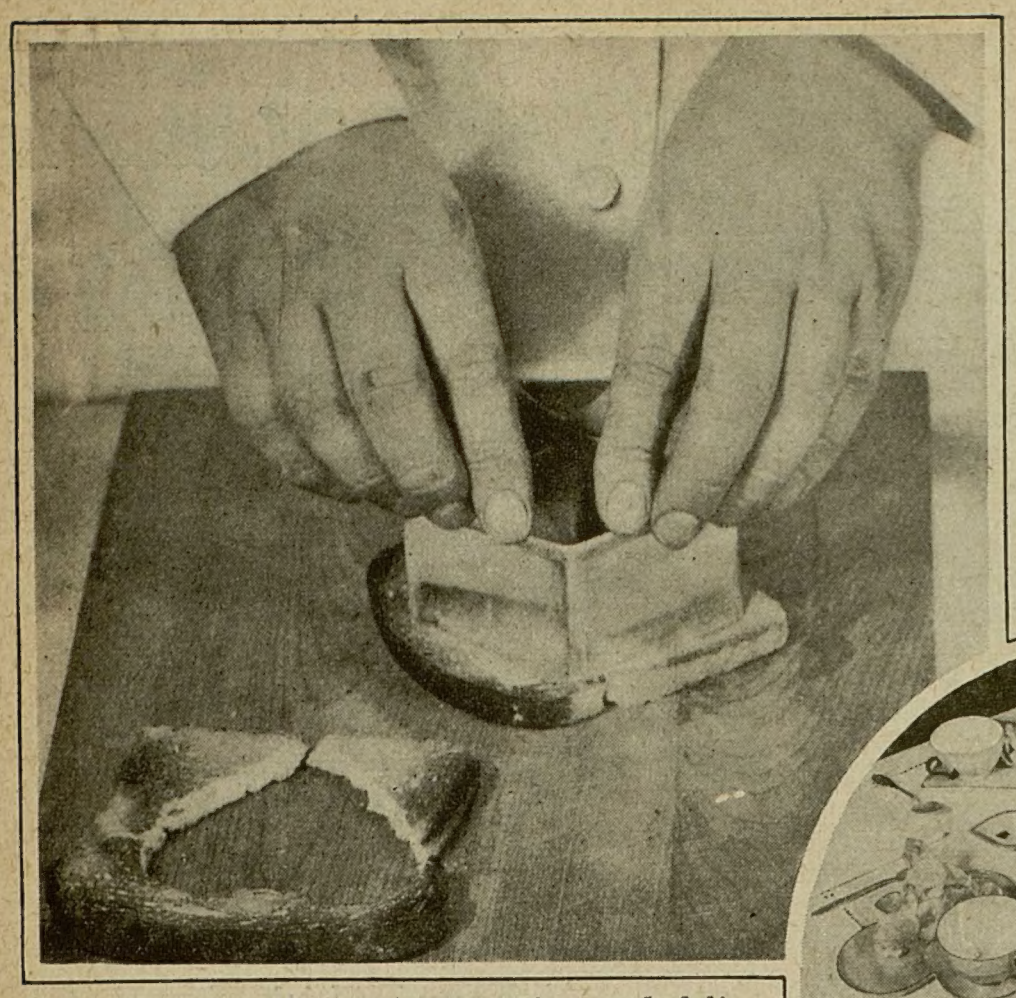
**Toothache!**

**DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM WILL STOP IT**
All Druggists

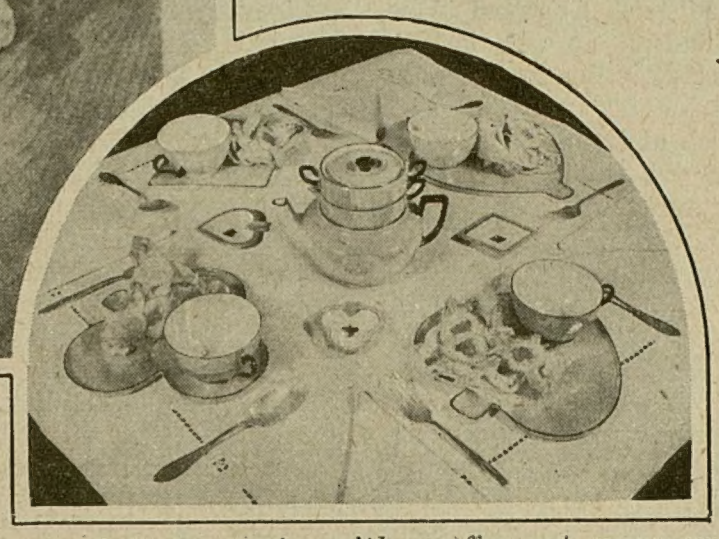
**Cuticura Loveliness A Clear Healthy Skin**
Insured by Every-day Use of Cuticura Soap



*Hot cheese toasties are interesting and delicious if toast slices are shaped appropriately, sprinkled with grated cheese, and browned.*

# The Bridge Party Hostess Declares Her LONG SUIT

## By ETHEL M. SOMERS



*A card-party service with a coffee-pot, creamer, and sugar-bowl centerpiece, combination service plates, and appropriate ashtrays.*

A PLEASANT, friendly means of entertainment in the home affords Mr. Business Man a golden opportunity much more personal and complimentary than merely extending the hospitality of his club. The wife who would broaden her husband's personality by social contact and aid him in climbing the ladder of success, often has such parties.

The Bridge Party a la Mode answers this purpose nicely, and may quite easily be made a hit of the season even by the inexperienced cook. A bit of premeditated, thoughtful shopping, to instill personality into the party, together with a minimum of actual cooking, brings the hostess to the eve of the bridge party well prepared, yet rested—unhurried, unworried, and unflurried.

We made a hit recently with this bridge-party supper, dubbed a la Mode.

*Simple salad greens may be made decorative with tiny French cutters. Garnished with French dressing, they form a light party salad service de luxe.*

**MENU**

**Cucumber Card Salad French Dressing**
**(On unique card-party service plates)**
**Coffee Cream Sugar**
**(See service pictured)**
**Hot Cheese Toasties Assorted Olives**
**Lemon Cream Roll**

### *Cucumber Card Salad*

1 medium cucumber 1 pimento 1 head lettuce

REMOVE the peel from a well iced cucumber by cutting down the side with a jagged French knife. (See picture.) Using a sharp pointed knife or tiny French cutters, remove heart, diamond, and club shapes from the center of the cucumber slices and insert red pimento shaped to fill. Arrange on lettuce and place in refrigerator until used.

### *Coffee*

½ cup coffee
3 cups freshly boiling water

THE coffee may be prepared as desired by the drip, modified drip, percolated, or egg method.

*Percolated Coffee:* Place the coffee, ground medium fine, in the percolator chamber of the pot, cover and place in the pot with the boiling water. Boil vigorously from 3 to 5 minutes, watching to make sure that the water boils up the spout and drips through the coffee. Boiling longer than 3 minutes makes the coffee stronger and also more bitter and harmful; therefore, it is wise to use the shorter period if satisfactory.

### *Hot Cheese Toasties*

12 toast slices
2 tablespoons butter
½ to 1 cup grated cheese, or
1 package cream cheese, pimento, or plain paprika

CUT the toast into assorted shapes—hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades. Butter and sprinkle with grated cheese, or spread lightly with cream cheese. Garnish with a dash of paprika, place on a cooky sheet, and brown in the broiler oven under the gas flame. Watch closely, for the browning will take but a few seconds. Serve hot.

### *Lemon Cream Roll*

*Cake Foundation*

3 egg whites
3 egg yolks
⅛ teaspoon lemon juice or water, plus ½ teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup pastry flour, or ½ cup, minus one tablespoon, family flour
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

BEAT the egg yolks until thick and lemon color. Gradually beat in one-half the sugar, using a mechanical egg beater. Add the lemon juice, grated rind, and water, if used. Beat the whites until frothy, add salt, and beat until stiff. Cut and fold the remaining half of the sugar into the whites, using a wire whisk and stroking as little as possible. Gradually sift the thrice-sifted flour and baking powder, if used, into the egg-yolk-sugar mixture, alternating each addition of the dry ingredients with one of the egg-white-sugar mixture. Mix these in by cutting or folding with a spatula or egg whisk. Spread lightly in a buttered sheet that has been lined with wax paper, to a depth of ¼ to ½ inch, as desired. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for from 15 to 25 minutes, or until the cake is lightly browned, has shrunken from the edge of the pan, and springs back if lightly dented in the center. Remove from the oven and turn upside down on to a sheet of waxed paper sprinkled generously with powdered sugar. Spread the cake while hot with a lemon-cream mixture, a description of which is given below. Lifting one end of the cake up by the paper or a towel, roll the cake quickly, stopping with the last edge underneath, so that the roll retains its shape. Serve cold or slightly warm, as desired.

### *Lemon-Cream Mixture*

¾ cup of sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
1 or 2 egg yolks
2⅔ tablespoons or ⅙ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon butter
Grated rind of ½ to 1 lemon (yellow part only)

MIX the sugar, flour, cornstarch, and salt until *thoroughly blended. Slowly stir* in the boiling water, mixing well to prevent lumps. Boil and stir on the fire until the mixture is stiff enough to pile when dropped from a spoon. Then cook over water for from 15 to 20 minutes, which insures a thorough cooking of the starch and therefore enhances the flavor. Remove from the fire. Beat in the egg yolks, butter, lemon juice, and rind. Cool the mixture before spreading on the hot cake, as it will soak into the cake too generously if spread hot on the hot cake.

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Because of our diet of soft food, we are plagued with gum disorders. For these soft and creamy things we eat deprive our gums of the stimulation needed to keep them in health. Your own dentist, if you ask him, probably will advise massage—a few minutes, morning and night, to restore to the gums the healthful stimulation which our modern food has taken from them.

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# IPANA Tooth Paste

*—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica*

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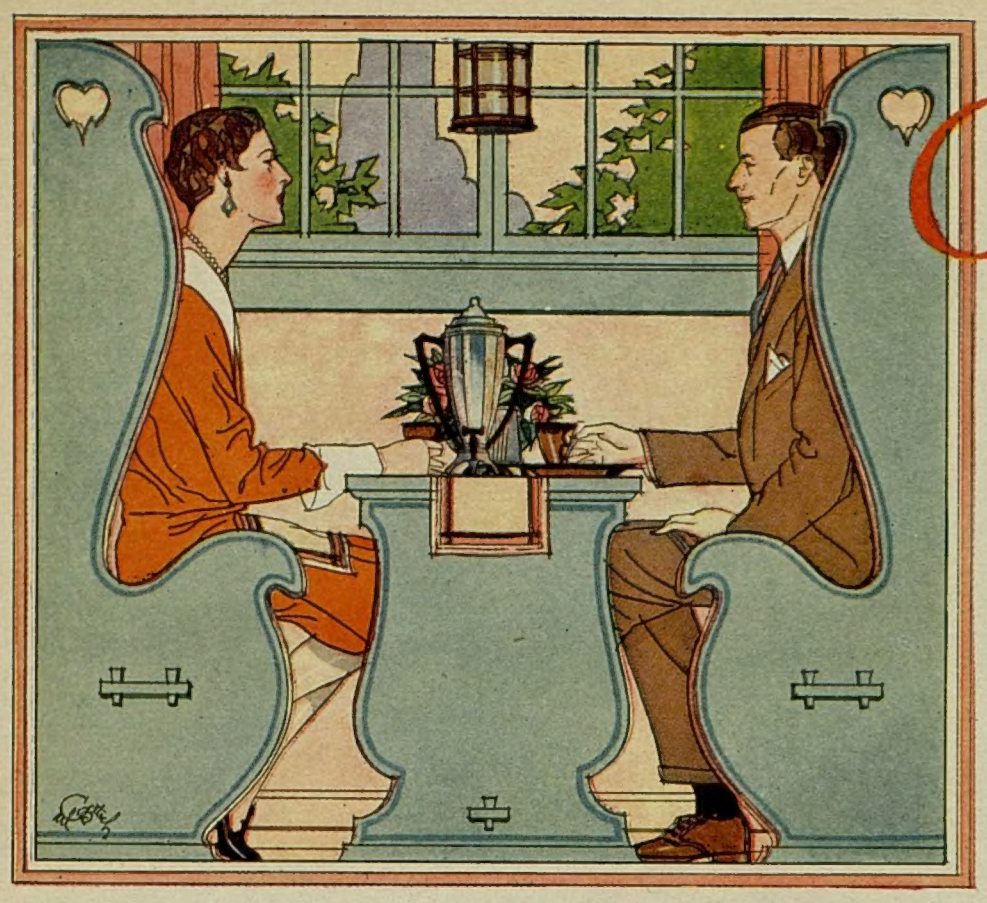

# Eight New Suggestions for Breakfast

*from*
Ida Bailey Allen's New Book

## "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods"

*NOTE: These recipes have been selected from Mrs. Allen's New Book of 112 pages containing over 275 unusual suggestions for preparing tempting dishes. This valuable book, bound in durable board covers, will be sent post paid for ten cents—a price which does not cover the cost of production even in large quantity lots. It is the desire, however, of the makers of Mazola that every housewife have a copy—hence the low price of 10 cents. Please use coupon below.*

PROBABLY no meal is more of a problem to a woman than breakfast. With a limited variety of dishes to serve, breakfast may easily become monotonous. For this reason, the makers of Mazola have had Ida Bailey Allen include over 50 new ideas for a breakfast change in her new book—"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods"—eight of which are offered on this page.

These recipes have been prepared by a woman who has made cooking her life work—each recipe has back of it the assurance of perfect results, providing, of course, it is followed accurately as given and with Mazola and the other products mentioned. In the panel, center of page, are a few brief remarks regarding Mazola which explain the desirability of using this pure vegetable oil.

### EGGS POACHED IN MAZOLA

Pour enough Mazola in a frying pan to barely cover the bottom, and heat. Break the eggs, one at a time, into a saucer, slide into the Mazola, dust with salt and cook so slowly that the egg will not be browned about the edge. Baste the yolk occasionally with a little of the hot Mazola.

### BAKED OMELET SOUFFLE

*4 eggs*
*3 tablespoons hot water*
*½ teaspoon salt*
*½ tablespoon Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch*
*1 tablespoon Mazola*
*⅛ teaspoon pepper*

Heat the Mazola in a quart-sized baking dish, rubbing the sides with the hot oil. Separate the eggs, beat the whites stiff and the yolks till creamy. Add the cornstarch, water and seasonings, fold in the whites, transfer to the heated baking dish and bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F.

### CODFISH OMELET

*2 cups hot mashed potato*
*1 cup shredded codfish, scalded and drained*
*2 eggs, separated*
*Pepper to taste*
*1 tablespoon Mazola*

Combine the codfish and potato with the egg yolks beaten light. Fold in the egg whites and spread in a medium-sized frying pan in which the Mazola has been heated. Make the mixture quite thin, cook until well browned, fold over, slide onto a platter and garnish with parsley. This is particularly good served with Fried Tomatoes or Spanish Sauce.

ISN'T it a pleasant thought to know that Mazola is as good to eat as the fully-ripened golden corn from which it comes? In other words, Mazola is an absolutely pure vegetable oil—preferred by modern housewives because foods fried in it are greaseless—because it is equal in richness to butter for shortening—because there is no finer oil for salad dressings regardless of price—and finally because it is economical and efficient—all three uses—frying, shortening and salad dressings—from a single can.

### CORNED BEEF HASH AU GRATIN

*2 cups chopped corned beef*
*2 cups chopped cooked potatoes*
*Milk to moisten*
*Mazola*
*Coarse bread crumbs*
*1 small onion put through food chopper*

Combine the corned beef, potatoes and onion, or use one cup of potato, a second of chopped beets, carrots or cabbage that may be left over. Pour in enough milk to bind the mixture together and season to taste with salt and pepper. Thoroughly oil muffin pans with Mazola and dust with coarse bread crumbs. Pack in the hash, cover with coarse crumbs moistened with Mazola and bake in a hot oven, 375 degrees F.

### BROWNED PAN FISH

Dress the fish and dust with salt and pepper. Roll in fine dry crumbs to which a little Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch has been added—one tablespoon to a cup of crumbs. Pour enough Mazola in a medium-sized frying pan to barely cover the bottom and saute the fish in this, first on one side, then the other, taking care that they do not brown too rapidly. It should take about eight minutes for small fish like perch. Serve with a garnish of sliced lemon, water cress, or radish roses.

### CODFISH BALLS

*3 cups hot mashed potato*
*1 teaspoon onion juice*
*1 tablespoon minced parsley (optional)*
*1 cup shredded codfish*
*1 egg*
*Salt and pepper to taste*
*Fine dry crumbs*
*Mazola*
*White or Spanish sauce*

Scald the codfish and drain thoroughly. Then beat into the potato with the seasonings and the egg yolk. Cool, form into balls, roll in fine dry crumbs, then in the egg white slightly beaten and diluted with one-third cup milk. Roll again in fine dry crumbs, place in a frying basket and fry in deep fat, using enough Mazola to half fill the kettle. It should be hot enough to brown a bit of bread in forty counts, 375 degrees F. Drain on crumpled paper and serve with the sauce.

### CREAMED DRIED BEEF

*¼ pound dried beef*
*2 tablespoons Mazola*
*1 pint milk*
*2 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch*
*Pepper and salt to taste*

Coarsely shred the dried beef. Scald it and place in a small frying pan with the Mazola. Cook two or three minutes until it looks dry. Add the cornstarch and gradually the milk. Stir until boiling, season, and serve on toast, on split tea biscuits or with mashed or baked potatoes.

### EGGS SCRAMBLED WITH CROUTONS

*1 cup small cubes white bread*
*2 tablespoons Mazola*
*4 eggs*
*¾ teaspoon salt*
*¼ tablespoon Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch*
*¼ cup milk*
*⅛ teaspoon pepper*

Fry the bread in the Mazola until slightly brown. Add the eggs beaten, and combine with the milk, cornstarch and seasonings, and "scramble" slowly, allowing the mixture to coagulate a little before scraping it from the bottom of the pan. The cornstarch will make a very velvety texture and the eggs will go further this way.

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